

COSMOPOLITAN

SPECIAL ISSUE

JANUARY, 1961 • 35¢

The International Set

The Royal Chambermaids of Buckingham Palace

Portfolio of Pretty Princesses • Love Life Among

The Rich • Pretenders to the Throne • Riviera Sun

Who Is Man Enough to Take Over Aly Khan's Place?

A Complete Novel "THE LONG RIDE" BY
JAMES McKIMMEY

An Outstanding Short Story by John D. MacDonald

MARGARET AND HER TONY. SEE PAGE 41





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Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

Photo by Philippe Halsman

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JANUARY, 1961

Vol. 150, No. 1

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OUR COVER—When Princess Margaret Rose wed Antony Armstrong-Jones, Americans gave three rousing cheers for a favorite member of British royalty. Having no princess of our own, we adopted the little sister of Queen Elizabeth, and watched, with pride and amusement, as Meg grew into young womanhood, making headlines with her carefree life and daring décolletage. Then, the princess encountered a melancholy duty her lineage placed upon her, when she renounced Captain Peter Townsend. But, within five years, Margaret found love and a new life with Antony Armstrong-Jones. Possibly the most satisfied person, on that wedding day, was Mrs. Robina Gordon, Margaret's dresser, who is also the princess's closest confidante and adviser. More about Ruby's role in this royal romance on page 41.



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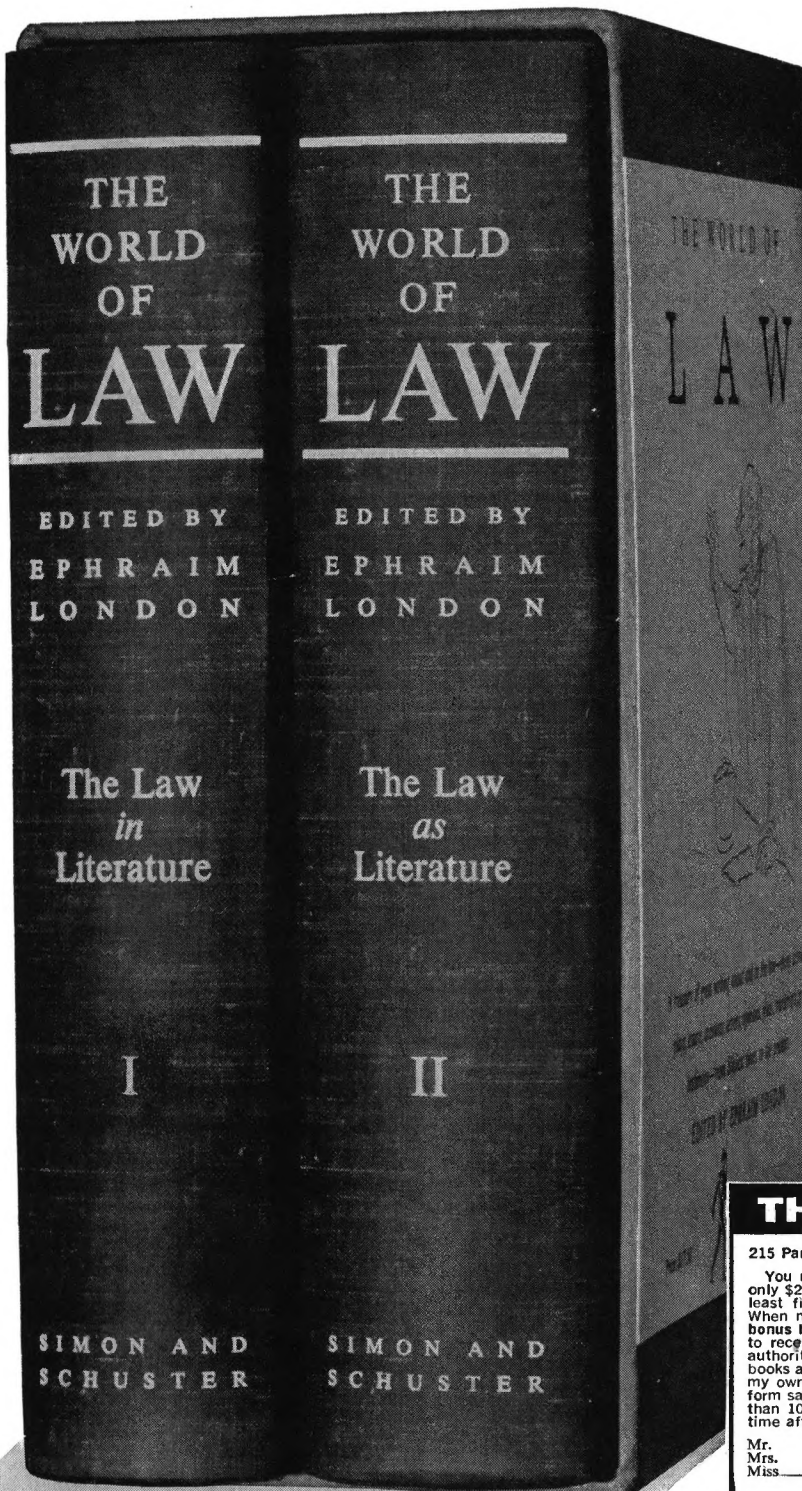
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Ephraim London, the editor, is responsible for the scope and excellence of THE WORLD OF LAW. One of America's most eminent constitutional lawyers, in recent years he has appeared in a succession of precedent-making cases, including the Dachau trial, the Miracle case, and the Lady Chatterley's Lover case.

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Millionaire Watchers

This month's special issue delves into the lives of the really rich, the really social, and those people who just plain live in luxury. All this delving kept our writers hobnobbing with far-from-plain folk. Geoffrey Bocca, who writes of the "pretenders" to royal thrones (page 65), lives on the French Riviera, but traveled all over Europe, interviewing would-be kings. Our exclusive story about the personal maids of Princess Margaret and Queen Elizabeth (page 41) involved some cultivation of the British royal staff. And COSMOPOLITAN's "love among the rich" article had writer Stephen Birmingham holding a sociological magnifying glass up to the lives of such folk as the breathtaking beauty, Henrietta Tiarks, and the runaway heiresses Patricia Procter and Gamble Benedict. (See page 60.)

Our favorite incident, revealing just how different are the lives of the rich, happened not long ago, at the elegant Bernini Hotel, in Rome.

One of the younger members of the famous Matarazzo family, a son of Count Francisco Matarazzo, who heads the Matarazzo family of Brazil (one of the ten most powerful and affluent families in the world), was staying over at the Bernini Hotel for just a few days. His business in Rome concluded, he had just paid his bill and was about to depart, when his secretary, an expressive gentleman from Naples, suddenly rushed over, squinched up his eyes, smote his brow, and exclaimed, "But why have we just paid the bill here?" At Matarazzo's questioning look, the secretary explained, "I had completely forgotten one thing—you own this hotel!"

For more about families rich enough to have trouble keeping track of their holdings, turn to James Brough's article,

"Great Families of the World," which begins on page 70.

The Damsel and the Knight

For one of the most unusual "How I Met My Husband" stories, we nominate Maureen Cusack's. The Bermuda-born beauty had been elected "Queen of Bermuda," and, in a jubilant parade, rode through the streets of the island on a huge and perilously high float. The trouble was that, in the general confusion after the parade, no one stuck around to help Maureen down from the float. The knight who finally turned up and saved the lady was an American, Martin Kevin Cusack, a young executive in the Bermuda office of the National Cash Register Company of Ohio.

The Cusacks now have three children, and live in Bermuda at "Quickswood Mews," on Pitts Bay, in Pembroke. The float has long since been demolished and now lives on only in Maureen's memory.

The seven other Bermuda beauties in bathing suits (turn to page 76) look

like models, but, like Maureen Cusack, are not. We can only come to the conclusion that this is simply the way women in Bermuda do look—all the time.

Nuclear Paul Revere

On October 11, 1960, in Charlotte, Michigan, in living rooms, classrooms,



NEAR receiver: plugs in anywhere

factories, came a sudden, buzzing sound.

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Installation will cost the average household less than one dollar. The receiver will cost between five and ten dollars, and power cost comes to about fifty cents a year. Readers have asked what the "black box" looks like. Above, you can see it being plugged into an outlet, just as a lamp or radio.

—H. La B.

Maxwell Coplan



Bermuda beauty: Maureen Cusack.

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DISCOVER THE NEW and BETTER WAY To a Lovelier Figure

Whether you are tall or short—too thin or too heavy—this Beauty Guide will show you how soon you can thrill to the joy of possessing a beautifully-contoured bust... classically-sculptured shoulders... the patrician beauty of a trim waist and hips... slender, softly-rounded arms... and straight, delicately-curved legs. Yes, you can have the figure you want in just 15 minutes a day—easily and enjoyably in your own home!

Glowing Beauty

Glowing beauty is an over-all concept... hair, face, figure, posture, voice, poise and dress. Many women mistakenly believe themselves lacking beauty because their hair-styling is unbecoming... make-up the wrong shade and incorrectly applied... clothes not chosen in regard to height, weight, coloring and other factors. Learn how to avoid these mistakes... discover an attractiveness you've never known before!

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Why conceal your natural beauty beneath a veil of self-consciousness and lack of physical grace. By improving your figure and accentuating your charm with new beauty aids and techniques—and by learning the art of conversation—you will acquire self-confidence, poise and the priceless asset of a fascinating personality. Start today... this Four Colored Beauty Guide shows you how! It's easier than you think!

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PAT McKILLOP

Miss U.S.A. says:

"I still can't believe it. I followed Mr. Weider's System and it proved successful beyond my wildest dreams! My figure, skin, hair, posture and poise improved almost overnight!"

BETTY BROSEMER

Miss California says:

"No doubt about it, the Weider System is tops. It can develop a beautiful figure for anyone, just as it did for me. If you want to experience a similar miracle, let Mr. Weider show you the way."

MRS. JEANNINE MATTE GAINS 16 POUNDS IN 8 WEEKS

Poor Jeanine weighed only 90 pounds and had a 32" bust. Her ribs and shoulders were embarrassingly unattractive. Says she, "I was shy and lonely... sorely conscious of my too-weak, too-thin appearance. Now I weigh 112, with a 5" increase in my bust-line... and another 3" increase in my hips. Never dreamed I could be so happy. Every day is fun now."

HELEN KLEINER LOSES 70 POUNDS

Mrs. Kleiner was greatly overweight—thoroughly disgusted with herself. She felt that her case was hopeless, but in a few months she lost 70 pounds—reduced her bust from 43" to 36"... waist from 35" to 24"... thighs from 28" to 22"... and she says, "I feel 20 years younger!" Enthusiastically she acknowledges, "I'm no longer 'on the shelf'... for the first time I'm really living!"

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OUR READERS WRITE

Divorce and Suburbia Prove Controversial Subjects

"DIVORCE" HITS HOME

Los Angeles, California: Reading about "The Tragedy of Emotional Divorce" (October), was like going through psychoanalysis—in one fell swoop. Things I never dared admit to myself about my marriage hit me with full force. Thank you for an article that could render marriage counselors superfluous.

—MRS. ROSALIND GREENWALD

San Diego, California: I have only words of praise for your lucid account of emotional divorce. Where most magazines treat psychiatry as a sort of stunt, you approach it with full seriousness, and yet the article is far from dry. On the contrary, it was lively and readable.

—GEORGE BULLOCK

Los Angeles, California: When are magazines going to wake up and face the fact that they can't be doctors to the world?

I'm referring to that article about Dr. Bowen's theory of emotional divorce. How does he, or Miss Schreiber, or you, know what goes on in MY married life? You three sound as if you have universal wisdom!

—JACOB SCHOONER

Beardstown, Illinois: Emotional "divorce" is merely a progression from emotional "separation," which every marriage knows, and which our parents called "the ups and downs of marriage." Since this feeling of separation most often occurs in just one marriage partner at a time, here is where the old-fashioned values of honesty, faith, hope, dependability, sympathy, and moral character prove their values in a mate. If one can rely on these virtues in himself or in his mate, periods of emotional separation can be endured with patience and courage—and they do pass.

—L. G. HARVEY

West Point, New York: Congratulations on "The Tragedy of Emotional Divorce." This brought clarity to my life—the sort that might otherwise have come with long years of psychoanalysis.

—MRS. J. LIVINGSTON

A SUBURBAN UPRISING

Vandalia, Ohio: I have just finished reading the article "Crack-ups in the Suburbs" (October), and feel compelled to write to you. Perhaps, sadly, this is the way things are in the suburbs around the

big cities of New York, Chicago, etc. It certainly is not like that here in Vandalia—a suburb of Dayton, Ohio.

My husband and I are very happy and satisfied to be buying our own home. We rented for six years before buying, and certainly enjoy this feeling of ownership. If we want to paint or fix up the place—we're working on our *own* place. . . .

I hope this doesn't sound "corny," but I thought that you might like to hear from someone who is happy and satisfied. The article made me realize just how lucky I am.

—MRS. RICHARD E. SMITH

Roslyn, New York: I think American women are spoiled rotten. They have clothes on their backs, a roof over their heads, food for their tummies, access to all sorts of activities, and more freedom than any other women in the world. They have machines to help with the "drudgery," and instead of counting their blessings, they drive themselves to nervous breakdowns by inventing problems.

—MRS. M. A. HOLGUIN

MISPLACED NAME

New York City: In your November issue, you published an article, "Why I Love My Man, Moss," by Kitty Carlisle.

This was sold to you with the by-line, "as told to Gladys Hall," and I think your readers should be told the author's name.

—EDITH HAGGARD

Credit is due Miss Hall, though her by-line was unfortunately misplaced.

—The Editors.

A "BRUNDER"

New York City: I am terribly surprised at the usuary reriaber Dick Gehman's terriber brunder in his "Oriental Kick" artur (October).

My two days rast year in Tokyo (oh rotus rand) do not erevate me to the rever of an expert, but they do arrow me to correct Mr. Gehman (oh farren hero). Unress he had a Chinese guide in the musicor worrd of Japan, I am sure he heard the American music made popuror by Ervis Presrey referred to as "rock 'n' rohr"—not "lock'n'lol".

In a country where a cigarette is a "ruckie," and the saying "rots of ruck" is among the exports, how in herr could they carr the music what he said they carred it?

—DENISE MC CLUGGAGE

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What's the "Younger Generation"? Your "Symbolic" Foods, and Is The "Pants Wearer" Really Boss?

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

What's the "younger generation"?

Things have been moving so fast that old definitions of a "generation" or an "age" have become obsolete, observes sociologist Bennett M. Berger (University of Illinois). The limits of what now constitutes our "younger generation" have been extended at both ends. At one end, adolescence begins earlier than it did as children reach puberty earlier, and begin to dance, date, drink, smoke, and achieve sexual awareness sooner than they used to. At the other end, youth is extended as education and dependence are prolonged, and adult responsibilities are assumed later. Thus, the concept of "younger generation" has changed radically. The typical "Junior" Chamber of Commerce may



include thirty-five-year-old businessmen, and "Junior League" matrons may have debutante daughters. Our "young" writers and artists often are middle-aged; a presidential candidate is "young" at forty-five; and grandma dresses like a coed, while grandpa wears college-boy clothes. All this, says Dr. Berger, suggests that Americans now are members of the "younger generation" from the time they begin staying out at night until they are bald and arthritic.

Your "symbolic" foods. Do you think you drool over some foods and shun others only because of how they "taste"? Actually, many of your eating likes and dislikes are determined by the

psychological meanings they have for you, say editors of the *Psychiatric Bulletin*. Among your "symbolic" foods are these: "Security" foods, of which you eat a lot when under stress. For some persons, the food may be milk, recalling the security of infancy, or foods linked specifically with later happy periods. "Reward" foods—candy, or some gastronomic treat—are those you crave when feeling frustrated, neglected, or unappreciated. "Fetish" foods are those you think necessary for your health (when no doctor has told you so)—beef liver, raw hamburger, spinach, black-strap molasses, duck eggs, and so on. "Show-off" foods—caviar, snails, crepes suzette, truffles, extra-dry champagne, and other expensive items—you may order in public without even liking them, but merely to impress other people. As to foods you shun, these may include many which you were trained to avoid through religious or cultural taboos, or which conjure up disagreeable meanings unrelated to their tastes. Sometimes, only a psychoanalyst could dig up why you say "Ugh!" to some foods.

Suburban wives' woes: A husband with an income of \$25,000 a year . . . several bright, healthy children . . . a lovely home in the suburbs. This was the average situation of seventy-seven women queried by Nanette E. Scofield (as reported in her lecture at Teachers College, Columbia University). Yet a great many of these women were unhappy and disturbed. Why? Because, it appeared, they were bored with being "just housewives" and occasional dogooders-for-free in the community. Almost all college graduates, they no longer found the traditional Lady Bountiful role, or women's volunteer activities, of interest. They wanted recognition, and also payment for what they did—not primarily for the money, but because working for nothing tended to be looked down on in their group (unless it was in a high elective post with some impor-

tant organization). But to find, in the suburbs, rewarding and prestige-carrying part-time work, either salaried or volunteer, is very difficult. What may be needed, Miss Scofield believes, are changes in suburban conditions so that, for the woman able and anxious to do something outside of the home, there will be more and better part-time jobs; volunteer work that is more rewarding and more respected; and cultural outlets that are more stimulating.

Is the "pants wearer" really boss? Outwardly, the marriage partner who "wears the pants" may seem to be the stronger and dominant one. But, says psychiatrist Walter J. Garre (Seattle), it very often happens that the mate presumably in the back seat is actually the one with the most will and character, who really rules the ménage. A wife, for instance, discovering that her husband is lacking in will and confidence, may deliberately pretend to be a clinging vine in order to raise his self-esteem. (This was the theme of Sir James Barrie's notable play, *What Every Woman Knows*.) At the same time, the marriage partner who makes this sacrifice is also increasing his or her own self-esteem by knowing how the mate is being helped. Unfortu-



Drawings by Roy McKie

nately, such continued suppression on the part of one mate and delusion on the part of the other doesn't contribute to a truly successful marriage. That must be built on the stable home situation required for bringing up emotionally healthy children. THE END

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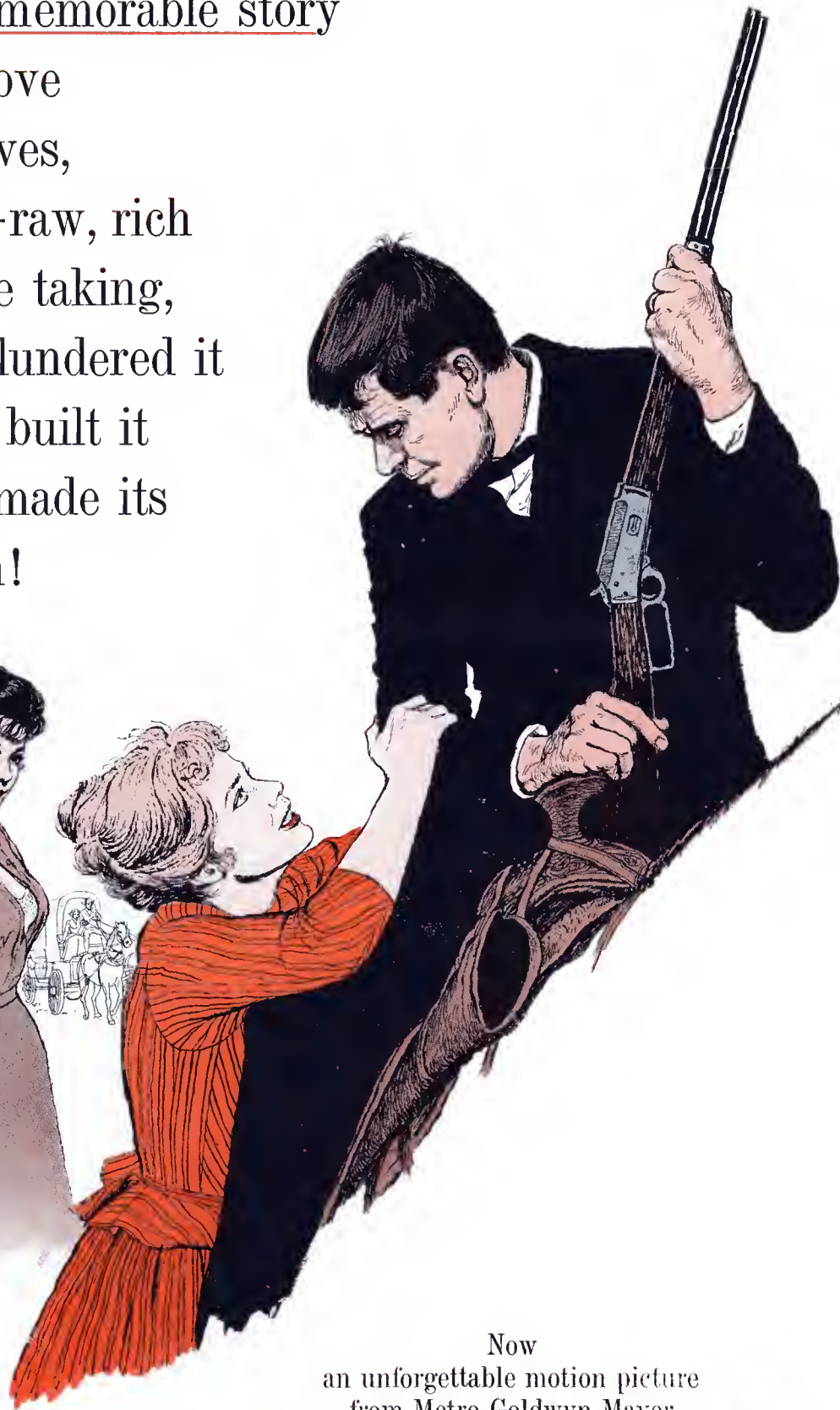


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Coming soon to your
favorite motion picture theatre

June Allyson and Dick Powell

Their House, Beverly Hills

Dick Powell and June Allyson, husband and wife for fifteen years, have had two of Hollywood's most vigorous careers. She has made thirty-five films, is currently star and hostess of her own CBS-TV show. Powell started in show business as a crooner, became a movie and TV heavy, later a TV and movie producer. The Powells have one adopted daughter, eleven, and a son, nine.

During the years I was waging a single-handed battle against prom queens, girls-next-door, and chinupmanship in general, nobody could have gotten me within a thousand miles of June Allyson. Like many women, I found her movie image too saccharine to bear. It is some kind of testimony to how we all manage to mellow, that I learned to appreciate her kind of professional actress. When I saw the Powells, they had just moved from a ranch to a palm-lined suburban street. Their house is modest, by Hollywood standards. It is a Mediterranean-style white stucco with no windows facing front, glass walls facing the patio and pool. Incidental information: June does not stand in the yard waving good-by to pilots of the Strategic Air Command.

There is no mystery about what made June Allyson America's sweetheart. Those "crinkly" eyes of hers not only crinkle, but twinkle, and her laryngitis voice is wondrous to hear. She was wearing a beige linen blouse with beige lace skinny pants, the latter not nearly as skinny as she is. Surely one of the tiniest women East of the Far East, she is 5' 1" tall, weighs "eighty-something," wears a size "three and a half."

She came on the scene like a nervous tornado—whirled around the room, shining ash trays and rearranging the furniture, dashed into the kitchen and out again, and dropped odds and ends on the floor. When she finally settled down, we relaxed in the beige and orange, faintly Oriental living room. (Oh, beautiful California houses, filled with pale, clean furnishings . . . I love you.)

I complimented June on her acting in *The Shrike*, a picture she made a few years ago with José Ferrer, and the only time she played a villainess on the silver screen. It wasn't too happy a choice of opening topics; Hubby didn't like that picture, and sat rather long-faced through our chatter about it. He felt it was unreal—an interesting commentary in itself, considering the story was of a doll-faced woman who was doing her darnedest to

put her husband in an insane asylum.

It is hardly possible to talk at length to Dick Powell without getting involved in a discussion of television. His company has been so consistently successful—Four Star Television, Inc., has twelve series on major networks this year—it is natural to turn to him for an answer to all that is wrong with the medium. "You can't shove culture down throats," he said, when I asked him why there isn't more quality programming. "We are producing what the public wants." I argued this point until Mr. Powell passed the programming buck to the networks. "If the networks don't like a show, it will never be seen," he said, voicing his part of a familiar chorus. In any discussion of television's faults, producers always blame the networks, networks blame the advertisers, then everybody blames the public.

Requiem for TV

Dick volunteered an unusual reason for the death of live television. He said, "There aren't enough good actors to do live shows." On this statement, June nearly fell from her chair. What about pay television? "You will have it within three years," he stated flatly. "It is inevitable." If this is so, Four Star and Mr. Powell will be even richer. Their plan: to go into full-scale movie production, turning out films you can watch for a fee in your recreation room. "It will be a new era in America," Dick said. "No one will ever have to leave his house to be entertained." When I asked if he didn't find that a terrifying thought, he shrugged his shoulders, but June nodded vigorously.

At the travertine dining table, we talked about the good old days—when Hollywood was a vital, virile, volcanic place, filled with pacesetters, high-livers, convention-flouters. June started sighing for long-lost Afghan hounds, white fox boas, diamonds, and champagne, but her husband nipped the sigh on the intake. "You've got to remember," he said, "that the stars who lived so high in those days wound up flat broke. Take Errol Flynn. When he died, he didn't have a red cent. Nobody can afford to live now in the grand old style. Actually, nobody ever could."

June served the chicken-salad-stuffed tomatoes she had whipped up, and we turned to thoughts of the extent of her mark on the American female. How many women have tried to copy the June Allyson hairdo (which she washes and sets herself, by the way)? How many starry-eyed young men thought that all wives should be the kind of wife June Allyson played in at least thirty of her pictures? June doesn't even like to speculate.

How does June feel about having been type-cast through most of her career? "I have a fortunate capacity," she said. "I like to do anything I have to do." Considering the frequent rumors of the Powells' domestic troubles, I wondered if her statement applied to her marriage.

When it was time for the head of the household to return to his office, we all strolled out into the bright, warm, balmy afternoon air. The combination of the perfect day and the sight of June Allyson in her doorway was too much for me. I kept hearing a little man yelling. "Okay, CUT."

—LYN TORNABENE



RARELY INTERVIEWED or photographed together, Hollywood veterans June Allyson and Dick Powell sit down to lunch with columnist Lyn Tornabene.



ROYAL VISITORS listen to producer Foreman. Seated are ex-Queen Mother of Rumania; King Paul, Queen Frederi-

ka, Princesses Sophia and Irene of Greece; ex-King Michael of Rumania. His wife and daughter stand at right, back row.

Hollywood Colossus of Rhodes

Guns of Navarone, the best-selling novel of wartime adventure, is filmed on an island that has known invaders for 3,500 years—but none like these chess-mad movie stars.

Lying twelve miles off the southwest coast of Turkey, the forty-five-mile-long Greek island of Rhodes is a lazy, sun-drenched piece of rocky real estate where about 61,000 people make a living of sorts raising olives, wine grapes, figs, oranges, and lemons. In 224 B.C., its principal landmark was leveled by an earthquake, thus disposing of the Colossus of Rhodes, said to have been a one-hundred-and-five-foot bronze statue of the sun god, Apollo. (The pieces were carted off to Asia Minor some eight hundred years later, by the Saracens.) The climate of Rhodes is so seductive that the emperors of both Rome and Egypt went there on summer vacations. But the status of Rhodes islanders, seen in historical perspective, amounted to little more than a door prize.

Located in the center of the civilized world's shipping lanes, the island changed hands every time a new armada anchored in its harbor. Layers of fortified walls surround the principal city, souvenirs of uninvited guests such as the Persians, Saracens, Venetians, the Knights of St. John, and—several hundred years later—the Italians and Germans. In 1948, Rhodes was formally annexed by Greece.

The most recent invasion was a double-barreled assault by Columbia Pictures, which occupied the island for the filming of *Surprise Package*, starring Mitzi Gaynor and Yul Brynner, and a few months later for *The Guns of Navarone*, with Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn, Stanley Baker, Anthony Quayle, James Darren, Gia Scala, and Irene

Papas. Both companies lived at the Hotel Miramare during their stay in Rhodes. The hotel, a motel-type hostelry which has detached bungalows surrounding a restaurant, a bar, and a swimming pool, is owned by Dr. Gerissimos Patronikolas. As in earlier invasions of the island, by foreign hordes, the American occupation was marked by lively incidents such as the night that actor David Niven went berserk in the Miramare's kitchen.

Oh, These American Actors

"If Mitzi Gaynor recommends this place, she must be cracking up," said actor Niven, over cocktails in the bar. "Last night, my wife and I decided to have dinner in our bungalow, and we waited two hours for the soup. The English-speaking phone operator is not

on duty after noon, and I decided to throw a bit of temperament around. I walked over to the restaurant and found people who had been waiting hours to have plates cleared away. I gathered up all the dishes I could carry and went into the kitchen, where about forty waiters were standing around, doing their nails, and telling jokes. I smashed my crockery on the floor and jumped up and down in the pieces. They all looked thunderstruck, so I'm hoping that I did make an impression. The service *was* a little better today."

It's All in the Game

When not breaking dishes, Niven was putting in long days before the cameras several miles away. When I visited the shooting, he and Gregory Peck were wearing stolen Nazi uniforms and toting boxes of ammunition from an armored car into the mouth of a mine shaft. The journey was uphill, the day was warm, and, as the scene was repeated, the actors, crew, and spectators perspired freely. Off-camera, Niven and Peck retired to a chessboard and sat like statues until they were needed. Next day, when the shooting shifted to another part of the island for an outdoor wedding reception, the whole cast played chess between takes.

In a dispatch to his London paper, a British newsman wrote, "Nothing much happens here at night. The food is awful, everything shuts up early, and unlike most Greeks, the islanders tether their daughters and let their goats wander free. So the chief *divertissement* among the stars is playing chess."

This diversion was introduced when Anthony Quinn arrived on Rhodes with Mrs. Quinn and three chessboards. Production-unit head Cecil Ford said Quinn was the company champion. "Niven is careless, plays a bold, swashbuckling game," he said. "Peck is cautious, takes plenty of time between moves. For my money, chess is the greatest thing in the world to keep actors quiet. This way they're not off somewhere getting into trouble, and you always know where they are when you want them."

Members of *Navarone's* cast and production staff brought a total of thirteen wives and ten children to the island. One of the wives, Evy Norlund, Miss Denmark of 1958, was honeymooning with James Darren. The Stanley Bakers brought their three children from London; the David Nivens came with two, as did the Pecks and the Anthony Quayles. Executive producer Carl Foreman brought his wife and thirteen-year-old daughter. While their families explored the island's antiquities, the actors went to work filming the novel by Alistair MacLean—a saga of high adventure from World War II, not unlike one of the

ancient Greek legends. Foreman wrote the screenplay about the rescue of two thousand British soldiers by six assorted Allied saboteurs whose job it was to blow up some impregnable 210 mm. "crunch guns" buried in the face of a six-hundred-foot cliff. The six male stars impersonate the saboteurs: a major in British Intelligence (Quayle), a famous mountaineer (Peck), a Greek Army colonel (Quinn), an expert on explosives (Niven), a radio operator (Baker), and a baby-faced resistance fighter (Darren).

Since no women appeared in the novel, Foreman had to invent two for the film. With MacLean's permission, he added a Nazi-tortured schoolteacher (played by Gia Scala) and a young Greek partisan (Irene Papas) to supply the missing love interest. It took two years and fifteen thousand miles of traveling to prepare the story and scout locations for filming. Among other places, Foreman considered Sicily, Cyprus, and Yugoslavia. He finally settled on the Dodecanese Island area of the Aegean Sea, and the Greek government readily agreed to aid the project.

For five months, the film company staged scenes of tenderness and violence from one end of Rhodes to the other. Several hundred of the local citizens donned grease paint and worked as extras. Explosions staged on the deck of a Greek gunboat blew an automobile-

sized hole in its side, to the concern of a captain well aware of the scarcity of Greek gunboats. The stars spent two weeks at sea on a fifty-five-foot fishing boat to film a battle with a German patrol. A United States Coast Guard ship stationed in the Aegean, the *Courier*, aided with walkie-talkies and landing craft. Location spots ashore ranged from mountain precipices accessible only by donkey to wooded ravines where actual guerilla combat had taken place when Nazi uniforms were the real thing. Other scenes were staged at the Moni Skiadi monastery, at the Acropolis above the village of Lindos, and on the waterfront and in the medieval streets of the ancient city of Rhodes.

Royalty, Domestic and Imported

The excitement attracted not only the local population, but a number of members of royalty, domestic and imported. The Prime Minister of Greece, Constantine Karamanlis, visited the location and watched some of the rushes. King Paul and Queen Frederika brought Princesses Irene and Sophia over from Athens, and the two girls were so intrigued, they came back a second day. Ex-King Michael I of Rumania brought his wife, his mother, and his daughter. Everybody took snapshots and posed for news photographs with the stars.

Oddly enough, while the cast suffered
(continued)



CAST IN COSTUME, sketched by Whitcomb. Top: Anthony Quinn, Gregory Peck, Gia Scala. Bottom: James Darren, Irene Papas, David Niven, and Stanley Baker.

Hollywood Colossus of Rhodes (continued)

from little more than indigestion, sore muscles, and lacerations from their adventures on Rhodes, the major risks turned up later on the Shepperton sound stages near London, where the difficult process shots were made. Here, on an indoor marine set, the actors were buffeted by wind machines, slugged with tons of water from overhead chutes, and battered by the heaving decks of a studio-built boat. Before they were through, Peck sustained a three-inch gash on the forehead; Quinn and Niven twisted their spines; Baker wrenched his neck; and Darren was completely knocked out by a wave, and almost drowned. One of the still photographers suffered three crushed toes; another broke his arm. A publicity girl, not to be outdone, fell down a flight of stairs; and a colleague ran into an iron piling and had to have his head bandaged. There were even hazards off the set: a burglar got into the Pecks' rented house and made off with about ten thousand dollars' worth of furs and jewelry.

Overcome by a Bikini

When I met Irene Papas, who plays the part of Maria, a young Greek partisan, she was taking a sun bath on the terrace of her Miramare hungalaw. With her black cloud of hair and her smouldering dark eyes, she looks like a younger and prettier Anna Magnani. The brief bikini she wore was in vivid contrast to the dirt-stained pants and boots she wears in the picture. Her olive skin was deeply tanned, and her voice was low and husky. Although her English was excellent, it had a trace of international shorthand in it.

"I wish I knew when I work," she said from behind her dark glasses. "I am always on the exact time. I get this from the stage. I do not like to be late, or to wait for others. Also, I work best without the whip, with gentleness. If they use force on me, I close up like a flower. I think I am a snail, with two things outside shell, like this—" She wagged her forefingers. "If they beat my antennae, I go inside shell and do not come out."

Overcome by the olive skin and the bikini, I reached for my camera.

"Please, no," she said, sadly. "I dislike my figure. There will be no pictures. I am sorry." This Spartan attitude applied, she went on to her career.

"Once I got some money," she said, "and I was carried away with grand airs. I made some pictures and went to Paris and bought beautiful clothes. At the auto show I bought a car and when I drove it through the street, people went 'Ah-h-h-h!' I was very grand. I bought a mink coat. (The coat I only wore two or three times.) I had special stationery stamped with my initials. Then I ran into a friend who was wearing a big

signet ring with a crest. I asked him, 'What is that?' and he said, 'My father is a duke.' Well, his father was not a duke. The seal on my writing paper was also a fake. So then I knew what was wrong with me. I put away the mink coat. I gave away my car, and for a while I went to the other end. I wore flannel skirts. I got just as bad in the opposite direction. I overdid it. . . . Now, I am in the middle. I think that is best. I now have just as much money, maybe more; but I spend it toward the outside, to others, not on me. I feel better this way."

The Technical Honeymoon

That day, while Irene fretted in the sun, Gia Scala was working several miles away in a wedding-party scene with Peck, Niven, Baker, Darren, and two hundred-fifty extras. In a pleasant, tree-shaded grove surrounding a roadside tavern, the celebrants dined, drank, and danced to the music of a small orchestra, with a gallery of maybe two hundred spectators watching from the road and a nearby hillside. The sun had been playing tag with flying clouds all day, and there were many delays between shots. The male stars spent the intervals playing chess on a second-floor balcony. Gia wandered through the crowd and rehearsed folk dances with the wedding party. The presence of Elyse Warren on the set reminded her that she was the only member of the cast without a relative on Rhodes.

"Since I've only been married to Don Burnette for eight months," she said. "I guess I'm technically still on my honeymoon, too. He's one of the leads in the TV show, *Northwest Mounted*—the good-looking one—and he wasn't able to make this trip with me."

Miss Scala is an interesting mixture of Ireland (her mother was Eileen O'Sullivan) and Italy (her father was Pietro Scoglio). Her real name is Giovanna Scoglio, and she was born in Liverpool.



COSMOPOLITE Gia Scala, half-Italian, half-Irish, was born in England, studied in Italy, U. S. She tells Jon about her role as Greek teacher tortured by Nazis.

When Gia was three, her family traveled to Rome and she went to school in a convent. At fifteen, Gia and her mother moved to New York, where Gia graduated from Bayside, Long Island, High School. To pay for acting lessons, she worked as a reservations clerk for Scandinavian Airlines and as a quizz contestant on TV. A talent scout spotted her on a TV quiz show and got her a screen test in Hollywood, for the role of Mary Magdalene in *The Galileans*. She lost out on the part, but she landed a movie contract and worked in her first film, *All That Heaven Allows*, with Rock Hudson. Since then, she has appeared in a dozen films with a list of leading men that includes Robert Taylor, Curt Jurgens, and Glenn Ford. Freckle-faced Gia is tall (5'8"), with green eyes; she wore her light brown hair cut in a close shingle for her role as Anna. According to the script, Anna is a partisan who is partial to Mallory, played by Gregory Peck; later on, the two would be playing a love scene, prone, on the floor of a monastery.

Mr. Peck abandoned his chessboard long enough to squint at the sky. The clouds were now hanging low and there was a faint drizzle. The star turned up his coat collar and said he and his wife had just returned from a trip to Moscow.

"My wife and I flew from London in a Soviet jet," he said. "We went there with *On the Beach*, a movie not shown to the Russian public, just the political big-shots and the movie people, who see all the principal American films. We had an interpreter, a woman in her thirties, who spoke good English; our reception was impressive, and we thought the food was great. We spent forty-eight hours in Russia with no sleep. As for *On the Beach*, I liked Australia very much and I'd like to visit it again."

I complimented him on some of the pictorial effects in *On the Beach*.

He nodded. "The art direction was superior," he said. "It was the work of Rudy Sternad, who was responsible for composition and all the artistic angles. But the Italian cameraman was atrocious. If you ask me, however, what movie audiences go to see is a good story. I never heard of a movie customer saying, 'Go to see X—it has beautiful camera work.'"

"Do you think all this production abroad means Hollywood is washed up?"

All-American Greg

"Certainly not!" Mr. Peck retorted, arching his eyebrows like Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick*. "If you think that, you have information not available to me. I've been making pictures abroad for seventeen years without thinking anything of it. Hollywood, as far as I am concerned, is still where the best facilities are, the talent, the know-how. I think things will go along just the way they always have."

I am a resident of Brentwood, California, and I consider that my home. My next picture will be shot in the United States for my own company."

"How do you stand in the chess tournament?"

"At the bottom."

As we parted, I asked Brentwood's foremost citizen what plans he had when *Navarone* was finished. "When we wind this up," he said, "Mrs. Peck and I will go to the south of France for a few months before I start work again."

By the middle of the summer, news dispatches announced that Onassis's yacht, the *Christina*, had sailed from Venice for a month's cruise in the Mediterranean. Among the guests were listed the Winston Churchills, ballerina Margot Fonteyn and her husband, Roberto Arias, Maria Callas, and Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck and their children.

The Many Faces of Tony Quinn

Actor Tony Quinn has been described as "a seventeenth-century gypsy" because of his habit of taking off for exotic places, equipped with wife, children, dogs, cats, and chessboards. He was born in Mexico, is the son of a part-Irish father; and he has spent his life acting Indians, Frenchmen, Italians, Greeks, Spaniards, and an occasional American. Last year he played an Eskimo. He is a big hulk of a man with striking black eyes. His wife is Katherine DeMille, daughter of the late Cecil B. DeMille, with whom he carried on an intense feud until shortly before DeMille's death. The couple has four children ranging in age from eight to nineteen.

The Guns of Navarone is his forty-sixth picture, and in it he plays the part of Andrea, a dedicated Greek killer of Germans. As an actor, Quinn is a maverick who will do a role for nothing if he believes in it, and he now commands \$150,000 a picture plus a share in the profits because of some rash gambles in this direction. He was a smash hit in the Italian film, *La Strada*, which he did for peanuts at the height of his Hollywood career; and he has two Oscars, the second one for playing Gauguin in *Lust for Life*, a role that lasted ten minutes on the screen. This picaresque attitude toward acting is reflected in his view of himself; and, as a self-made intellectual, his remarks are invariably offbeat and quotable.

Arriving on Rhodes from a quick film-business trip to Rome, he brought back a new camera with zoom lens which a still-man was teaching him to operate. As he fiddled with the controls, he said, "I'm restless. I want a change, but I don't know what. I'd like to get into a whole new field, something important enough to build a new life on. I ran across a story right here on Rhodes, and it inspired me

to start a novel. For a while I was knocking off ten pages a day, but now it's rather bogged down. . . . It's hard to know where to live these days, with pictures being made all over the world. I have a house in Ridgefield, Connecticut, but I haven't lived in it for a long time. Sometimes I think I'd like to get a small place by the sea, with a small boat bobbing offshore and a few of my friends, interested in the same things, living nearby. Do you see that green plateau up there on the hill?"

He pointed to a flat ledge halfway up a mountain in the middle distance.

"I'm thinking of buying it. What I really hate is hobbies. They're time killers, escape mechanisms. What I'm after is something worthwhile, something I can believe in with everything I've got. It's got to start from here," he said, clapping a hand to his stomach. "I'd like to wage a one-man war against trivialities, all the stuff people are concerned with now. The Bomb is right around the corner, by God, but nobody listens or pays any attention."

He said he had an offer to do a play in New York. (As this is written, *Becket*, by Jean Anouilh, has just opened on Broadway, starring Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn. The critics' verdicts: "Brilliant." "Exciting." "Distinguished." "Powerful.")

"I don't like New York," he told me, "and I'm unwilling to spend eighteen months there. Six months—okay. But it's too big a chunk out of my life to spend it like that. Maybe it's just because today is my birthday—but that's the way I feel. I wrote a play once about the discovery of the bow and arrow and the effect it had on people's lives." He smiled and put down the camera. "But that was a long time ago."

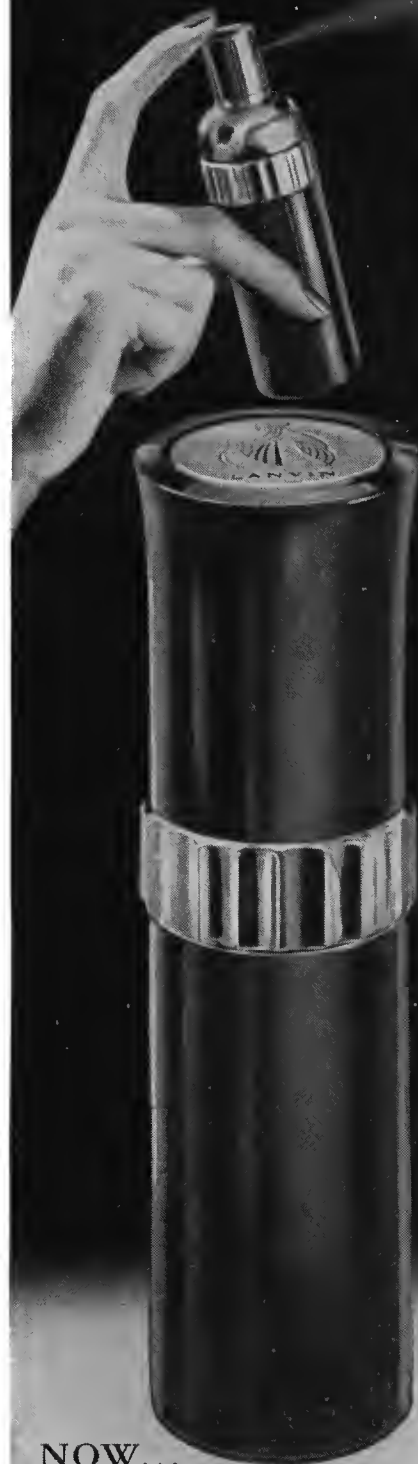
When the second unit of the company descended on the Old City in Rhodes to photograph an armored car speeding through the narrow, cobbled streets, I went along with producer Foreman. During the drive, he told me that he had gone to London for a vacation in 1952, had fallen in love with the city, and had simply stayed on there.

Restless Native

"I've gone native," he said. "I belong to two clubs, the Savage and the Saville—just so I can say, 'Well, I'm off to the club'—and we live in Sir Harold Caccia's house in Regent's Park. That is, we will as long as he's ambassador to Washington. My daughter goes to the American School, and in the summer she and my wife go off to the States. I visit the States three or four times a year. I just hope *Navarone*, which will cost \$5,000,000, makes as much money as *The Mouse That Roared*, which cost less than a tenth of that. *Mouse* was tailored for American

(continued)

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LANVIN

Hollywood Colossus of Rhodes (continued)

audiences, and it has made about \$2,500,000 in the United States. But big movie distributors don't like to bother with low-budget films. I had trouble talking Columbia into taking on *Mouse*. I had to offer to work without salary, just a percentage. They much prefer taking a chance on expensive super-productions because of the 50 per cent off the top they get for distribution and financing."

In Rhodes, the movie trucks paused at the top of the Old City to film a shot near the cathedral. Foreman got out of his car and squinted up and down the narrow alley through a CinemaScope view finder. It was late in the afternoon, and the sun cast long shadows. When the cameras were set up, firemen with hoses began to wet down the cobblestone paving. On the screen, Foreman explained, the action would take place at night, an effect heightened by wet streets, blue filters over the camera lens, and other techniques in the film lab. Crewmen went to work closing shutters, but as fast as they were shut, heads popped out to watch the fun. Finally, all windows within camera range were closed, a whistle blew, and the armored car raced down the alley.

With this bit finished, all the trucks

packed up, Foreman got back into his car, and the procession moved down the hill to Hippocrates Square for the next setup. The square was a broad plaza with a fountain in the middle and five narrow streets radiating from it.

Prophetic Remark

While Foreman moved around the square with his view finder, he said that the Rhodians were remarkably complaisant about movie interruptions. Perhaps prophetically, he remarked, "Maybe they're just naïve, but it's very easy to work here. We block traffic, and keep people from doing their business, but so far, nobody has had any complaints to make against us."

With the cameras installed facing a narrow alley, crewmen began the work of shooing people off the streets. When Foreman was pleased with the light and the camera angle, the muscular stunt man impersonating Irene Papas got into the armored car, and backed it a hundred feet off-camera. A voice yelled, "Quiet!" and the crowd stopped chattering.

"Roll 'em!"

As the cameras turned, the armored car came tearing out of the side street

and headed for the narrow alley. The driver almost made it. But just at the entrance, the rear wheels skidded, the car caromed off a corner, hurtled sideways into the alley, and plunged through the closed shutters of a barber shop. The crowd gasped and broke ranks.

"In the script?" I asked Foreman.

"Nope," he said.

"Can you use it?"

"Nope. The question is now: how do we rescue *this* situation?"

Aided by some cops, the crew backed the armored car out of the alley, and Foreman examined it. The bumper was broken and the radiator was caved in, along with both front fenders. The stunt man was intact.

But the barber shop, it was clear, was a total loss. Both barber chairs had been smashed, and splintered shutters and broken mirrors filled the small interior. A small man, evidently the barber, was rummaging in broken drawers trying to gather up money. Under the eyes of the police, bystanders filed past the disaster scene, gazing happily at the wreckage of the barber shop and the car. A day with this kind of excitement, it was clear, was a great day in Rhodes. THE END

MOVIE GUIDE

The Millionairess comes off chiefly as a fashion parade, with Sophia Loren sashaying across the screen in one dazzling Balmain outfit after another.

As the richest girl in the world, she has a problem finding a man who loves her, and not her money. At last, she fixes her affections on a totally unimpressed doctor from India (Peter Sellers). The rest of the film is a chase with Sellers as the unwilling quarry, and Miss Loren in feverish pursuit.

The Virgin Spring. When you see a line of devoted movie-goers outside an art theatre, chances are there's an Ingmar Bergman movie inside. This Swedish director is the most talked-about personality in the film industry today—justly so.

In *The Virgin Spring*, a thirteenth cen-

tury ballad becomes a compelling story of a young girl (are any faces more lovely, more fresh, more expressive than those of a Bergman heroine?) who meets with a violent end, and the miraculous epilogue to her story. Birgitta Pettersson plays the heroine radiantly; Max von Sydow, a Bergman favorite, is excellent as her troubled father.

Unlike the ambiguous "messages" in Bergman's earlier films, the meaning behind this one is perfectly clear. This is less poetic than its predecessors, *The Seventh Seal* and *Wild Strawberries*, and more brutal. Be sure to leave the kiddies with a squeamish next-door neighbor.

Swiss Family Robinson. Replete with a shipwreck, jungle animals, a scene-stealing child (eleven-year-old Kevin Corcoran), and a pirates-against-the-good-guys hattle—as rousing as any ever filmed—Walt Disney's *Swiss Family Robinson* is a colorful combination of adventure, fantasy, and comedy.

The classic story of a family marooned on a Pacific island, *Swiss Family* was photographed in wide-screen style, on location in the British West Indies. The island is the lushest, the pirates the bloodthirstiest, and the fantastic Robinson tree house enough to start every youngster hammering at the nearest tree.

This \$5,000,000 movie is family fare: an edge-of-the-seater for the younger set and good fun for the grownups.



Friends: Philip Needs and Loretta Parry.

Hand in Hand is a short film (one hour) with a long message. It goes on your "should see" list both because it is beautiful and because it dares to bring up the subject of religious tolerance. Credit goes to America's only female movie producer, Helen Winston, who made the picture in England with an English crew. Hollywood had told her it couldn't be done. The protagonists are a Catholic boy child and a Jewish girl child who become inseparable friends. Ultimately, they are made aware of the differences in their religions, but preserve their bond by learning there is one God for all. The children, Philip Needs and Loretta Parry, go straight to your heart. If you have trouble explaining religious differences to your own children, take them with you to this one. THE END

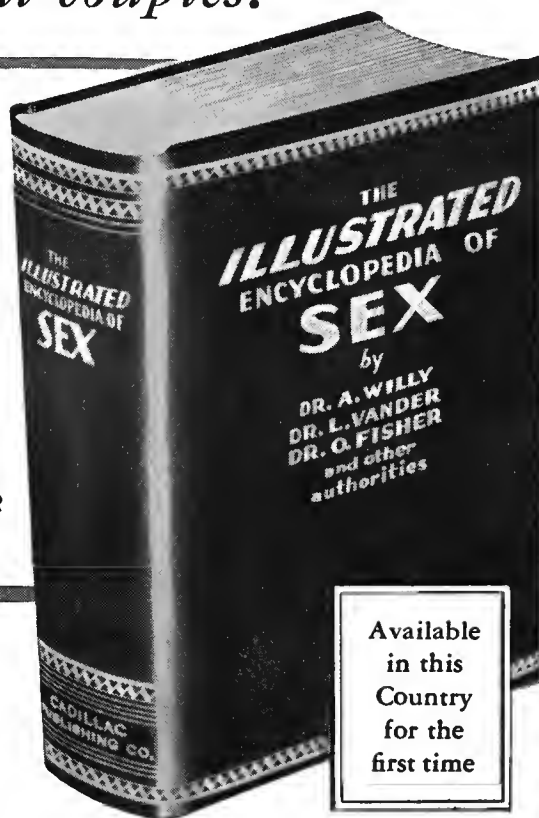


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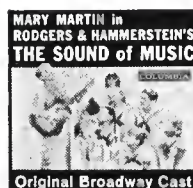
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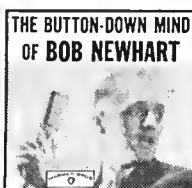
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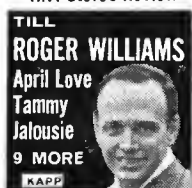
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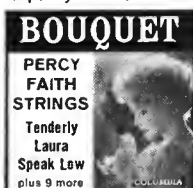
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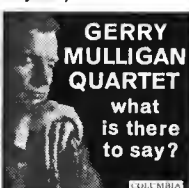
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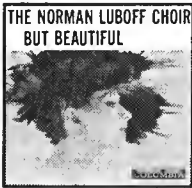
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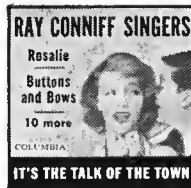
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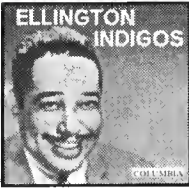
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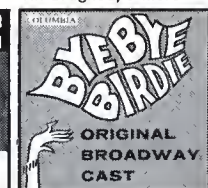
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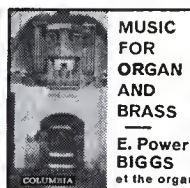
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DORIS DAY

More Acting and Less Love-Making

THE REAL GUNN . . . What is a sophisticated TV detective like in person? Sophisticated. Also charming, gracious, and handsome. This we learned when we met **Craig (Peter Gunn) Stevens**.

In contrast to his carefree bachelor role in *Gunn*, the off-screen Craig Stevens has been happily married for fifteen years to actress **Alexis Smith**. He is proud of her as a woman, proud of her as an actress, and thinks he's lucky to have a wife to whom he can say, "Forget about me for three days," when he's on a shooting schedule.

A twelve- to fourteen-hour shooting day on the *Peter Gunn* series, plus guest shots and personal appearances, don't leave him much time for his favorite pastime—woodworking. But he's had time enough to make nineteen pieces of furniture for the Stevens' house.

Before he became a TV sleuth, Stevens had appeared in eighteen plays, over sixty pictures, and eighty-five TV shows. This year, he'll do four shows with **Dinah Shore**.

We asked him if he thought he'd ever get tired of his series.

"I doubt it. Each show is different and



Craig (Peter Gunn) Stevens, off-stage.

the format changes a little every year. This season, for example, there is more acting, less love-making." (Sorry, girls!)

RADIO: RING IN THE NEW . . . There's a new sound in radio this season. It's ABC Radio's *Flair*—ninety-second capsules of sparkling patter, by well-known personalities, on every subject under the sun—even flower arranging—and the first really creative radio

programming that we've heard in years.

These programs-in-miniature run consecutively or in individual segments, depending on local station schedules, throughout weekdays. Each capsule is introduced with a catchy little musical jingle; serious subjects are deftly interspersed with straight comedy monologues; and the whole capsule is encased in bright music. Broadway star **Dick Van Dyke** ("Bye, Bye Birdie") is host. Among the commentators: **Arleue Francis**, **Boris Karloff**, **Toots Shor**, **Martha Rountree**, **Audrey Meadows**, **Jonathan Winters**, **Peggy Cass**, etc., etc., etc.

RING OUT THE OLD . . . Two grand old men, **Freeman Gosden** and **Charles Correll** (*Amos 'n' Andy*), retired a few weeks ago, and with them went a whole era of broadcast entertainment.

The *Amos 'n' Andy* show hit the air waves for the first time in March, 1928, over radio station WMAQ, Chicago. By August, 1929, it had been picked up by the network and was well on its way to becoming a household word. For nearly a decade afterward, everyone stopped, at 7:00 P.M., to see what was going on at

NEW RECORDINGS

Tchaikovsky and All That Jazz



The Duke! Half a Happy Coincidence.

Has Tchaikovsky all of a sudden got an agent or a song plugger working for him? There is no other way I can explain a curious coincidence that happened in time for the holiday season: two jazz versions of the

Nutcracker Suite, each released almost simultaneously! Duke Ellington does it on Columbia, and Shorty Rogers on Victor. Of the two versions, Ellington's pleased me more, but Rogers' is very good, too.

Two comedy records came along in time for the holiday and post-holiday period: **The Best of (Peter) Sellers**, on Angel; and **Girl in a Hot Steam Bath**, by Jean Carroll, on Columbia. Sellers' humor is very British, and may just lose something in translation, but his fans will love it. Miss Carroll's humor is very Bronx. She is, with the possible exception of Phyllis Diller, the world's funniest lady, and in saying that I know very well that Bea Lillie is still around. Miss Carroll's *My Daughter Is a Beatnik* is worth the price of the record alone.

There is one other comedy record out this month, although it isn't meant to be that. The comedy around our house oc-

curs when I try to follow the instructions in **Anyone Can Play the Harmonica** (Epic), which comes complete with harmonica, instruction book, and record. They laugh when I pick it up, and they sigh with relief when I put it down. But my wife has kept the baby amused for hours with the tunes she's learned.

Gerry Mulligan, that aging bopster, is now the leader of a new big band, **The Concert Jazz Band**, if you will, which Verve showcases on a fine album. He's got quality sidemen—Zoot Sims, Conte Candoli, Bob Brookmeyer, and others—and some of the arrangements are his own. "I wanted the same clarity of sound and interplay of lines I had in the smaller groups," Mulligan said before making this, and he's achieved just that.

Other items this month: **Billy Blows His Horn** (Columbia). Billy Butterfield demonstrates that he is still the owner of a tone at once the fattest and yet

the Fresh-Air Taxicab Company. And, for the next fifteen minutes, the nation's depression-ridden families could forget their troubles and laugh again.

In 1951, *Amos 'n' Andy* added a second cast and tackled TV for a six-year run. The original cast stuck to radio, then talked of retiring. The public said *No*.

This time the boys mean it. The airwaves won't seem the same without them.

WORTH YOUR PRECIOUS TIME

... NBC *White Paper* and ABC's *Bell and Howell Close-Up*, both the kind of thought-provoking, courageous programming which has been long overdue.

White Paper, in-depth documentaries narrated by **Chet Huntley**, requires six months' research for each subject, has average budget of \$110,000 per show. Sample subjects, past and present: public relations men, featherbedding, the Soviet Union's potential—all sponsored by Timex.

Close-Up, on-the-spot interviews, about two per month in a fifteen-show series. Fall premiere show, "Cast the First Stone," about prejudice above the Mason-Dixon Line, is still being talked about. Sponsor Bell and Howell's attitude: Use the time and the money needed to do the job; we'll pay the bill.

NBC *Opera*'s twelfth season opening, postponed from November. "Deseret" will be performed for the first time, anywhere. ... *Family Classics*' presentation of "Vanity Fair" ... And General Electric's ninety-minute special on *The Gershwin Years*. —FLORENCE HAMSHER

the swingiest among all his contemporaries. Jimmy Heath does **Really Big!**—which means the band is that—on Riverside. Miriam Makeba, a singer from Johannesburg, a Xosa tribeswoman, has made her first album, called simply **Miriam Makeba**, on RCA-Victor. An exciting and unusual new folk singer. Finally—

Sixty Years of Music America Loves Best, on RCA-Victor, contains thirty selections. This is the second volume in which the company blows the horn that dog stares into, and I don't blame them one bit for putting it out. A really fantastically varied program here, including such things as Maurice Chevalier doing *Louise*, Caruso and Galli-Curci and Perini and de Luca in the original quartet from *Rigoletto*, Mischa Elman playing *Air for the G String*, Artie Shaw's band with *Stardust*, Spike Jones fooling with *Cocktails for Two*, Pablo Casals and *The Swan*, the *Beer Barrel Polka* by the Glahe Musette Orchestra, *Il Bacio* by Lucrezia Bori ... well, that's a sampling. The others are just as reliable. Quite a panorama. I wish other companies would snatch the idea and put out such samplers. Something for everybody on this one.

—MEGHAN RICHARDS

BOOKS

Auntie Mame's World Revisited

LOVE AND MRS. SARGENT, by Virginia Rowans (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$3.95). As I once learned during a somewhat condescending lecture delivered by one of my old English professors, "There is, after all, a place for the authors of light fiction." What the good professor neglected to add was that the place referred to is, most often, the safe-deposit vaults of some of the biggest, most exclusive banks in the country. Readers are willing to pay well for such reading matter—witness the bullish fortunes of established light-fictioneers like P.G. Wodehouse, the late Thorne Smith, Noel Coward, and—more recently—Patrick Dennis and Virginia Rowans.

There appears to be still another natural affinity between money and light fiction. Most of the light-fiction novels deal with characters who have scads of money, and thus, have more room in their lives for nonsense than the rest of us scrabblers.

Love and Mrs. Sargent is no exception to the rule. Mrs. Sargent is rich, very rich. But Sheila Sargent worked for it. When her husband, a famous war correspondent, was killed in a plane crash over the English Channel in 1945, she had to find a way to support her young son and daughter, Richard, Jr., and Allison. Turning to her late husband's field, journalism, she took over as a temporary replacement for an advice-to-people-in-trouble columnist and made a permanent success of it. As the book opens, she is forty-three years old, and an attractive widow of fifteen years' standing; her column is syndicated, through Famous Features, in no less than 946 newspapers; she has written three books of which there are more than five million copies in print, including paperbacks; and it is rumored that she is about to be named Mother of the Year. In short, she seems to have made it.

The Question Man

But at this juncture, into the scene steps Peter Johnson, staff writer for *Worldwide Weekly*, who is there to do a cover story on Sheila Sargent. A bachelor, and self-styled "Man of the People," Peter jolts Sheila in more ways than one. Aside from the love-interest he provides, his other function is to ask: *Have* you made it, after all? And, what sort of life have you made for yourself?

Virginia Rowans is a deft, light-fin-

gered juggler at this sort of story. The first Rowans book, *Oh, What a Wonderful Wedding*, was a fine froth of a novel about complications stemming from preparations for a young couple's wedding ceremony. *The Loving Couple* provided a two-angled account—"his" and "hers"—of a marital breakup and reconciliation. And, *House Party* detailed what happens on a Long Island estate when the servants quit in the middle of a week end that sees the place jammed with guests.

The third printing of this last-mentioned book sported a glowing introduction by Patrick Dennis, the author of *Auntie Mame*. Among other nice comments, Mr. Dennis said, "Of all the novels by Virginia Rowans, *House Party* remains my favorite. ... In fact, I wish I'd written it myself."

Different Name, Same Face

Now, this was *the* inside joke of the literary season, because he *had*. Patrick Dennis and Virginia Rowans are the same person. This, mind you, is by no means the same thing as saying that Virginia Rowans is *really* Patrick Dennis, or vice versa. They're *both* pseudonyms.

That name will not be revealed here. But I will offer several hints. Dennis/Rowans is *not* James Jones. Neither is he Finley Peter Dunne. To squelch this particular rumor, it should be noted here that the famous creator of Mr. Dooley passed on in 1936.

Mr. Dennis/Rowans writes his own distinct, sentimental, melodramatic brand of the genre. As in all his books, unlike those of his British counterparts, there are stern jabs at racial and religious bigotry. Although the author is a snob about money matters (in one book, his idea of a struggling young couple are two people who live in a small apartment in Manhattan's East—not *West*, heaven forbid—Sixties!), he is a 100 per cent American snob with a strong democratic streak.

In any event, *Love and Mrs. Sargent* is an adroit demonstration of the fine art of literary ice skating: maximum scratching of the surface, minimum penetration of the lower depths. This reviewer may not wish, as Mr. Dennis might, that he had written it himself; but he certainly would like to be writing or endorsing the checks this book will earn for its author in book royalties, and movie and play rights.—GERALD WALKER

Collector's Items: Beauty

Jewelry by Coro



IN CAMELOT MOOD: Gold chain necklace, faced with stones and beads in topaz and beige. Has detachable pendant that can be worn as pin or in hair. Set, \$30.

Pendants, Pearls, and The Lily-Pale Look

The new Broadway musical, *Camelot*, with Julie Andrews wearing Tony Duquette and Adrian clothes, set off by medieval, baroque jewelry, is due to splash us all with the splendid, bejeweled richness of the twelfth century court at the time of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.

The look of jewelry of the period, designed for *Camelot* by Coro and Vendome: big single stones; pearl drops hanging from everything; tassels of tiny beads hanging from necklaces and every-

thing else; pearls-and-tassels together. Necklaces look like elongated harnesses, and they won't necessarily be hung around your neck—you can also drape them around your waist.

Most of the Coro necklaces will have the new magnetic clasp. No more fumbling at the back of your neck to fasten your necklace; the magnet almost pulls the clasp into place with a satisfyingly secure *click*. It doesn't pull until you detach it, and it lies snugly and safely on the neck.

Beautiful hair, so the story went, came from brushing, brushing, brushing your hair. Now the brush-like-crazy school has been dealt a severe crack on the head.

It's not *how much* you brush your hair that really counts. In fact, you can *over*-brush hair and actually give your hair—and head—a beating. It's *what* you brush your hair with, and it's *how* you brush hair that makes it beautiful. So claims Warner-Lambert, whose new double-duty hairbrush has both rounded nylon bristles and natural boar bristles. Boars' bristles improve your hair's health by spreading natural oils down the length of the hair. Rounded nylon bristles stimulate the scalp.

Recommended way to brush: brush hair tightly back from face. Brush upward, away from the face, to start the flow of blood. Then brush up, starting at the base of the neck.

Throw the head forward, bending from the waist. Brush briskly from the nape of the neck to the very ends of the hair. Give a slight twist of the wrist as you brush; this will clutch the hair, and gently tug at the scalp, helping to stimulate the circulation.

It's a great massage, and it also cleans the scalp, shines the hair, and the whole thing is also very good for your complexion.

In Paris, where a husband can accompany his wife to a beauty salon, and have a haircut and shave while his wife is getting her hair done, more and more American women are beginning to go to French salons. They have a double aim: to jettison that rumpled "tourist" look, and to pick up some of the techniques used by foreign beauticians.

Only, how do you say, "I would like a shampoo" in French, Italian, German, Spanish? We've discovered that all the beauty-shop lingo you need, in five languages, is in a purse-sized, pink booklet called "The International Phrases of Beauty."

If you should find that you can't pronounce the words, you just point to the translation in the booklet. As for the shampoo, in French it's "Voulez-vous me faire un shampoing," in Italian, it's "Vorrei farmi uno shampoo," in German it's "Ich möchte die Haare waschen lassen," and in Spanish, it's "Deseo que se me haga un champú."

For those travelers who are going to countries where they'll run up against other languages, Helene Curtis, who puts out the twenty-five-cent booklet, says they'll try to supply the translation.

What we like best about this is that anything the beautician might ask the customer is right there; for instance, "Is the dryer too hot?" or "Would you like some coffee? A magazine?". Usually we want both the coffee and the magazine while we're under the dryer.

Fur Pants and the Three-Piece Suit

Fur pants are so elegant that we picture Bettina coming out of the Ritz in Paris in a pair. Probably the most stunning is the "Persian Culotte" suit of South African Persian lamb shown at the Georges Kaplan fashion show at the Whitney Museum of American Art. The most nonchalant is the same designer's culotte suit in two tones of Persian lamb: black Persian tunic tied with a Persian mocha-colored sash, worn with mocha-colored Persian pants. Wear this one indoors.

London is finally getting into the culottes act, too. Paul Blanche has created a mild flutter among Londoners with his version: white capeskin flared culottes with collarless belted jacket, for \$81.00, in American money.

American women will definitely be wearing more pants than skirts this year. At least that's what manufacturers predict, and they're going for broke by making more pants than skirts. The women on the fence needn't worry, though—at least one New York company this spring will offer a three-piece suit: solid wool skirt, plaid culotte, and a plaid jacket trimmed with the solid wool. Price for all this is \$25.00. How can she lose?

Bulky sweaters are the newest idea for evening wraps this spring, and designer Ceil Chapman started it all.

This bulk is pretty fancy. A white wool pullover with a wide, huge turtle-neck, sparkles with glittering jet beads on the collar, waist, and cuffs. It's worn over a bare-shouldered black crepe sheath. Another bulky deal, worn over a pink, satin-sashed, shantung sheath, is a semifitted coat-sweater that's done in red wool, and falls to just a few inches above the knee.

Anyone who wants to make these bulky charmers can do so. Miss Chapman originally designed them as do-it-yourself patterns for the American Thread Company, then fell so madly in love with them that she's offering them to her don't-do-it-yourself clients. The patterns from American Thread are due out this month: cost is ten cents for a leaflet that has four of the Ceil Chapman sweaters, twenty-five cents for a booklet that also has other patterns.

Jackie Kennedy's exquisite inaugural-ball gown will get a twin next month. Her dress will be duplicated, stitch-by-stitch, by the Evyon Perfume people, and added to their collection of dresses that are replicas of the gowns worn in the last one hundred years by the wives of our presidents, from

Mary Todd Lincoln to Mamie Eisenhower.

Jackie's dress is the seventeenth. Evyon, which has insured the dresses for around \$100,000, has exhibited them in department stores all over the country during the last few months, in honor of its newest fragrance, the twenty dollars-an-ounce perfume, "Great Lady." Next stop for the replicas: England, where the Duchess of Marlborough will present them at a Red Cross fete. Later, the Marchioness of Queensbury will arrange a private showing at which British socialites will model the gowns for Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mother.

Chiffon windbreakers are the airiest, most romantic tops women will wear this season. Prettiest one we've seen

was in Bermuda on a young beauty who, with her escort, motor-boated across Hamilton Harbor and drew up at the dock of the Waterfront Inn for dinner. The windbreaker was melon-colored, scarf-tied at the neck, worn over a slim, white dress. B. H. Wragge deserves an accolade for dreaming up these sheer, soft jackets that ripple in those resort breezes.

Pauline Trigere has also espoused chiffon. Her transparent, printed chiffon coats are cut like slender, severe chesterfields. The effect is wholly and incongruously feminine, and utterly sophisticated. Under the chiffon chesterfield goes a matching, bare-topped chiffon sheath. After this season, we wonder what designers can possibly do for an encore.

—HARRIET LA BARRE



LUXURY LOOK: Culotte suit in Southwest African Persian lamb. The lightweight and lustrous curly fur is dyed black. Collar is black velvet. Price, \$900.

Tanned by the Riviera Sun

For opulent living, there's nothing quite like the Côte d'Azur. Where else could you play roulette with a prince, or buy a diamond necklace in your bathing suit?

BY RICHARD HARRITY

The French Riviera—January, 1961. Once the exclusive playground of royalty, nobility, and those who were wealthy, the French Riviera now combines the salient features of Palm Beach, Miami, and Coney Island with a floating population of the current *haute monde*: film stars, gamblers, con men, well-kept glamour girls, retired oldsters, and carefree campers. Known as the Côte d'Azur, the heart of this haunt of ordinary and de luxe lotus eaters is a sixty-mile stretch of beaches and bays that skirts the sea from Saint-Tropez, a small French fishing village, famed for its superb view of Brigitte Bardot on the beach, to Monte Carlo, capital of galas and gambling, where a girl called Grace rescued a shaky country of only eight square miles, because of The Wedding and birth of an heir to the throne.

There is no place on earth to compare with this golden strip between the mountains and the Mediterranean when it comes to the extravagant, exotic, or eccentric way of life. Here, every summer and winter, the rich, the not so rich, and those who just go along for the riot, flock into their Jaguars and jalopies, sleek yachts and dusty trailers, or go by train and plane to sop up the sun, display their diamonds and costly doodads, or woo lady luck in the casinos. They live it up in luxurious villas, moderately priced motels, or in cozy tents for two pitched by the beautiful blue sea. It's a land of high life and luxury, and yet a poor man's paradise as well. Here, Judy O'Gray and the colonel's lady are sisters under the bikini; the hot dog vies with cold lobster as a favorite dish; Coca Cola competes with champagne as the popular drink; and a bearded beatnik looks just as imposing on the seashore as an out-of-work monarch marking time.

While the gold coast of France is steeped in the pursuit of pleasure, it also has its history. Within sight of the Riviera, Caesar's galleys defeated Pompey; it was here that the harassed Napoleon landed from Elba, and started the Hundred Days' campaign that ended in defeat at Waterloo; and, in 1856, daring Prince Charles III of Monaco, through his lone efforts, saved his country from

disaster by introducing the game of roulette at a makeshift casino.

The reputation of the Riviera as the perfect pleasure and health resort was started two centuries ago by the British, who have an unfailing instinct for picking the right places in which to rest or rollick. It was later enhanced by two Frenchmen, François Blanc and his son, Camille, both superb showmen, who turned the tacky little country of Monaco into a pleasure principality which delighted the elite of Europe and the world. The American multimillionaire, Frank Jay Gould, heir of a railroad baron, singlehandedly changed simple Juan-les-Pins into a swank watering place, and made it fashionable to visit the Côte d'Azur in summer as well as winter.

Britons Invade Nice

It was Tobias Smollett, renowned author of *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, who, in 1766, started the Riviera's golden ball rolling when, after a winter's sojourn at Nice to improve his health, he published his *Travels Through France and Italy*. It was then believed that the climate of southern France was good for consumptives and those suffering from rheumatic ailments. Smollett's glowing account of the attractions offered by the Côte d'Azur brought an influx of the best Britons in sizable numbers, even though the journey from London to Nice, by channel steamer and overland in horse-drawn coaches, took several weeks. When I flew from Paris to Nice recently, via Air France, the flight took less than ninety minutes, and the crack and chic Blue Train made the trip from the Seine to the seaside, overnight.

The high-born and well-heeled Britons soon turned Nice into an English colony—building stately mansions and Anglican churches, importing acacias, gooseberries, crumpets and tea, and sweet potatoes, and inaugurating (long, long before the bikini) bath huts on the beach so that ladies could take a dip in their ample and modest bathing costumes, free from the roving eyes of seaside Romeos. They created a duplicate of London's fashionable Rotten Row along the sea front (called the Promenade des Anglais,

still Nice's proudest boulevard), and erected a de luxe inn properly named Hôtel d'Angleterre. The Britons found the climate of the Riviera so salubrious and invigorating that the valet to a visiting nobleman of the day summed up the satisfaction of all and sundry when he confided to another gentleman's gentleman, "My lord has been in such high spirits since coming to Nice that, this morning, he helped me button his braces."

In the nineteenth century, that gay playboy, the Prince of Wales, whiled away his winters in the south of France, and then his mother, Queen Victoria, selected Cimiez as the correct place to retreat from the raw English weather in the cold months; thus the Riviera received the royal nod of approval. Emperors and empresses, kings and queens, grand dukes and duchesses, and right on down the titled scale to common counts and simple "sirs," they followed the sedate English sovereign's regal lead. Consequently, in the Victorian Era, the Côte d'Azur, during January, February, and March, was peopled by an assemblage of the leading personages listed in the *Almanach de Gotha* and *Burke's Peerage*.

In the wake of this procession of crowns and coronets came a horde of high society and ambitious members of the *nouveau riche*, each bent on outshining, out-spending, and out-smart-setting the other. Well-known writers, musicians, artists, and other celebrities soon followed suit and have continued, ever since, to gravitate toward the Côte d'Azur. Frank Harris wrote his racy confessions at Nice; Victor Hugo wrote and romanced there; the great French short-story writer, Guy de Maupassant frequently anchored at Nice in his yacht, the *Belle Amie*, on which he wrote *Pierre et Jean*; and octogenarian W. Somerset Maugham still resides at an imposing villa at nearby Cap Ferrat. Renoir, Matisse, Utrillo, Rouault, Bonnard, Derain, and other masters of modern art found the light and the beauty of the Riviera conducive to good work. Renoir spent the last twenty years of his life at Cagnes, strapping the brushes to his hand when he became too feeble to hold them. His home and studio have recently been



NOT FOR TENDER FEET, beach at Nice consists of pebbles, not sand; remains popular even so. (Elsa Maxwell once

suggested a foam rubber beach covering.) Besides being a tourist Mecca, Nice is France's fourth largest industrial city.

opened to the public. Matisse, who produced some of his finest work in the little village of Vence, not far from Nice, also painted murals depicting the Stations of the Cross in the chapel of the local church. Picasso, Dali, and Sir Winston Churchill continue to find the Côte d'Azur perfect for their painting.

Verdi attended the first French performance of his *Aida* at the Nice Opera House; Massenet, Saint-Saëns, and Stravinsky, at the behest of François and Camille Blanc, composed scores originally presented at the opera house in Monte Carlo; and the inspired Russian impresario, Diaghilev, gave the world *premières* of some of his most famous ballet produc-

tions—including those starring Pavlova and Nijinsky—at the same theatre which provided hour-long intermissions to enable the heavily endowed balletomanes in the audience to visit the adjacent casino for a bout of baccarat or a round of roulette, before returning to the pleasures of the dance.

Welcome to Pleasureland

Today, the principal playgrounds that attract the majority of pleasure-and-sun seekers are Saint-Tropez, Cannes, Juan-les-Pins, Nice, and Monte Carlo.

Saint-Tropez, on the western end of the bikini coast, accidentally received its name from Nero, the original Roman

playboy, who had a centurion called Torpes beheaded because he embraced Christianity, and the boat bearing his body ran aground here. This martyred warrior became the patron saint of the little port which adopted the name Saint-Torpes, and finally became Saint-Tropez. For centuries, it was a forgotten fishing village until the 1930's, when the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, took a fancy to its fair harbor and fine beach. Overnight Saint-Tropez became *the* place for *the* right people to relax on the Riviera during *the* right season. Gilded gadabouts, ever on the escape from ennui by a change of scene, fought for rooms in fishermen's cottages. Saint-Tropez still

Tanned by the Riviera Sun (continued)

has less than five hundred hotel rooms to accommodate some thirty thousand travelers who invade the tiny town each year. The smart set was followed by writers and artists, who deserted the tables of the Dome and the Deux Magots on the Left Bank during the month of August, starting with Colette and her clique down to Françoise Sagan and the sad, young sophisticates. Then came Brigitte Bardot in the briefest of bikinis, and Saint-Tropez turned into Bohemia on the beach, with risqué cabarets, juke boxes blaring in all-night cafés, and the constant beat of bongos, as the esoteric and the eccentric pranced, bare-footed, by the sea until dawn. Twenty thousand campers now pitch their tents alongside the shore to participate in the mad merriment. Saint-Tropez puts on a daily three-ring circus in the sun which features an unofficial beauty parade on the beach and the promenade, including the sexiest of French starlets, models, and cocottes, amidst joy that is both unconfined and uninhibited.

Problem of Overpopulation

Neither smart nor chic, but just noisily gay, Saint-Tropez is not expensive, provided you can find a table in a café, a room at one of the few hotels, a pallet of nets in a fisherman's shack, or have your own private pup tent, and find a place to pitch it.

La Sporting-Club on the Place XV Corps and the café, La Daurate, serve excellent meals at modest prices, and you can spend a hectic evening in a cabaret, such as the Unicorn, for just the price of a Scotch (which runs about \$1.50), or you can drop a bundle—provided you feel the urge to act like the last of the big-time spenders—and order “champagne for ev-

erybody,” as I saw a good-time Charlie from Chicago do. (Later, when the bill came, he discovered that somebody had picked his pocket, or so he claimed.) At Résidence de la Pinède, a hotel with a fine view but only twenty rooms, a double room with bath costs \$2.50 a day; while La Belle Isnarde, on the Rue Allard, offers the same accommodations for \$4.50 a day—but you must make your reservation months in advance. If you're planning to visit Saint-Tropez in the summer, a good gambit is to enclose a check with your request for a reservation. If it's cashed, you can be sure of finding a place to rest your head after a frantic and noisy night in bedlam by the sea.

Curled around a crescent bay like a lovely lavière, and perfumed by flowering fields of mimosa on the slopes of the nearby Estérel Mountains, Cannes, today, is the chi-chi capital of the Côte d'Azur. Ever since Lord Brougham built his house there in 1834, it has been a favored gathering place for the smart and the stylish, and it still is. Everybody who is anybody is to be found in Cannes in the summer when the handsome harbor is filled with a flotilla of gleaming yachts, the boulevard La Croisette along the sea front becomes the most elegant thoroughfare on the Mediterranean, and the rich and restless win or waste fortunes in the resplendent gambling casino where the clear blue sky's the limit.

Once upon a fabulous time, Cannes was practically the personal domain of the Russian grand dukes, those unbelievably rich playboys, who, before the revolution, rode from St. Petersburg to the Riviera on their private trains, built palaces overlooking the sea, had servitors tote bags of gold into the casino for their gambling, and who, when they

felt particularly gay, would debonairly demolish crystal chandeliers, carved mirrors, and bric-a-brac in public places, all the while requesting that the breakage be added to their bills along with the champagne and caviar. That was when Cannes conferred on itself the snobbish title, “Winter Salon of the Aristocracy.”

Now It's Moneyed Maharajas

The kings and queens who once made La Croisette resemble a royal route, and who spend the winter in the regal suites of the Carlton Hotel (still one of the grandest on the Riviera), have now been replaced by the oil-rich sheiks of Arabia, moneyed maharajas from India, Hollywood stars and nabobs, and the common or garden variety of millionaire.

But Cannes still has all the glamour of a dream city. Casual elegance on the beautiful beaches includes women wearing precious baubles with swimsuits, Rolls Royces as common as scooters, and yachts resembling luxury liners. Cozy villas can be rented during the summer season for a paltry \$3,000 a month plus an equal amount to cover gardeners, chef, chauffeur, butler, valet, maids, a life-guard for the swimming pool, etc.—all contributing to gracious living in the sun.

While Cannes is one of the most expensive cities in Europe, or the world for that matter, it is possible to enjoy its varied pleasures with a modest outlay. A good dinner may cost a fortune at Le Foie Gras on the Rue Serbes, one of the finest restaurants on the Riviera, and suites at the Carlton are astronomically priced, but you can dine well for a dollar at Astoux, et fils, on the Rue Félix-Faure, or even at the Ice Cream Parlor Alaska on, appropriately enough, the Rue États-Unis. Also, the Cannes Tourist Office, open seven days a week, from 9:00 A.M. to midnight, will help you find a *pension* where a comfortable room and two meals a day can be obtained for four dollars.

If you want to see how the other half lives, and at the same time relax at one of the most exciting resorts on the Côte d'Azur, Cannes is the place to go, either with or without a large wad of cash.

Raucous, rowdy, and riotous after dark, Juan-les-Pins is Coney Island with palm trees, where the blatant generation puts on a marathon Mardi Gras in the gay old summertime. And to the glory of the Republic, this razzle-dazzle resort is America's contribution to the *joie de vivre* prevailing on the gold coast. When the twenties were just beginning to roar, Frank Jay Gould, called “The Sad Millionaire,” settled in what was then just another fishing village and fashioned it into a summer playground. Until then, the Riviera was strictly a winter resort and not even mad dogs or Englishmen showed up in the midday sun of summer. It simply wasn't done. But Gould, with

Camera Press—Pic



RIVIERA'S REIGNING MONARCHS, Princess Grace and Prince Rainier, arrive at gala Monte Carlo. At right is Rainier's father, Prince Pierre, Comte de Polignac.



AT LA RESERVE BAR in Beaulieu, author Harrity chats with Ray Milland.

his bank roll, enthusiasm, and ballyhoo, changed all that until now the summer season on the Côte d'Azur is *the* season.

Sprawling in a semicircle between the palm-fringed Baie des Anges and the pine-clad Mont Boron, Nice is a faded beauty of a city, but it has many traces of the charm that once completely captivated a continent.

Nice: Her Age Is Showing

Grand hotels that added splendor to the Riviera long ago have lost their glitter or have been converted into apartments. The one-time super-elegant Promenade des Anglais, the longest sea front in the world, shows the signs of age and neglect, like an aged silent-screen siren, and the beautiful and broad beach, while lovely to look at, is still very pebbly and very difficult to navigate in order to reach the blue waters of the Mare Nostrum. Where monarchs once made merry—seven reigning sovereigns attended the opening ceremonies of the Ruhl Hotel some fifty-odd years ago—middle-class French couples come to retire, many living in flats fashioned out of regal residences. The town fathers have built a big, new gambling casino, colorful as a barn, and spend a fortune every year fostering a series of festivals, including hlossom battles and fireworks displays, to recapture the natural gaiety of another era. But, when the last pretty float has

passed the reviewing stand, the final flowers and confetti have been thrown, and the Roman candles have faded into smoke, Nice settles down into what it really is—a big, bustling industrial city (the fourth largest in France) that is proud of its growth, but still wistfully longs for the time when it was the undisputed center of the gay and the merry on the Côte d'Azur.

Now its envied neighbor, Cap d'Antibes—a finger of land pointing out into the Mediterranean and tipped by the exclusive restaurant, the Eden Roc—has the patronage of the elegant and the stylish that belonged to Nice in its heyday.

Tiny Pleasure Principality

Monaco, dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equally rich, and to the pursuit of expansive pleasures and expensive pastimes, is a tiny fairy-tale country where the *crème de la crème*, the celebrated, and, thanks to the Grace of Kelly, the curious, congregate each summer and winter to worship the sun, wager great sums, attend grand galas, and gawk at the great glamour parade of the Riviera. Monte Carlo has been a symbol of high life and luxury for a century, attracting its never-ending stream of the notable and notorious. The ruler of this diminutive domain, as we all know, is Prince Rainier. He has twenty-four titles, a national cabinet of five members, a well-trained carabinier of ninety-two brightly uniformed soldiers capable of invading any musical comedy in history, complete veto power over all postage stamps (one of Monaco's industries), and a beautiful and bewitching wife who now attracts more visitors to the country than does its famed Casino.

Some of the most beautiful women in the world can be found by the pool, or on the *plage* of the ultra, ultra Monte Carlo Beach Club, where to tan is *de rigueur*, to burn, *démonde*, and to peel, perish the thought, is completely *declassé*.

The hub around which the *haute monde* revolves is the Hôtel de Paris—the most gilded inn on the Côte d'Azur—where Aristotle Onassis sets aside a suite on the eighth floor overlooking the blue Mediterranean for his friends, Sir Winston and Lady Churchill, who arrive as soon as the cold and chilly season settles on the British Isles in the fall.

While the sun and the sea rule the daily activities of high and low along the private and public beaches; and the cries of *croupiers* at the renowned Monte Carlo Casino, and the poor man's temple of chance just across the border (or, in this case just across the street) in Beausoleil, France, control the play at night, there is always the great social event of the week every Friday night at the select Sporting Club on the seashore. Here the populace of Monaco gathers to be entertained,

after a champagne dinner, by famous stars, and a dazzling exhibition of fireworks that threatens to outshine the diamonds, the emeralds, and the rubies of the assembled guests. While watching the bursting pin wheels there recently, I listened to a titled Englishwoman, who, after looking languidly through her *lorgnon* at the brilliantly illuminated sky, said, "This is the most extraordinary show the Sporting Club has ever staged. The idea of sending up that bright balloon is sheer inspiration!"

"I don't really think that is part of the display," said her escort. "That balloon way up above might simply be that silly Echo thing the Americans have put into orbit."

I wondered if that blasé Briton had bothered to inform himself that the Atomics Research Establishment at Woolwich, London, England, is actually situated on Ha Ha Road.

Could it be that the de luxe life along the Riviera, where the sun is the brightest, the sea the bluest, and the breezes the softest was best summed up by Brigitte Bardot, an honored citizen of the Côte d'Azur? On her twenty-sixth birthday, recently, she exclaimed, "I am tired and worn out. I can't make up my mind about anything." THE END

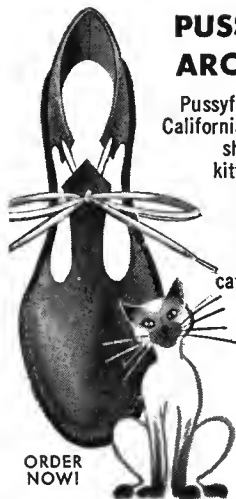


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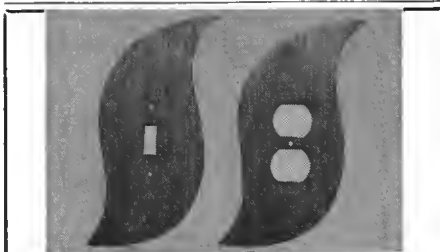
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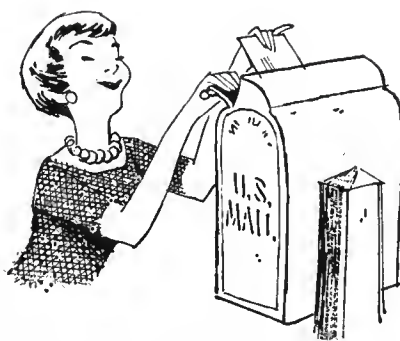


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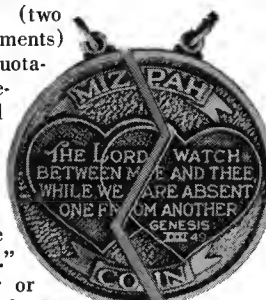
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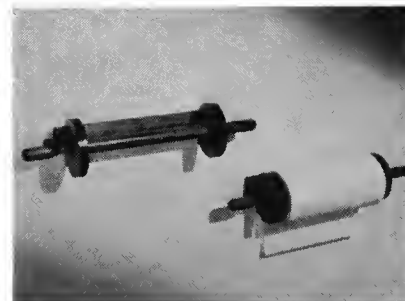


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The renown Blue Willow pattern from 19th Century America comes on this antique dish and knife. So handy for hors d'oeuvres, relishes, cheese spreads. Dish measures 4 3/4" x 2 3/4"; the knife is 4 1/2" long. Spencer Gifts, 610 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, New Jersey

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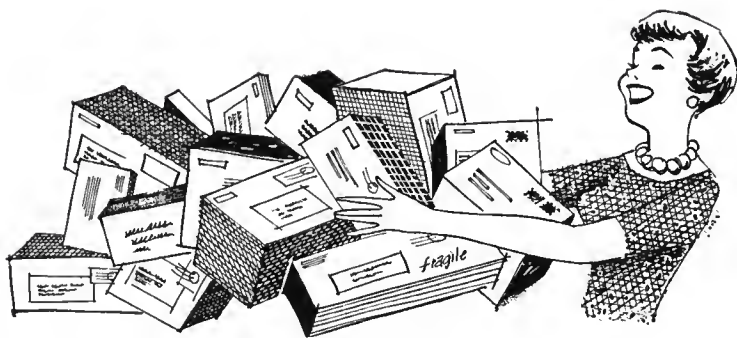
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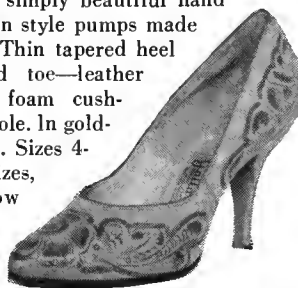


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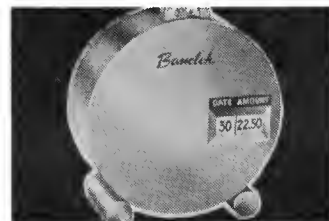


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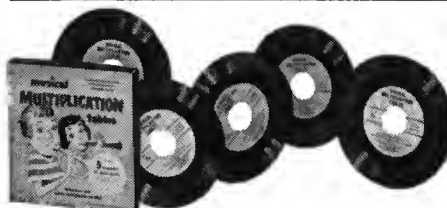
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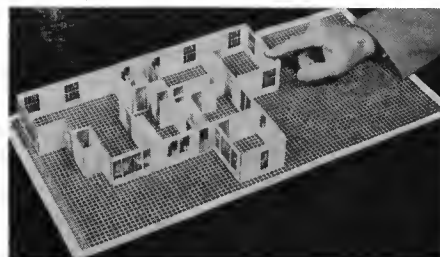
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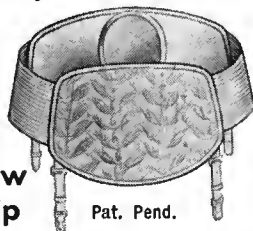
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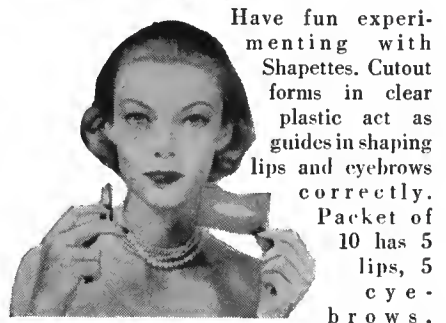
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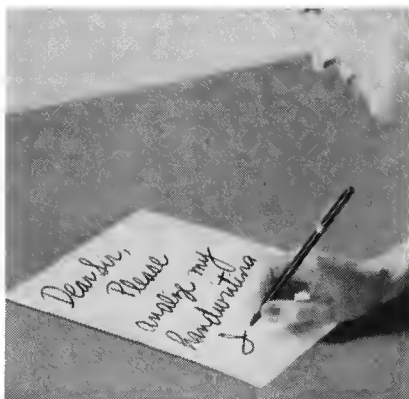
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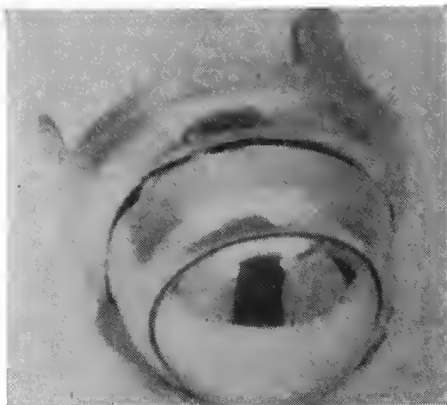
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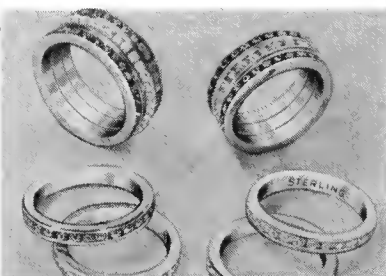
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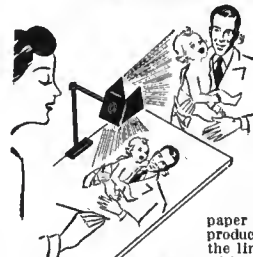
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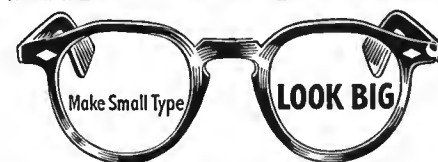


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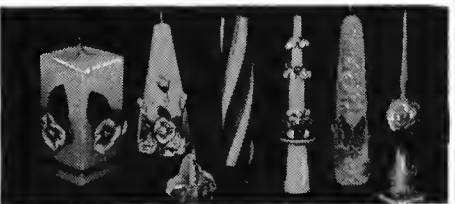
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"For the First Time, I Saw the Sky"

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

She was twenty-two years old when the miracle began to happen. She had gone through grammar and high schools, and now she was in college—and it was a tribute to her spirit that she had come so far. She had been virtually blind most of her life.

On that June day, when Mary Lou Mansfield, as we shall call her here, was led by a fellow student across the campus to the College's Reading Clinic, and to Dr. Spurgeon Eure, clinic optometrist, in hope that something might be done to help her, there seemed little reason to hope.

When she was three months old, Mary Lou had chorioretinitis—an inflammation that had affected the retinas in both eyes. It had left her with poor, but still useful, vision—until, halfway through the first grade of school, the inflammation had recurred and, this time, had left her almost blind. Mary Lou learned to read Braille.

Her record all through public school had been outstanding. It had been remarkable, too, in her two years of college. In class, Mary Lou could see nothing on the blackboard, her teachers were only "voices," and all her tests had to be taken orally. Yet she made good grades, even in tough subjects—the highest grade in her class in chemistry—and she earned, overall, a B+ average.

Vision Practically Useless

Her last eye examination before coming to the Clinic had shown that there were deep pits in the retinas, the results of the old eye inflammation. Her visual acuity was less than 20/400 in each eye.

To add to her problem, she could not keep her eyes focused. Most of the time, they came together in a convergent squint. She had nystagmus—a constant involuntary movement of the eyeballs from side to side—which became even more intense

when either eye attempted to focus.

In Mary Lou's condition, neither surgery nor any medications could help. But as an optometrist, Dr. Eure tried a different approach. First, various prescriptions were tried to see if changing her glasses might help. No amount of lens power increased her ability to read at any distance. Even telescopic lenses did not help.

In September, Dr. Eure tried a new approach. A telescopic arrangement—consisting of spectacle lenses plus contact lenses within the eye—was made up for her. She was then taken outside to test her vision.

She could see a lot of vertical lines. She could see two horizontal lines. And, she could see a curved line in the middle of the horizontal lines. Dr. Eure told her that the vertical lines were tall pine trees; the horizontal lines, the sidewalk; and the curved line, a dog lying on the sidewalk. Her face fell. She began to cry in despair.

"There's hope—a good deal of hope yet," Dr. Eure told her. "We've only begun. I'd like you to go home with your glasses, and keep trying them. Call me tomorrow, and tell me if you want to spend about two years of hard work learning to see."

She called the next day. "I'll take the two years of work, because I saw the sky for the first time, and it isn't what I thought it would look like at all."

At the Clinic that afternoon, she worked for three hours. There was orthoptics training—exercise to try to educate her to stop squinting in order to focus. It was a simple exercise, sitting in a dark room and trying to follow a spot of light thrown by a flashlight around the walls. At the end of an hour, Dr. Eure could see she was learning to follow the movement fairly well, and focus just a little. After the dark-room session, she was seated before a TV set while Dr.

Eure was busy with other of his patients.

Three hours every day for the next week, she came in for the orthoptics and television-viewing session. In just that week, her nystagmus largely disappeared, and she could focus better. She could begin to make out images on the TV screen.

Her First Sight

One Monday, she could report to Dr. Eure: "I went to a football game, Saturday, and could see the players, the band, and the ball on the field. This was one of the greatest experiences of my life."

Soon, she was complaining happily: "How can I study when I can look out the window and watch children at play!"

Just before Christmas vacation, another examination revealed that her acuity now was 20/200. Contact lenses had eased the nystagmus, so Dr. Eure decided to replace the combination of contact lenses and spectacles with powerful telescopic spectacles.

The new arrangement gave her 20/80 in her right eye, and 20/100 in her left. By using a powerful, hand, reading aid, she could see type the size of what you're reading now. This was useful sight.

Not long ago, Mary Lou went off to do some practice teaching at the Mississippi School for the Blind. With her, she took the newest telescopic spectacles which now give her even better vision—20/60.

Dr. Eure, in a report in a technical journal for the eye profession, noted that temporary use of contact lenses had been of value in helping Mary Lou. "This type of utilization of contact lenses presents a bright future, in subnormal vision cases where extremely low acuity and nystagmus are present."

He might have added that it is his kind of patient experimentation that is helping to make the future bright.

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

Relief for cough: A powerful anti-cough drug, ULO, nonnarcotic, developed in Germany, and now available here. The compound has been tested by fifty clinical investigators in patients with acute and chronic cough accompanying upper respiratory infections, bronchitis, tuberculosis, and other conditions. Of patients tested, 84.4 per cent benefited.

Cystic acne and acne conglobata (a form in which pimples are accompanied by abscesses): treatment with an oral bismuth preparation has produced

good results, a Los Angeles dermatologist reports. Twenty patients, ranging from sixteen to thirty-four years of age, suffering with cystic acne or acne conglobata for two to ten years, took tablets of Bistrimate for six to eight weeks. Both the patients and the physician noticed improvement by the end of the second week, with a decrease in size of the existing lesions, and the appearance of fewer new ones.

In asthma and severe allergies, the use of an injectable form of methyl-

prednisolone acetate, a cortisone-like hormone, shows promise, according to studies at New York's Montefiore Hospital. Its great advantage appears to be its long duration of action. Injections of as little as twenty to sixty milligrams every two weeks maintain the same amount of relief in patients who required eight to twelve milligrams by mouth every day. The injections have worked well in nasal allergies, and have been of great value for severe nasal polyps.

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

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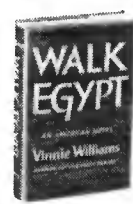
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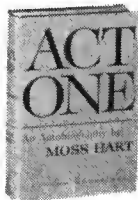
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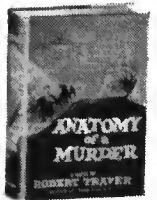
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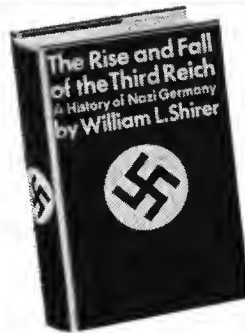


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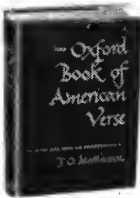
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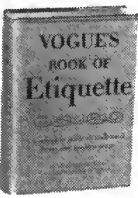
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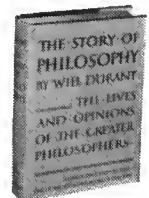
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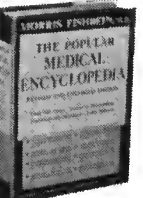
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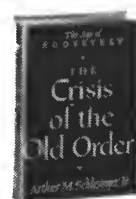
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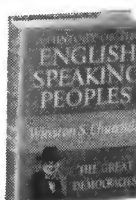
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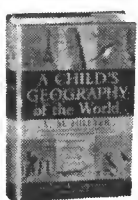
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WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

Religion In American Life, Inc.





The Royal Chambermaids

Two sisters who started life as domestic servants now share the deepest secrets and the most devoted friendships of Queen Elizabeth and her sister, Princess Margaret.

BY VERE CONNAUGHT

Last summer, when Princess Margaret of England and her new husband, Antony Armstrong-Jones, moved to set up light housekeeping in Kensington Palace, one of the Princess's first moves was to hire a butler. She chose Thomas Albert Cronin, a perfect prototype of the perfect English butler, sparse of speech and cold of manner, who resigned from the service of United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, John Hay Whitney, to "make himself available," as he put it, to the royal bride and her commoner husband.

Three weeks later, Thomas Albert Cro-

nin left the palace suddenly, without explanation.

Eventually he gave the details to a British Sunday newspaper. His difficulties were brought about, he said, because he could not take charge of the house and staff in his accustomed manner.

Favored Open-Door Policy

"Mrs. Gordon, the Princess's dresser," he explained, "wanted a key to the house. I gave her a key to the back door. This seemed to displease her. She evidently considered that her long service with the Princess entitled her to use the front door.

I told her that, while I was the butler, no servant would use the front door.

"Mrs. Gordon also expected her meals to be served on a tray in her room. I replied that if she did not like eating in the kitchen, she would have to arrange for her assistant to wait on her. 'Whatever you say, Mr. Cronin,' she replied, 'but you may take it that—one way or the other—I shall *not* be eating in the servants' hall.'"

It was shortly after this clash that Cronin departed the palace, eventually to join the staff of a Florida club. His leaving came as no surprise to other retainers

Princess Margaret shares her wardrobe with one woman: Ruby Gordon.

in the service of the Princess and her older sister, Queen Elizabeth. The Court servants have long since realized that none of their number have the position, influence, and power of Mrs. Robina Isabella Gordon, Princess Margaret's dresser, and her sister, Margaret MacDonald, who performs the same function for the Queen. Since Margaret MacDonald, known as Bobo, fifty-five, and her forty-five-year-old sister signed on at the palace as junior maids more than a quarter of a century ago, they seldom have been far from the sides of their mistresses.

Indeed, the two sisters are so close to the Queen and the Princess that other courtiers have taken to calling them "the palace prima donnas." Many have been jealous of the long, uninterrupted run of the MacDonald sisters. But, if the girls are aware of the jealousy, they do not show it. Bobo's only concern is Queen Elizabeth, whom she refers to as "my little lady," and Ruby's sole interest is Princess Margaret.

Tidy, Trim, and Tacit

A stranger, meeting the MacDonald sisters on the street, would mark them at once as members of the serving class, for they have the efficient, diffident air that seems to characterize Scots who go into that line of work. They are small, neat women (they are each around five feet, four inches in their sensible heels), with auburn-brown hair. Bobo's face is rather severe, but there is kindness in her eyes; Ruby's face is pleasant, open, and generous. But if a stranger should get to meet them, and eventually to know them, he would stand no chance, ever, of getting either one to divulge any part of the tremendous store of information on the royal family that has been accumulating in those neat little minds over the years. Recently, a newspaperman offered Bobo \$150,000 for her memoirs. She refused, with a show of shocked indignation.

If the sisters were to talk, their conversation would shed much light on palace matters that have been known to the public only as gossip. They knew, for example, long in advance of the public announcement, that King Edward VIII would abdicate. The coming change of fortune of their master, the Duke of York, later George VI, was hinted at many times in their presence. While bathing Princess Elizabeth one evening, Bobo realized with a distinct shock that the skinny little girl

one day would be the future Queen of England. Yet, neither she nor Ruby showed any traces of nervous excitement. In the servants' pantry, where, before they reached their present eminence, they took their meals with the staff, they became a trifle less communicative. When the talk turned to the events happening above-stairs, they remained silent.

Prince Charming for a Queen

That was the sisters' first taste of the royal confidence. Later, there were many other incidents. Bobo was the first to know that the Queen had fallen in love with Prince Philip. Ruby was instrumental in arranging trysts for Princess Margaret with Antony Armstrong-Jones.

At first, Ruby was alarmed over her dear mistress's idea of marrying a commoner. But then, as she watched their friendship develop into love, and knew that she was the only person outside of the royal family and her own sister to know what was happening, she became resigned to the idea—and eventually in favor of it. Also, knowing the headstrong Margaret, she was fully aware that nothing would stop her from marrying the man of her choice this time.

Often, Tony was a secret house guest of the Queen Mother's at Clarence House, which was Princess Margaret's residence at the time. Ruby attended to many details of his stay, and it sometimes was up to her to smooth over ruffles caused by his less-than-conventional behavior.

There was the morning when a footman, bearing Tony's breakfast, entered his room at nine o'clock. The tray was placed beside the bed. Armstrong-Jones cocked one drowsy eye at it, grunted, turned over, and went back to sleep. An hour or more later, he rang for service. Ruby sent a footman up. He found a tousled—and undressed—young man sitting up in bed, demanding breakfast.

Ruby was not in the kitchen when the footman returned, and so she was unable to keep the cook from sending back a sharp-tongued rebuff. "If he wants breakfast," said the cook, "he'll have to have it at the proper time." The footman delivered the message to Armstrong-Jones, much to Ruby's consternation. She took steps to see that, from that point on, Armstrong-Jones's whims were indulged, however outrageously whimsical they appeared to the rest of the staff.

On many evenings, the lovers watched

films in the Princess's private projection room. They would sit in armchairs, holding hands. Ruby knew that the projectionist was watching, fascinated, and she sought him out, and admonished him sharply against telling what he had seen. More than once, Ruby told Bobo that she felt certain that "those prying pressmen" would find out what was going on. She was much relieved when the announcements of the engagement caught all of Fleet Street unprepared, and, when she saw Margaret married at Westminster Abbey in May, 1960, she was content with the knowledge that she had been largely instrumental in keeping the secret.

Both Ruby and Bobo were trained from babyhood to be servants. They were born in a small, bleak village in the Scottish highlands, Redcastle, Killearnan, in Black Isle in eastern Ross and Cromarty counties. Their father, a railway man, paid a few shillings weekly rent for a three-room cottage. There was no bathroom, and the girls bathed in a zinc tub in the kitchen. When they grew old enough to leave school, they were ready to follow their mother's plan, which was for them to go into service with a high-stationed family.

Margaret's first post was not quite what her hard-working mother had hoped for. She was interviewed by the stern-faced manager of the hotel at Muir of Ord, some five miles from her home, and cursorily appointed assistant chambermaid at a wage of six shillings a week. A few months after she began to work at the hotel, the real break came: through another servant, she managed to get herself hired as a chambermaid at the West Lothian mansion home of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow.

Royal Secret Royally Kept

The work was hard. Margaret rose at 5:00 A.M., no matter how cold was her little room under the eaves. She never once was late for duty, she recalls proudly, and that went well in her favor with the housekeeper. She was twenty, and had completely adjusted to her new life, when the Marchioness sent for her. The interview would have dumfounded most young chambermaids.

"Miss MacDonald," her employer told her, "I have recommended you for another post, though not because I want to lose you. You have been *most* satisfactory. In fact, that is why . . ." Then Margaret was told that a close friend of the

Marchioness's, the Duchess of York, was to be her new mistress. "You are to keep it to yourself," she was told, "but she is going to have a baby, and she must have the most reliable servants for the nursery." Margaret left the room, keeping her first royal secret. Another member of the staff recalls: "It was incredible, how composed she was. Even then, you wouldn't ever have guessed what she had been told." Margaret packed her bags for what was to become an entirely new and wonderful world.

Oh, to Be in England . . .

Meanwhile, at home in Redcastle, sister Robina, ten years younger, wrote to Margaret, asking about life in the great mansions. Margaret told her, with satisfaction and pride, of her growing good fortune. She talked happily about her great joy in being able to see the new baby, even though she would only be allowed the most menial tasks in connection with it. As Margaret's letters reached home, her mother's ambitious heart grew more and more pleased. And Robina, trudging to school, wishing it were she who was grown up and out in the very exciting world, vowed to follow her sister as soon as ever she could into the fairyland of the "great hoos-es."

When Elizabeth II was born on April 21, 1926, Margaret was already installed.

For three months, she had been shown every detail of the "way the Duchess likes things done." Her instructress in these matters was Mrs. Knight, known as "Arla," the Duchess's nurse.

As the baby grew into a rather strong-willed little girl, Margaret caught her eye. The Scots nurserymaid with the plain, long-boned face was the only person she would allow to give her gruel, when tantrums greeted everyone else. "Bobo," said the Very Important Baby imperiously, and she meant only one member of her entourage: Margaret MacDonald. Within weeks, Margaret was called "Bobo" by the Duchess, her husband (who was later King George VI), and the entire court.

Bobo had arrived.

A little more than three years later, the Duchess—expecting her second child—was delighted when Bobo humbly suggested her teen-aged sister as an addition to the staff. For fourteen-year-old Robina, fresh from her schoolbooks, there was to be no local hotel or garret in a "great hoos;" it was straight into royal service for her.

For a long while after that, Bobo's cup of happiness might have been charged with elixir; she was with a family she loved, and, with traditional Scottish loyalty, worshiped. Her sister was with her. The Duchess of York, a Scot herself, was

an easygoing mistress. Bobo's wages rose to four pounds seven-and-sixpence a week (\$12.25).

Then, incredibly, life for the two MacDonald girls was transformed from their proud but relatively obscure perch as servants of the king's second son to the highest household in the land. With King George V's death on January 20, 1936, and the astonishing abdication of King Edward, now Duke of Windsor, that same December, Bobo and Ruby found themselves packing. Their charges, the pretty Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, had suddenly become first and second in line of succession to the throne.

Life in Buckingham Palace was not easy for the sisters at first. Not surprisingly, they had their critics. By coldly declining to answer questions on anything having to do with the King and Queen and their two daughters, they earned a reputation for snobbery.

What the World Did Not Hear

As the two princesses grew up, there were more and more secrets for Bobo and Ruby. At Buckingham Palace, the eyes of the world were concentrated on the two royal sisters. Everything they did and said would have been printed in a thousand newspapers. Their faithful servants knew this only too well, and kept their silence wherever they went. Only when they were

(continued)
European



ALL EYES are on Princess Margaret as she arrives at London's King's Cross station with her dresser, Mrs. Ro-

bina Gordon. The two women are on their way to Balmoral Castle, where they will join the royal family for vacation.

"Queen Elizabeth and 'Bobo' MacDonald are so close, they're telepathic."

by themselves did they dare chat, swapping yarns about their charges.

They could talk freely to the princesses themselves. During the war years, Bobo and Ruby found themselves drawn more closely into the royal family circle. Elizabeth and Margaret relied on them for scraps of information from the totally unseen, unknown world of ordinary men and women. The discreet MacDonalds, not unnaturally, felt it a great relief to unburden themselves.

Apart from the war, those were great days. Bobo taught Elizabeth how to cook in the tiny kitchen of the thatched cottage the people of Wales had presented to the Princess. Ruby told Margaret tales of young men in Scotland who won all the girls' hearts "though they weren't even princes," and Margaret, round-eyed, begged to be told more. There was little about life that Princess Margaret did not learn from her.

With the end of the war, the royal family rolled back into residence at bomb-damaged Buckingham Palace, and the two princesses and their inseparable maids left the wartime home at Windsor Castle. Life moved at a gayer pace.

"Almost Telepathic"

Elizabeth was never a flighty girl. Talking, as she did, to Bobo about her girlish feelings, she had no reason for holding anything back. Writing about their relationship, royal biographer Dorothy Laird has said that the Queen's "closest woman friend, other than her sister, is undoubtedly Miss MacDonald, her Dresser, who has been her companion and confidante since those days when Princess Elizabeth was in her charge. . . . So close is the rapport between the Queen and Miss MacDonald that it has been called 'almost telepathic.'"

Naturally, Bobo was told time and time again about the attractive young Prince Philip. Elizabeth did not gush, but she searched her confidante with questions, and the older woman guessed what she was not told. Secretly, it thrilled her to see the young princess to whom she had dedicated her life (some say she deliberately renounced any chance of marriage herself) so obviously in love.

Bobo regarded herself as indispensable. She literally did everything for the Princess. When Elizabeth was off, at sixteen, to make her first public speech, the willing Bobo gave her a package of glu-

cose candy, to make sure fear would not dry her mouth and make her unable to speak properly. There were a thousand other such trivial services. Thus, when Bobo saw the moment coming when Elizabeth would make her choice in marriage, she put her personal feelings aside. The Princess needed her.

The truth is, she only half-approved of Philip. He was too gay and party-loving, she felt. He was a bit too good-looking, perhaps—and possibly a trifle too self-certain and cocky.

Severest Critic

Several times, Bobo had to check herself when discussing the Prince with her mistress. At such times, according to a friend of Bobo's, she always told herself: "You wouldn't think *anybody* good enough for her."

Despite her feelings, Bobo helped the young lovers to keep out of the public gaze during their courtship. She kept a rigid lookout for any sign of gossip in the servants' hall. Not even her sister, Ruby, could persuade her to talk about the romance until after the engagement was made official.

On the day of the wedding, November 20, 1947, Bobo kept almost grimly cheerful and calm. Her Princess was dressed by *her*, or that was how she felt, although there were many other hands at work. If she could not join in the royal celebration afterwards, that, Bobo knew without a tinge of bitterness, was quite right. That was her place.

But when the honeymoon was over and the Princess returned to her palace life, she turned again to Bobo with all the chit-chat and womanly gossip. Bobo still brought in her breakfast tray and ran her bath and chose her clothes for the day. And it was Bobo—alone—who stayed on in the room when Prince Philip and his young bride enjoyed breakfast in bed, or talked privately together.

But Prince Philip and Bobo did not really get on. They have never been close. A friend at court says that the Duke of Edinburgh always feared her as a tale-carrier. "He knows that only one person sits on the Queen's bed in the morning and gives her all the below-stairs dirt," this informant said recently. "No man would really welcome that."

No man would, but there seems to be little that Philip can do about it. The sisters are secure. Between themselves,

they now keep up a regular exchange of palace "intelligence," usually over the private telephone line from their respective royal homes. To the royal sisters, this has become a cherished private joke. "I hear that, according to the information service, you are going to the theatre tonight," said Princess Margaret to Queen Elizabeth recently. By the "information service," she meant, and the Queen knew she meant, Bobo and Ruby.

Only recently have the two Scots sisters developed this form of communication; only since Princess Margaret joined the more matronly circle of married women, and, in Bobo's eyes, became "eligible." After Elizabeth's marriage, Bobo kept back a lot from her younger sister which she did not think desirable. She did not tell her sister about the Queen's pregnancies. Elizabeth's first two babies, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, were born in the succeeding winters of 1948 and 1950. Bobo was very close to her mistress at both these times. After the birth of Charles, she was the only woman, apart from the Princess's closest family, allowed in the room. It was noted that during these successful confinements, the face of Bobo carried a certain radiance, as though she were personally sharing in the triumph.

Then, on February, 6, 1952, only eighteen months after the birth of Princess Anne, King George VI died. Bobo's star rose to its highest point, top dead center in the social firmament of below-stairs aristocracy. With the Queen's coronation, she flowered as the No. 1 Servant of the realm. There are others who earn considerably more, but only Bobo has the royal ear.

"Look After the Princess"

She felt a deep pang at the passing of her King, as any Scotswoman devoted to the throne would feel. Before Bobo and Elizabeth flew from London Airport for what was to be their tragically interrupted visit to Kenya, King George, though wan and ill, shook her hand and smiled bravely: "Look after the Princess for me, won't you?" Bobo remembered those words on the long, dark flight home after the news had reached them, and she remembers them still.

There were those who believed that, as the Princess's personal "dresser"—the title she seems to have chosen herself—she had shown morbid, if practical, taste

in packing mourning clothes with the other garments. Actually, mourning attire is *always* carried by the royal family when they travel abroad. There was nothing extraordinary about that.

When Elizabeth arrived back in England for the first time as Queen, she went straight to see Queen Mary, only to be told by her grandmother that her skirts were "far too short for mourning." The indefatigable Bobo took out her needle and lowered the whole hem in just eight minutes. Both she and Ruby are exemplary seamstresses.

Tragedy Cements Friendship

In her grief at her father's death, and in her anxiety at having to face her new role as a young sovereign, Elizabeth leaned heavily on her friend from below-stairs. Bobo gave her every comfort. This time, as never before, the two came together as mature women.

And as events rolled on, and the marvelous pageantry of the coronation replaced their grief, they emerged into Elizabeth's reign as deeply linked friends.

Bobo's first duty each day is to awaken the Queen. After taking in breakfast, organizing the day's clothes, running her mistress's bath, and tidying up odds and ends, Bobo goes back to her own office. But her duties are not confined to organizing dress fittings and paying personal bills. She always does the Queen's packing. Moreover, she does most of Elizabeth's personal shopping. It is her job to find out the number of staff employed in any house they visit, so that the Queen can leave sufficient tips. These usually work out at one pound (\$2.80) for the most junior and up to five pounds (\$14.00) for the most senior.

Bobo brushes the Queen's hair and manicures the Queen's nails. On holidays together, Bobo shampoos and sets the Queen's hair. She is as necessary to Elizabeth as Elizabeth is essential to her, for Bobo has no life outside the royal round. "She needs none," a friend told us. "She is so absorbed in her work that nothing else could take its place."

A lonely life? To see this trim figure in her well-cut, never-too-fashionable clothes, one might wonder if there are not sometimes pangs of regret. If there are, Bobo does not show them.

She watched her sister marry, but then Ruby is a different person. Ruby is the better looking of the two, and nearly ten years younger. She is slightly shorter, standing about the same height as her petite mistress, Princess Margaret. John Payne, a footman who recently left Princess Margaret's employ, says: "Ruby models herself after the Princess and even speaks like her. She has lost all her Scottish accent except for a few words. The Princess gives her all her cast-off clothes, shoes, and hats, and she can wear them without any difficulty.



ROYAL OUTINGS often include Margaret MacDonald. Here, she and the Queen tour the stalls before a noon at the races where Elizabeth's horse will run.

"Ruby walks to the house in the morning from her Marlborough Mews flat, where she lives with her husband and mother, and gets to her office about 8:45 A.M. By then she already has cooked breakfast for her husband and her mother and cleaned up her own place, always spotless. Now her real day's work begins. The footman takes up the Princess's breakfast tray as far as the door. Ruby takes it in, at 9:00 sharp. The Princess likes to be awakened gently, and then to drowse for a spell. Ruby draws the curtains and says, 'Good morning, Margaret'—never 'Princess Margaret' or 'Ma'am' or 'Your Royal Highness' as the rest of the staff must call her.

"Margaret's breakfast is always the same: a plate of fresh fruit and a pot of China tea, bought from Fortnum and Masons in Piccadilly.

"Ruby then leaves the Princess and her husband together with the morning papers. If there are any pictures of Princess Margaret, she likes to see them, and she gets very cross if they show her when she was out privately.

"Ruby, meanwhile, goes back to her small suite. She has a workroom and a big living room equipped with a double bed, although she never sleeps in it. There she checks up on the schedule for the day, sent to her about a week in advance by the Comptroller. When she knows what the Princess is going to do, she can plan what the Princess is to wear and anything else she needs. At 11:00, after Ruby has gone in to see the Princess, she runs her bath; she likes plenty of lavender bath salts in it. Then she lays out the clothes, usually about three out-

fits so that the Princess can choose. They may talk about this and that—if there's any gossip from below-stairs, Ruby tells her. Princess Margaret's toilet takes an hour and a half every morning.

"Ruby takes her lunch pretty soon after that, usually about 12:30. Beforehand, she likes a good strong Scotch, with plenty of ice.

"Lunch is brought up to Ruby's private room by one of the lesser servants. She must be called 'Mrs. Gordon' by them all, in recognition of her position."

Money Cannot Buy Honor

Ruby's salary is around eight pounds, ten shillings per week, or about \$24.00 in American currency. She is not permitted to accept any tips. The salary does not seem large in view of all the work she must do, for in addition to helping the Princess with her dressing, she also must see to it that Antony Armstrong-Jones's personal man is doing his job properly.

But salary is the last thing either of the MacDonald sisters would ever mention in connection with their jobs. They would willingly work for nothing, if their royal mistresses asked them. A few years ago, Bobo received a gift from the Queen which repaid her in full for her years of devotion. This was the coveted household award, Member of the Royal Victorian Order. It is given only to those who have rendered special service to the throne. In time, it is more than probable, a similar honor will fall to Ruby. The two Scots lasses from the little village in the highlands then will walk, discreetly as always, with the highest nobility in the British Empire.

THE END

Aly Khan's Successor

Who has the money, courage, and energy to work, love, spend, and play as hard as the man who wrote the rules for the world's playboys? Who is man enough—and rich enough—to inherit his throne?

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

The man was driving the big Lancia expertly through the maddening Paris traffic. Beside him was Bettina, one of the most beautiful models in the world of *haute couture*; in the back seat was his chauffeur. They were going to a party, and were a little late—but he was not driving foolishly. He was going only around 40 m.p.h. when he guided the Lancia around a sharp downhill curve near the banks of the Seine in suburban Suresnes. Suddenly, a little Simca appeared ahead. The man could neither stop the Lancia nor turn it out. The two cars crashed head-on. The woman was thrown out, but was relatively unharmed; the chauffeur was shaken and bruised outwardly. The man at the wheel suffered only a small gash on his forehead, but his chest was crushed, his skull was fractured, and his neck was broken.

Thus, on May 12, 1960, the foremost playboy of his time, Prince Aly Khan, drove far more important international events off the front pages of the world. "His death was symbolic," wrote Linda Christian in an article in the *London Sunday Dispatch*. "What other way was there for a man like him to die—except at the wheel of a fast car with a beautiful woman by his side?" (Miss Christian's heart, or at least her pen, may have been in the right place, but it is hard to keep from observing that she, having previously publicly mourned her husband, Tyrone Power, and her suitor, the Marquis de Portago, is the undisputed playboy-mourning champion of the intercontinentals.)

Poles of Opinion

Not everyone mourned Aly. There were those who scorned him as a present-day Rake Rochester, a satyr, a man who squandered millions of dollars gathered in piety by hordes of skinny, starving people of the Ismaili Moslem sect to pay tribute to his father, the late Aga Khan,

their spiritual leader. Still, there also were those who said that, as representative from Pakistan to the United Nations, he was a stout champion of those twenty-million-odd subjects.

Between those two poles of public opinion ran the electricity of a high-voltage personality. Aly was forty-nine when he died, but he packed more living into those years than forty-nine average men ever could, if their lifetimes were somehow combined. Immediately after he died, his friends began to wonder who would succeed him as the No. 1 Playboy of the Entire World. Nearly everyone agreed that his shoes (which were often made of blue suede, like those of a rock 'n' roller, for fine dress was not his forte) would be difficult to fill.

Why the King Was King

Still, there are some candidates—but before any of them catches the imagination of the columnists and professional gossips who have appointed themselves the legend makers of our time, he will have to demonstrate that he is quite a man, for Aly Khan was quite a man. He was a man who lived for speed. "I won't drive myself in New York; the traffic makes me too nervous," he once told a reporter. Anita Ehrman. "But in Europe, I always go at speeds between 100 and 150 miles per hour." The final head-on crash was not the first in which he was involved; there were at least three others; at various times, he broke all four limbs in wrecks.

He thought nothing at all of driving from Paris to Cannes, a distance of around six hundred miles, in ten hours. One night, a guest leaving one of Elsa Maxwell's celebrated parties, said to the hostess, "I may never see you again—Aly has offered to drive me home." Both Aly's wives, Joan Yarde-Buller and Rita Hayworth, refused to ride when he drove. Emrys Williams, a tough Welshman, his

onetime chauffeur, bodyguard, and friend, once admitted that there were times when he was more than a little apprehensive about Aly's driving.

Apart from high-powered automobiles (he once had a collection of forty scattered about in various places in Europe), he was wild about flying, speedboating, skiing, and riding. He will certainly be remembered for the racing stable he developed, which one friend says is worth easily one million dollars, but, more probably, he will be better remembered for his foolhardy audacity as an amateur rider.

Danger continually heckoned him. During World War II, Aly first joined the French Foreign Legion, in which he served as a second lieutenant until the fall of France. Then he joined the British Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry. He was in the invasion assault on the south of France in 1944, and came out of it a colonel. He was awarded with the U. S. Bronze Star, the *Croix de Guerre* (with *palms*) of France, and the French Legion of Honor.

He Could Have Written a Book

More than danger, he loved women—especially dangerous women. The list of women with whom he was involved more or less casually would fill a volume the size of the stud book in his own racing stable.

He married at twenty-four, after having been named co-respondent in a divorce case by Thomas Noel Guinness, a British millionaire. This marriage, to Joan Yarde-Buller, broke up when it was twelve years old, but, meanwhile, it had

Pictorial

ALY KHAN combined careers of athlete, soldier, businessman, diplomat with full-time pursuit of women. Model Bettina (with him here) accompanied him on day he died.



Aly Khan's Successor (continued)

Playboys are wealthy: Aly Khan gave Rita Hayworth \$500,000 in jewels; Baby Pignatari flew Linda Christian to Japan to replace lost earring.

produced two sons, Karim, now twenty-three, and Aryn, all but the same age because he was born in the same year. Aly later said the divorce came about because the former Mrs. Guinness knew more than he did: "It gave me an inferiority complex," he said. For the next thirteen years, when he was not breaking his bones in auto crashes, falls from horses, or skiing spills, the lively Prince played the field.

The Riviera Campaign

Then, in 1948, the indefatigable Elsa Maxwell put him next to Rita Hayworth at a dinner party she gave in Cannes. Miss Hayworth, fresh from a broken marriage to Orson Welles, was perhaps not looking for a new romance, but she must have been fascinated by the idea of having one with a prince, especially one of Aly's stature. She did not know, then, of the remark that the manager of the Casino at Cannes had made about her Prince in 1934: "I hope he drowns the next time he goes swimming," he said. "So many husbands and fathers are up in arms concerning his affairs, they are leaving the Riviera in droves. It is ruining my business." Nor did Rita realize that the blood of a long line of libertines was in Aly, for his grandfather had been a playboy, and his father had, too; the latter was married four times.

Even if she had known these things, it probably would not have mattered. Aly began breathing down her neck like a man possessed. Whenever she awoke in the mornings, her eyes fell upon a new bouquet with a tender note attached. When she consented to visit him at Chateau de l'Horizon, his villa at Cannes, he had the whole place done over and even sent his servants to Paris to buy new pots and pans for the kitchen. When she returned to Hollywood, he followed her, ignoring the whole army of reporters following them.

"The secret of his success was the concentration," Zsa Zsa Gabor recently told me. "He knew how to give a woman the idea that he would die if she did not give in to him. He tried it with me, many times. He was after me for years, the sweet thing. I used to tell him, 'No, no, you are too old.' But he never gave up."

Aly's favorite method of showing his love objects the depth of his affection was to lavish presents, as well as affec-

tion, upon them. When courting his first wife, he gave her more than \$250,000 worth of jewels. Miss Hayworth got precious stones valued at around twice that, it was estimated. Perhaps more important, she got his undivided attention until after they were married. Then the differences in their dispositions came between them. He liked the great outdoors and athletic endeavors; she was more of an indoors type.

Having learned the technique of inter-continental concentration and pursuit, Aly applied it again after he and Miss Hayworth were separated and she had gone back to Hollywood with their daughter, Princess Yasmin. Gene Tierney, an equally beautiful and glamorous film star, arrived on the Riviera after a broken-up marriage to Oleg Cassini, a designer. Soon she and Aly were gallivanting everywhere. They were expected to get married when his divorce became final, but Aly's passion suddenly cooled. Perhaps it was because the old Aga was against his marrying another film star. The corpulent old god, blinking like a frog in the Riviera sunshine, once said he blamed Aly's divorces on Aly, himself: "If he had chosen his wives as well as he picks his horses, none of this would ever have happened," he said.

After the Gene Tierney episode, there were others—so many others that the Aga named Karim, Aly's son, then a senior at Harvard, to lead the Ismailis when he died. The by-passing hurt Aly deeply, said Elsa Maxwell and other friends, and he instantly became a changed man.

Change of Heart

He arranged with the President of Pakistan, which has a huge Ismaili group in its population, to become a representative to the UN, and seemed to throw himself into his duties with the same determination that had marked his courtships of his two wives, and of Irene Papas, Danielle Delorme, Yvonne deCarlo, Kim Novak, and others. Aly's first speech before the UN impressed those who heard it, but newspapermen also noted that one of his early acts was to have lunch with the UN Commission on the Status of Women, a group that may have been seeking advice from perhaps the world's most knowledgeable authority in the field.

His diplomatic chores did not slow down his restless, ceaseless quest of Woman. When Lady Adelle Beatty (now Mrs. Stanley Donen, wife of a film director) divorced her previous husband in London and came to the U. S. for a visit to Frank Sinatra, her name also was linked with Aly's. The Pakistan Ambassador had the ability to work until 10 P.M. at his desk, then slip into a dinner jacket and carouse all night. "His energy is terrific," a spokesman at the embassy once told me, committing an understatement if I ever heard one.

"He was so gay, so energetic, he made everybody feel alive and active," said John Perona, owner of El Morocco, a club in which Aly spent countless care-free nights.

Back to Bettina

Periodically, Aly would return to the welcoming arms of Bettina, the model whom he had begun squiring after he stopped seeing Gene Tierney. There were rumors that they would be married. "I do not believe they would have, because he had to be independent," Zsa Zsa Gabor told me. "Some people are not made for marriage, and he was one." Still, friends I interviewed in Paris in October told me that Bettina still had not recovered completely from the shock of his death.

Nor, apparently, has the world. Aly Khan captured the imagination of even those who disapproved of his merry pranks. Most of us lead lives so deep in Thoreau's pattern of quiet desperation, we take vicarious pleasure in observing those who turn up their own decibels. Yet, even the seasoned followers of the playboy game agree that the star performers are vanishing like animals headed for extinction. Before I began writing this, I sent a circular letter to the best-known columnists in the United States, asking them to nominate candidates for Aly's successor. Few had any strong contenders to suggest. Doris Lilly, the columnist and author of *How to Meet a Millionaire*, wrote:

"From what I've seen, traveling around the world during seven years, a five-star playboy must have money, play either polo or tennis, or drive a fast car. He must be witty enough to say things worth repeating in the columns, generous to headwaiters in restaurants, and friendly to press agents who will publicize him

with 'free' items they pass out to columnists, hoping for plugs for their paying customers.

"To enhance his romantic allure, a playboy must leave in his wake an army of beautiful women. To give him general appeal, these ladies should include a reigning movie star, a notorious international playgirl, a socialite above reproach, and a member of the European nobility." After a passing remark about Baby Pignatari, whom I will get to presently, Miss Lilly concludes: "Sorry, there just isn't another Prince Aly Khan."

That is the word direct from the filly's well-kept teeth. Miss Lilly overlooks one other quality a really top contender ought to have. He ought to be willing to do outlandish, daredevil, sometimes shocking stunts, on the spur of the moment. If he feels like taking off his shoes and wading in the fountain in front of the Hotel Plaza in New York, like F. Scott Fitzgerald, one of the great playboys of the twenties, he ought to do that.

The bona fide playboy simply is not bothered by scandal. Public opinion does not matter to him. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., son of the founder of the New York newspaper empire, dedicated his life to getting rid of his father's fortune in ways that appealed to him, if perhaps not to the victims of his jokes. Once, while cruising around the Mediterranean in his yacht, he put in at a port where a group of monks had kept a light burning for one thousand years.

"Is it true you've had this light burning for one thousand years?" he asked.

The monks nodded with quiet, pious pride. Bennett leaned over, puffed up his cheeks, and blew.

"It's out now," he said.

Lenore Lemmon, an international playgirl who makes Doris Lilly seem like a wallflower, told me that that act would have ruled Bennett out of the competition. "It was not the act of a gentleman," she said, flatly. "Whatever Aly did, he was always a gentleman. Also, Bennett did not work much. The real playboy not only plays, he works. Look at Rubirosa," she said, referring to Porfirio Rubirosa, whom I will look at presently along with Pignatari and Holden. "He's the only guy who ever gave Aly a run for his money. Married now or not, this is a terribly special guy. He's bright, talented, charming—and he's successful. He works. He's been successful at everything he's done—mining business, farming, and international finance."

Twilight of the Titans

According to Miss Lemmon, who after a summer in Spain had just returned to America by way of Gibraltar, Tangier, Casablanca, Lisbon, Amsterdam, and London, most of Aly's contemporaries have shriveled into relative obscurity. The age of daring, she opines, has given



ROMAN ROMEO, Raimondo Orsini, fell prey to playboy's occupational hazard: while wooing Princess Soraya (above), he became involved in a paternity suit filed by a former girlfriend, and was put out of action.

way to an era of doubtful caution. James Donahue, heir to part of the five-and-ten fortune that principally went to his cousin, Barbara Hutton (who, in her day, knew a good number of playboys), is today only an aging reflection of the James Donahue who, during the thirties, was very nearly the cause of an international incident.

Happening to be not only in Rome but in his cups, he noticed a parade of Mussolini's Blackshirts going by in the street beneath his window. They irritated him. He went to the balcony and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Viva Ethiopia!" As though he had not made his point clear, he then shouted, "Down with Mussolini!" He was asked to leave the country. Once home, he continued his diligent, Eulenspiegelistic maneuvers. An avid flyer, he

kept talking of soloing across the Atlantic; friends dissuaded him, the story goes, by pointing out that it would be difficult to find a light craft that could carry enough champagne for the stint. In the early days of the war, he reported for service at a Civil Air Patrol field with a valet carrying a set of golf clubs.

Playboys of an Earlier Era

Both Jimmy and his brother, Woolworth, known as Woolie, were involved with a succession of glamorous actresses. Woolie went on safari in Africa as soon as he got out of prep school, but quickly decided that he found more pleasure in fairer game. Having first been engaged to, and then turned down by, a society girl, Dorothy Feels, who broke the whole thing off by saying, "He's incorrigible,"

Playboys need women: Rubirosa has wed five of the world's richest and most beautiful women; and Aly infuriated jealous husbands everywhere.

Woolie headed for the Riviera, where he was seen everywhere with Wendy Barrie. His mother blew a whistle and he scampered home to America. Miss Barrie followed—one of the few instances in which a quarry reversed the standard procedure and took off after a playboy. It may not have been pursuit, exactly, but in Hollywood, Wendy declared that Woolie was going to visit her there. Shortly afterward, the "romance" cooled, but the publicity that attended it did a lot for the actress's career.

Woolie's name seldom appears in print these days, and neither does brother Jimmy's, although every now and then the columnists used to ask if the latter might be replacing the Duke of Windsor in the affections of his Duchess. They were often seen together late at night, dancing and in entranced conversation. The truth was that David Windsor, once a playboy himself as Prince of Wales (steeplechase rider, girl-chase master, player of drums in night clubs), found that the rigors of being an abdicated monarch made him sleepy early in the evening. The Duchess loved late hours—and Jimmy Donahue was only too glad to be her attentive escort.

No, the supply of old-style playboys is decidedly short. Huntington Hartford and Howard Hughes, two names that might have been used, effectively, as the opening rhyme in a children's poem by A. A. Milne, are both married and retired from the lists.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

There was a time when anything either of them did was hailed by the press, and once there was a widely circulated story concerning them. Hughes was said to have proposed to a girl and changed his mind. He asked one of his hired hands to call and tell her. The girl flew into a rage, rooted not so much in rejection as in her having ordered a parcel of things bearing the initials H.H.

"What shall I tell her?" the friend reportedly asked Hughes.

"Tell her to marry Huntington Hartford," Hughes allegedly said.

Hughes, with his riches and passion for flying, was, until his marriage to Jean Peters in 1957, a formidable, if elusive, challenger to Aly. He seemed to be everywhere, yet nowhere; not even his closest friends and associates could keep track

of him, because he was always aloft in one of his planes. He signed Gina Lollobrigida to a contract to make films in the U. S. and immediately became involved in a series of arguments with her. She returned to Italy, sputtering invective: "How can you do business," she asked, "with a man who is in the sky more than he is on the ground?"

All the Requisites But One

Another man who seems to enjoy the stratosphere more than the earth, and perhaps the nearest approximation of a full-time playboy this country can boast, is William Holden, the film star. Holden fulfills Miss Lemmon's requirements: he works harder, perhaps, than any other male actor. He also lives as adventurous and precarious a life as anyone alive. He has a house near Lausanne, Switzerland, with a jet boat moored at the dock to enable him to scoot across the lake to the famous gambling casino at Evian. He owns a hunting lodge in Africa, and has an apartment in Hong Kong. He is as restless a searcher for excitement as Aly Khan ever was.

Last October, I saw him in Copenhagen, where he was making a film called *The Counterfeit Traitor*. Before going to Denmark, the company had been in Hamburg and Berlin, and it was going on to Stockholm. Previously, during the year, Holden had been to Hong Kong for two visits, in Africa on safari, in Honolulu, and briefly in Hollywood. After finishing in Stockholm, he was planning to go back to Hollywood again.

Holden is an athlete, a gourmet, a prodigious drinker who never has a hangover, all of which qualify him. But another point knocks him out: his wife, Ardis, who, as Brenda Marshall, also was a film star. Holden is not only married, he disapproves of people who are not. He could no more become a playboy of Aly's scope than he could settle down in McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

Neither could Frank Sinatra, another possibility. Sinatra may even be a shade or two ahead of Aly in the women-wooing race. A keyhole-snooping magazine once attributed his boudoir acrobatics to the fact that he ate a well-known breakfast food; wherever his energy comes from, there is no question that it is all but inexhaustible. Sinatra drives a fast car—a Dual-Ghia—and likes to bat about all

over the world, pausing just long enough to change women, or, as he calls them, broads. Yet his taste apparently does not run to *les élégantes*; Ava Gardner was the great love of his life, and although last year he was interested for a time in Lady Adelle Beatty, the American-born divorced wife of an English lord, he seems to prefer starlets and nonentities. The Aly successor must, as we will see presently, involve himself only with women as romantic as he.

No, neither Sinatra nor Holden are in it, and it now appears that America's showing in this international tournament is as weak as it was in the Olympics, or is in international diplomacy or rocketry. Those wishing to be titillated by the spectacle of a daredevil Lothario must scan foreign shores. The first worn, worldly face their eyes are likely to fall on is that of Porfirio Rubirosa, who in his time has been a pilot, skier, boxer, sports-car driver, dancer, aspiring actor, husband five times, and lover *ad infinitum*. For a long time, Rubirosa was regarded as the only serious threat to Aly's superiority; he was even a diplomat, serving as a Dominican representative to a number of cities, mainly those which are noted for their night life, such as New York, Paris, and Berlin.

Marriage-Go-Round

Rubirosa has been married five times—to Flor de Oro Trujillo, daughter of the strong man of the Dominican Republic; to Danielle Darrieux, the French film star; to Doris Duke Cromwell and Barbara Hutton, the heiresses; and finally to Odile Rodin, another French actress. Once he said, "I have married five of the most beautiful women in the world and two of the richest." Not even Acrobatic Aly could make that claim, but the deceased was more dedicated a husband than Rubi ever was. How casually Rubi took his marriages was illustrated by his attitude during the ceremony that tied him temporarily to Doris Duke. He smoked a cigarette languidly while repeating the vows. His friends saw nothing wrong with this; after all, some said, he knew the words by rote.

Rubirosa's courtship of Barbara Hutton was relatively short. He gathered more newspaper space in the course of his international fling with Zsa Zsa Gabor, who once told me, "This is a very

nice man, one of the nicest I know. He is a real gentleman. That is why he has so many women. *Everybody* adores him." This aspect of his carefree personality may be what made women, especially Miss Gabor, go out of their way to please him. Once, she told me, they were checking into a well-known Beverly Hills Hotel: "I said to the manager, 'I will have my usual suite, but you can give Rubi a maid's room. He won't be spending much time in it anyhow.'"

Wolf Into Sheep Dog

Now well past fifty, Rubirosa is not as active as he used to be. He has all but given up fast driving; and the wolfish nature, his friends in Paris (where he now lives) declare heatedly, has become that of a gentle old sheep dog. Every now and then, a hard-up columnist asks if there is trouble in Rubirosa's apartment, but the fact is that the one-time No. 2 man is all but out of action as globe-trotting rake. If some Nat Fleischer of the Riviera were to publish a monthly magazine listing the prospects in the various weights and classes of the international marriage and divorce events (he could call it *Ringless*), Rubi's name probably would not appear.

Farther south, in Brazil, lives Francisco Pignatari, known to his friends as "Baby," and to outraged husbands by the first syllable of his last name. "Baby is Playbore No. 1," Walter Winchell wrote me recently, and columnist Ed Sullivan also agreed that he is the principal aspirant. Pignatari first came into prominence in late 1958, possibly with the aid of a press agent to help the legend along.

Grandson on his mother's side of Count Francisco Matarazzo, Brazil's foremost industrialist, Baby was the baby of a father who founded a rolling mill. The effort killed him when Pignatari was twenty, but the young man took over and, by the time he was twenty-six, had become one of Brazil's twenty richest men. In Miss Lemmon's phrase, he works. He works at making copper and aluminum products, machine tools, aircraft, military products—all big money producers.

He plays, too. Like Aly, he has a passion for speed. He smashed up twenty-six cars before he lost count. Once he and a girl friend missed a turn and ran their Cadillac into a telephone pole. The girl said, with a pout, "It's still standing." Never a man to disappoint a lady, Baby backed off and rammed the pole again until it fell down.

When he was bored with cars, he took to aircraft; he soloed at eighteen and became Brazil's youngest pilot, specializing in buzzing bathing beaches and flying between buildings. He wrecked a number of speedboats, too, and once nearly killed himself when he ran one smack into a huge wave. He went through the windshield and permanently scarred

the chin that rides arrogantly above his powerful body.

Curiously enough, Baby started slow and suddenly moved faster. His first wife was a Rome society girl, Marina Parodi Delfina, who bore him a son. They parted in 1947. He then married a Brazilian heiress, Nelita Alves de Lima, and tried to domesticate himself for seven years. In 1957, he could endure the quiet life no longer; he left his wife and got down to the more absorbing business of making himself into a legend. He was keenly aware that the first rule of the playboy game is for a would-be star to play with either (a) a film star, (b) an heiress, or (c) Zsa Zsa Gabor. Baby had had his fill of heiresses. He knew that any alliance with Miss Gabor would be costly, and because he is shrewd about his investments, he must have ruled her out automatically. Then Linda Christian turned up in his life, and his problem was solved.

It happened in Rome, after a party.

Miss Christian, whose acquaintance with Aly Khan may have taught her how to snare a playboy, complained that she had lost a jade earring.

"Fine," said the gallant Pignatari. "I'll take you to Hong Kong and buy you another one."

They hit Athens, Cairo, and Bangkok before they went to Hong Kong, and then they touched Tokyo, Honolulu, Mexico City, and Panama before coming to rest in Rio de Janeiro. Whether or not the lady got her earring never has been recorded; what she did get was the brush.

The Native Was Restless

Baby had cooled, but with warm enthusiasm even for that process. He, some friends, twoscore taxicabs, and three-score pickets bearing signs saying, GO HOME, LINDA, paraded outside her hotel, along with a band and people hired to explode firecrackers. Linda did go home. Baby then went to Cannes, where with

(continued)

Pictorial



FRANCISCO PIGNATARI, Brazilian industrialist (above, in Rome night club with Jacqueline Lee), first made news as Linda Christian's companion, then as victim of nocturnal raid on Princess Ira Hohenlohe's apartment.



ALY'S SON, Karim (above), was a studious, shy Harvard graduate in '59. He blossomed somewhat into a Riviera cosmopolite, but is no fun lover.

FRANK SINATRA has chased enough stars to put him high on list of playboy pretenders. He dated singer Peggy Connelly (below) after break with Ava.



Playboys are daredevils: Aly Khan rarely drove his sports cars less than 100 m.p.h.; Pignatari wrecked twenty-six autos before he lost count.

the help of an Englishman named Richard Gully and a model, named Barbara Gailleux, from the fashion house of Balmain, he began inflating his reputation all over again. The pair went to Vienna to Milan to Deauville to Paris, and to New York, where they parted. Miss Gailleux returned to Paris. Girls who go around with Baby always are going back somewhere.

The next arrow Cupid aimed at the Brazilian beau had to be a long one, for it was the name of Princess Ira von Furstenberg Hohenlohe, who as a child of fifteen had married Prince Alfonso Hohenlohe, in Venice, in 1955, in what was widely hailed as the most festive wedding since the days of the Italian kings. Although she bore the Prince two children, Princess Ira evidently found fault with him, for reports connecting her and Pignatari began cropping up in the newspapers last year. The Hohenlohes moved to Mexico City to live, and, soon thereafter, separated. Baby, protesting that he was on a diplomatic mission for the Brazilian government, arrived last August and promptly made headlines by being pulled out of the Princess's apartment in a pre-dawn raid by police sent by her husband. The Prince charged that Baby was paying the Princess's bills and trying to keep him from getting custody of his children. Baby protested and, with a straight face, said that his family and the Princess's were old friends, and that he had no romantic interest in her.

If Pignatari's behavior seems ridiculous, the actions of the two Orsini princes, Raimondo and his older brother, Filippo, are roaringly laughable. The Orsinis are the sad sacks of the playboys. Nothing seems to work out for them.

Papa Mustn't Play

Raimondo sought the hand of Princess Soraya, whom the Shah of Iran sent into exile because she could not give him a son, only to have his own hand slapped by the Shah's. Although the Shah had discarded Soraya, he still maintained a vital interest in her affairs; last year, when I was in Tehran, I stayed in a hotel on a street called Avenue Soraya; the name seemed to indicate that the Shah had not put his former wife entirely out of his mind.

In 1959, Prince Orsini pursued Soraya around Europe, but word came that

her father, the Iranian ambassador to West Germany, was displeased and so was the Shah. Even so, Raimondo had hopes—until, in November 1959, a French model named Monique Bartounesque told an Italian court that he was the father of her two-year-old child. That seemed to cut Raimondo out altogether.

Filippo's luck was just as bad. Married and the father of two children, Orsini fell in love with the British film star Belinda Lee. They met in 1957, when she was coming back from Africa and stopped to vacation in Rome. The following year she took an overdose of sleeping pills. Then, Filippo was taken to a hospital after what was reported as an attempt to slash his aristocratic wrists. Later that year, after things appeared to have quieted, Miss Lee's husband, a British photographer, sued her for divorce, charging adultery, and naming Filippo Orsini in the suit.

Silence Is a Byword

These escapades might have been enough to put the Orsinis in line for Aly's diamond-studded scepter, with Filippo slightly shading Raimondo, until the former did the unforgivable. In May, 1959, he permitted *Oggi*, an Italian magazine, to publish his memoirs. His bland defense of his courtship of Miss Lee could take its place among the most hilarious personal documents of our time, but it disqualifies him as successor to the title. Aly may have kissed a lot, but he never told a word.

Actually, there is only one real rookie warming up in the bull pen. He is Karim, Aly's son, the new Aga. At nineteen, he was a senior at Harvard and member of the Hasty Pudding Club when his grandfather's will named him to Ismaili leadership. A classmate of his, David Galloway, told me that he was a serious-minded youth who had no automobile, was not unusually interested in girls, and was well-liked by his many friends, the closest of whom was John Fell Stevenson, son of Adlai.

But he evidently felt as his grandfather did about his subjects. The old Aga believed it was better to lead them while enthroned on the Riviera, where beautiful women and horses could serve to clear his mind and enable him to think more weightily on the problems besetting his people, who are scattered all the way

from South Africa to China. The new one believes that, too. He once told a reporter named Dan Hogan, "One can better understand their problems living away from them and visiting them occasionally. This way you see how they are now, and then you see how things are going six months later."

That was an excellent start for an aspiring king of the playboys, but Karim's reputation suffered when it was learned that he planned to graduate from Harvard (which he did, with honors), and to continue studying Oriental history, and the Arabic and Urdu tongues. As soon as he graduated, he began to retrench—by getting into the prints as the escort of a wide variety of young women, most of whom were as beautiful as those who regularly leaned on the arm of his father. Jill Weldon, a London heiress, was reported to be his constant companion; for a time, so was Sylvia Casablancas, a Mexican heiress. Then, last August, no doubt between visits to his subjects, he began concentrating on Tracy Pelissier, a nineteen year-old British schoolgirl. They sailed around the Mediterranean together, and from Portofino they went on to Capri, on a yacht called *My Love*.

Hope for the Heir Apparent

All that was auspicious, but the international set and its observers are concerned because Karim does not appear to come equipped with the same headlong zest for life as his father. Although he has agreed to uphold the honor of the Ismailis in the world of racing, by maintaining his father's celebrated stable, he appears to view racing with a disinterested eye. In addition, he is no fiend for speed.

He spends a great deal of time reading when he should be out ordering champagne for everybody. "Where his father was a Thunderbird, he is a Ford station wagon," a friend in Paris told me the other day. Still, perhaps some younger Zsa Zsa or Rita will get hold of him and transform his personality into that of a jet-propelled Casanova, one who lives for sex and excitement. However, Karim will have to go some to succeed his father, everyone agrees. As Doris Lilly said, there probably never was, and probably never will be, another man like Aly Khan.

THE END



"Once Upon a Time, There Lived a Princess"

Fairy-tale princesses couldn't begin to compete with these modern young ladies of regal splendor, who are not only beautiful, but also spunky, bright, and talented.

In the golden age of princesses, if you wanted to locate the silken-tressed daughter of a king, you would look in one of three places: beside the palace spinning wheel, near the royal rose bushes, or behind the manor wishing well. Regardless of where you chanced upon her, she would be engaged in a single activity: waiting for a prince. Not one special prince, necessarily, but any prince who happened along.

Times have changed a bit since then. If you want to find a princess today,

you've got to make tracks. Modern princesses are some of the most active, zestful young ladies in the world. Take Margrethe of Denmark, for instance. She rises around 7:00, dashes off to college, and, in any given week, spends time on ornithology, archaeology, fencing, tennis, and horseback riding. Other princesses literally fly through their days—two of the Bourbon-Parmas hold pilots' licenses—or careen through them in their own sports cars, as does Italy's lovely representative, Maria Gabriella.

Contemporary princesses like to while away their hours on movie sets, in espresso houses, circling the globe. But they still have two things in common with their mythological ancestors: they are lovely to behold—many of them great, stately beauties nearly as tall as Sweden's six-foot Margaretha; and they are waiting for a prince—or any proper fellow—to come along. Clearly, there was never, not even in fairy-tale stories, a more desirable pride of blue bloods looking for Mr. Right.

Paris Match



Isabelle

Like all the princesses on these pages, the daughter of the Count of Paris, pretender to the French throne, has been named as possible spouse for nearly every titled bachelor on the continent. Said twenty-seven-year-old Isabelle of her choice of a husband: "What interests me is not the crown, but what is under the crown." One of eleven children, and hoping to have that many of her own, she has spent the last year at the Vienna School for Social Workers, training to help needy youngsters. Socially, the Princess is interested in less needy members of international society. Her father has called her "the strongest personality of the family." Here, she works at school with her young charges.

Paris Match

Maria Gabriella

Exactly two years ago, royal grapevines were bulging with ripe rumors about the doe-eyed daughter of Italy's ex-King Umberto. Their substance: the Shah of Iran has followed Ella to Geneva; they will be engaged. Shortly thereafter came the Princess's denial: "I do not have the harem of men attributed to me; neither the Duke of Kent, Don Juan (of Spain), nor the Shah of Iran." What the Princess does have is a thousand-year-old title (among her ancestors were saints and emperors), a working knowledge of five languages, a passion for sports cars and fast driving, a regal carriage, a queenly smile, and, reportedly, "the most beautiful royal legs in Europe." We apologize for not showing the latter.

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PRINCESSES (continued)

Pictorial Parade



Beatrix

The eldest daughter of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands is one of the few princesses who has a real obligation to make a correct marriage. She is heiress apparent to the throne, will be Holland's third Queen in succession. Above, she is with father.

Marie Christine d'Aosta

The daughter of the Duke of Aosta was one of the eleven eligible princesses invited to once-eligible King Baudouin's famous Brussels Ball. An Italian, she is related to Count of Paris. Baudouin danced that night with two princesses, has just wed Spanish noblewoman.

Margaretha

The granddaughter of Sweden's King Gustav Adolf VI set the entire world buzzing over her romance with piano-playing English peer Robin Douglas-Home. Ruling Douglas-Home "unsuitable" because of his low salary, one palace spokesman said, "You can't expect this young lady to get along without at least one maid."

D. Hammond—Pictorial





London Express

Alexandra

In their anxiety to get Princess Margaret safely married, matchmaking Britons seemed to forget, over the last few years, that they had another aging princess to take care of. Twenty-four-year-old Alexandra, granddaughter of a king, daughter of the late Duke of Kent, ninth in order of succession to the British throne, cousin of Margaret and the Queen, had somehow escaped the fate of her sisters-under-the-crest. As a matter of fact, until her recent trip to Nigeria to represent the royal family at that nation's independence ceremonies, Alexandra had strictly one-track publicity. She was, as far as the world knew, a kind of "swinging" princess. With her undisciplined brother, the young Duke of Kent, she led the fashionable "Kent set"

from parties to resorts where jazz and joy were the order of the day. Dubbed "Princess Honey Doll" on her 1954 visit to Canada and New York, she emerged, in 1960, regal and mature, thoroughly capable of carrying the responsibilities of her royal line. In Nigeria, Alexandra proved herself much more than a substitute for Princess Margaret. A veteran of thousands of factory tours, ship launchings, hospital benefits, she both amused and impressed the watchful Nigerians. One cause of comment on her trip: a standout, high-fashion, short-skirted wardrobe, that, in itself, made news. Watch for the next news about Alexandra; it's sure to be a man hunt. Above, the Princess, with Nigerian Premier Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa.

Benedikte, Anne-Marie, and Margrethe

The Danish trio, daughters of King Fredrik IX of Denmark and his wife, Queen Ingrid, who was daughter of the King of Sweden, have been called the most popular royalty in Europe. Margrethe (far right) officially became heiress to the throne on her eighteenth birthday in 1958. She will be first Queen of Denmark, by virtue of a 1953 constitutional change permitting women to succeed to the throne. All three princesses are fond of riding, are expert skiers. Here they are shown on their annual skiing trip to Gausdal, Norway.

Marie des Neiges, Thérèse, and Cécile

One down, three to go, is the count in France's House of Bourbon-Parma. The three (left to right: Marie des Neiges, twenty-two; Thérèse, twenty-six; Cécile, twenty-four), are among the chicest, liveliest, most attractive spinsters in Europe. Last year, with much pomp, and under proper circumstance, their thirty-one-year-old sister, Françoise, married an Austrian Prince. Their father is Prince Xavier, whose family descended from Louis XIV. The girls are related to most of the royalty in Europe.

THE END

Pictorial Parade





Cupid With the Golden

BY STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

In the early summer of 1925, F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote two sentences which have since been so widely quoted and have passed so far into the language that they have entered the soggy reaches of cliché. "Let me tell you about the very rich," he wrote. "They are different from you and me." These lines have not always been quoted with reverence. They have been ridiculed as representing the naïve, romantic, and breathless point of view of a very young man from a Middle Western city who was not very long out of Princeton. On the other hand, the durability of these sentences can only be explained by the simple fact that Fitzgerald was right. Seldom has a truth been stated so brilliantly, and in so few words.

The rich are different from you and me in basic ways. They eat differently. They talk differently. They dress differently. They think differently. They live in different sorts of houses. Among them, love is a different sort of thing. It is not always their desire that this be so, and a great many people who are very rich have been known ardently to wish that they were very poor. But the money, which possesses them as much as they possess it, dictates that things be otherwise, and that the rich live their lives a certain way.

Poor Boy Not Her Cup of Tea

In a large stone house outside Philadelphia, surrounded by acres of venerable lawn, at the end of a long graveled driveway that is raked so often that each car that approaches leaves fresh furrows in it, lives a certain little old lady with her servants and a roomful of family photographs. At tea time, most afternoons, she receives her brothers and cousins, her nieces and nephews and little grandnieces and grandnephews, most of whom live nearby, and, as she pours from a large, heavily embossed silver service, the conversation is witty and cultivated and intimate and gay. Mostly it is family talk, but often it ranges to art, the opera, the symphony, the local dances. Politics is a rare subject; so is the theatre—unless, of course, someone "knows someone" who has made the unusual move of "going into politics," or is "taking a fling" at going on the stage. The talk, in other words, centers around "people we know." When tea is over, the children kiss their elderly relative good-by and leave with parents or governesses, and a few adults

stay on for cocktails and a few of these, perhaps, remain for dinner. At 11:00, the great doors of the house are closed for the night.

This lady is a member of one of Philadelphia's oldest, and wealthiest, and most distinguished families. At eighteen, she was that city's most beautiful and popular debutante. Strangers ask why she never married. This is a subject that is not discussed much any more. But, if pressed for an answer, friends will tell the story of how once, when she was a young girl, she fell in love. The man she loved was out of her class, and was Jewish, either one of which circumstances might have been stomachached relatively well, alone; but together, they made the situation impossible. She never fell out of love, never fell in love again. Once, it is said, she asked her father for permission to marry the man. Papa, very gently, explained that it was out of the question. She bowed to Papa's wisdom. Love, among the rich, can be cruel.

Love among the rich is different simply because the rich are rich, and for no other reason. "Power," states an old Chinese proverb, "is ancient wealth." And it is to this thinking that most American rich, knowingly or not, subscribe. The adjective used here is most important. In order for the power—the influence, the prestige, the ability to control other people and shore up reserves against the world's inequities—to be at its fullest, the money must age. This is why the newly rich are very different from the anciently rich. (When young John Fitzgerald Kennedy—new rich—was married to Jacqueline Lee Bouvier—older rich—a friend of the bride's mother, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, one of the Lees of Virginia, said, "But my dear! The Kennedys aren't anybody!")

Aged in the Vault

Money, like a good strand of pearls, improves and grows much more lustrous with each generation that wears it. This, of course, explains why so much of the talk among the *very old* rich is family talk. Money is part of the blood line, inextricable from it, celebrated along with it so that the two are tacitly considered to be the same. Family money is a thing that, from generation to generation, must not only be preserved, but must also be enriched and fed and nourished from whatever sources are at hand, resupplied



RECENT RUNAWAY, rich girl Gamble Benedict, beams as husband, Andrei Porumbeanu, serves personally cooked dinner at a party in East Orange restaurant. Gamble, heiress to the Remington type-

Arrow

David Workman—Pictorial



writer millions, wed the thirty-five-year-old, Rumanian-born U.S. Air Force veteran, after a violent legal struggle. Among elopement-prone rich, fashion has shifted from chauffeurs to ski instructors.

When money and power mingle with romance, then love becomes an incident—or a corporate merger—and the marriage contract may include a “who gets what” clause, to make the divorce economically painless.

from other wells of ancient wealth. Naturally, the only way this can be done is through marriage—the right marriage. “Love”—taken to mean romantic love, or even sex—must be subordinated to that, or at least made equal to that. Among the rich, money and love and marriage go together like a horse and a pair of carriages—the money being the horse that pulls the caravan.

Living History

The rich in America are often accused of living in the past. This is not really the case. The past, the family, and where the money came from provide a textured background for what goes on today, but the true concern of the rich is for the future: where the money will go. A child is more than a child; he is also the carrier of the money into the next generation and the one after that. “Bringing up a child is so difficult these days!” a New York society woman sighed recently. “At schools and colleges, there is getting to be such a *range* of people.” At the so-called “rich boys’ schools”—Groton, St. Mark’s, St. Paul’s, Hotchkiss, and the rest—it is increasingly difficult to be sure that one’s son will meet only other rich boys, who are the most likely to have rich sisters.

There are apt to be a few poor boys in these schools nowadays, and there are even more apt to be rich boys who are “the wrong kind of rich.” This means that, to compensate for schools that “open their doors to practically everybody,” more attention must be paid to what goes on in—or rather who goes to—the private dancing classes, the parties, and the subscription dances where little boys meet little girls and where the old primordial urge so often comes a-kindle. “I have to screen my list of boys’ names so carefully,” says Mrs. William H. Tew, a prominent New York social secretary who arranges many debutante parties, “to see that someone who doesn’t belong, or of whom the girl’s parents would disapprove, is not invited.”

It is all right, at a debutante’s party, for the list of the boys who are invited to include many young men whom she has never laid eyes on. The point is for rich to mingle with, and meet, only other rich. This is why as many boys who can qualify for invitations are invited, and why those who do not qualify, and who try to crash, are usually spotted by a

social detective squad, and are not-too-politely thrown out.

Why is it important for the rich to marry rich? There are many reasons. “It’s better that way,” says a New York mother. “Then the young people will have the same interests, the same backgrounds.” Oil and water don’t mix. Also, there is the question of the money. When rich weds rich, there is less apt to be the possibility that one of the partners is a fortune hunter (though there is nothing to prevent a person with a fortune from setting out to bag an even bigger fortune through marriage). When money marries money, the union of wealth not only assures that the young couple will have few worries over household bills, and few arguments over who is spending too much of whose income, but it provides, for the generation following and the generation following that, an even greater financial cushion. There is less chance of the money’s running out; instead, the wealth will grow more ancient, bringing even greater power and greater respectability into perpetuity. This is why the rich have a curious habit of growing richer. (And, if there is one consolation for an old-rich-new-rich marriage, it is that, two generations from now, the money will all be old-rich.)

Polite Legal Handshake

Still, the marriage of two rich young people is less like a giant corporate merger than it sometimes seems from reading the newspapers. Instead, the money is joined in a kind of polite legal handshake.

It is set up in this manner by trust officers of banks. The money is only married up to a point. Beyond that, against the unfortunate but very practical possibility of divorce, it is kept separate. In this way, when handsome young Thomas M. Bancroft, Jr. (whose mother was a Woodward, who is related to the Astors) married blonde, party-loving Margaret (Peggy) Bedford (Standard Oil), it was called “a perfect marriage!” and said to be “made in heaven!” And the Bancroft and Bedford fortunes joined hands, enabling Peggy Bancroft to go on to bigger and better sorts of party-giving. Now, the couple are divorced. The Bedford fortune and the Bancroft fortune have gone smoothly back to their respective sources, with few strings attached. Put to the most trouble will be the families’ lawyers, and

(continued)

Cupid With the Golden Arrow (continued)

When Jacqueline Bouvier (old rich) wed John F. Kennedy (new rich), one dowager said, "But my dear! The Kennedys aren't anybody."

they will be compensated. Love? It is hard to believe that her first unsuccessful stab at marriage has left Peggy Bancroft brokenhearted; she has already made public plans for her next.

Not long ago, a pretty girl, whose homes are in New York and Sands Point, Long Island, demonstrated that she believes in the debutante's theories about divorcing. While she and her young husband were vacationing in Mexico and having, as she puts it, "such a marvelous, glorious time—a perfect holiday," they decided to get a Mexican divorce. "We did it for a lark, mostly," she says. "We were there, it was easy to get, and we thought—after all—we might want to use it later on." So, with their speedily obtained Mexican decree tucked in a suitcase, the couple flew merrily back to New York and picked up life, as they had left it, in their apartment. But, she says, "Later on, we got to feeling rather funny about it. It didn't seem quite right for us to be living together. We weren't really married anymore, you see. . . ." So they "sort of drifted apart." The girl has since remarried, but she and her first husband are still "the best of friends," and the first husband continues to sail his boat out to Sands Point, most summer week ends, to visit his former wife's parents and to call on his former wife who is occasionally there for the week end, too. Sometimes, if the second husband doesn't happen to be in the vicinity, the former couple appear at parties together, "acting just like newlyweds."

Divorce Is Taboo in Some Sets

There is always a good deal of clucking and head-shaking about the morals of the rich. And it is true that when there is plenty of money, a divorce can be both cheap and easy. But among a larger and less-publicized group of American rich, divorces are not supposed to happen. Divorce is not considered respectable. It casts an unfavorable light upon the families, and the way they live, and on the money. It blurs, rather than strengthens, the blood line. And because the press pays more attention to divorces among the rich ("HEIRESS SEEKS DIVORCE!" scream the headlines) than it does to divorces among the poor, a divorce is embarrassing. In this group, a rich marriage is supposed to last and last and last. It need not be happy, but it should last. American society has, in fact, erected for itself a few bulwarks—flimsy,

perhaps, but bulwarks nonetheless—to try to see to it that their marriages do last. In Philadelphia, for example, the most significant social event of the year is the annual Assembly Ball, a grand and venerable affair which dates back to 1748 and is considered, by Philadelphia people, anyway, "the oldest and most important society ball in America." No one, according to an ancient rule, who has been divorced, may attend the Assemblies. The *Social Register*, too, frowns on divorce. It lists successive marriages up to a point. After that, it drops.

Going A Round Together

But divorces, of course, take place. Recently, in Southampton, after a particularly heavy season of marital disasters in which a number of the set had changed partners, as in a Virginia reel, one man, somehow, was left over, and this man—call him George—was the concern of all his friends. At parties, considerable time was given over to the problem:

"Who can we find for poor George to marry?"

"How about Alicia?" someone said.

"No, he's already been married to her."

"Then how about Grace?" someone else put in.

"Goodness, George can't marry Grace!" said the first person. "Grace is George's half-sister."

Love? Love is where you find it, in Southampton. Not long ago, a young woman announced she was leaving the Southampton set—in disgust. "The thing has gotten to be," she said, "for every man at these parties to roam around, dancing with this woman and that, looking for a new one to seduce." There are, apparently, those among the rich who have discovered ways of obtaining the advantages of marriage with none of the bother.

Meanwhile, in other, more solid purloins of the rich—in places like Newport and Palm Beach, Lake Forest and Aiken, Grosse Pointe and Burlingame, Nob Hill and Beacon Hill, Greenwich and Charleston and Dallas—people are going about the business of being married, though wealthy, with earnestness and sobriety and calm. The worst thing about divorce, these people tend to feel, is that it lessens, importantly, the power of their ancient wealth. It does so because it makes their money look like something they are frivolous about. And money, among the very old rich, is for far more than personal pleasures. It is also for establishing

foundations, for building hospitals and art museums, for keeping "culture" going, for tending for wayward girls and homeless kiddies and foreign missions and other outposts of the world's less fortunate. A sense of the obligation of wealth runs deep. An outstanding example of this feeling is seen in the present-day Rockefeller family. Old John D. Rockefeller gave away shiny new dimes to poor children, but today's Rockefellers give away millions quietly, industriously, and continuously.

Caring for the wealth, and caring for the bloodline, and seeing that each reaches a not only ripe but indestructible old age, go hand in hand, but—in assembling the perfect marriage—concessions can be made in one direction or the other. An ample helping of family and less money, on one side, can usually be brilliantly matched with a smaller amount of family, and *more* money, on the other.

Royal Failures

There are certain limitations. Immediately after the Civil War, for instance, when a great many American fortunes had come into fresh flower, there was an era during which the rich of this country set out after a kind of power and prestige that was not available locally, and were willing to swap shares of their fortunes in return for titles and tiaras in Europe and England. This way, Consuelo Vanderbilt married the Duke of Marlborough. Anna Gould married Count Boni de Castellane. And so it went. Indeed, it all grew to such a scale that impoverished Lords and Earls in London talked openly in their clubs of dashing across the channel, to the various spas and social centers on the Continent. "to look over the Millionaire Market," which consisted, of course, of jewel-encrusted mothers with marriageable daughters in tow. But, with appallingly few exceptions, all these "brilliant" European marriages ended so disastrously that rich Americans have since become so shy of this sort of union as to try to avoid it altogether. In fact, when Grace Kelly announced her intention to marry Prince Rainier, the Old Guard in Philadelphia were so shocked that one of them commented, "It must be love."

On the other hand, Miss Kelly—though rich enough—was hardly *old*-rich, and so there were others of the Philadelphia Old Guard who felt that, therefore, it did not really matter *whom* she married.

But marrying for "family"—an old,

solid, respectable, *American* family, one of the families which, in a very real sense, compose this country's aristocracy—is something else again. A great family name can make up for almost anything—even total poverty. An Englishman, who had been visiting in Philadelphia, said recently, "I think that if a rich, social Philadelphia girl married an aging, alcoholic homosexual in a wheelchair without a penny to his name—if the name were Biddle or Cadwalader or Ingersoll or Drexel or Wister or Chew—everyone would say, 'What a marvelous marriage.'"

The rich, it sometimes seems, see the world as divided into two groups: those, like themselves, who have money, and those who don't but would like very much to get their hands on some. This awareness accounts for the remoteness of the rich, their clannishness, their love of privacy, their apparent rudeness to outsiders. Their snubs, then, are not truly snobbish. They are defenses, signs of fear, quick reflexes they have been conditioned to perform whenever they sense the presence of a parvenu, an upstart, or a climber who—they have been taught to think—probably has an open palm. They have been taught not only how to live with wealth but also how to resist trespasses against it, from the days of their earliest education, and even before. "We even have our nurses tell the children," said a New York mother, "a little bit about what it will be like." It is better, then, that persons educated along these lines marry others who have been similarly educated. "I've told my daughter," says another mother, "that if she wants to have a fling with a stranger, she should for goodness' sake *have* it. But not for a minute is she to entertain the thought of *marrying* him."

Still, for all their training, the children of the rich sometimes rebel and run off and marry whom they please . . . usually someone of the wrong kind. Faced with a child who seems about to err this way, parents have two choices when persuasion fails. They can look forward to the possibility of a "hideous elopement," or they can keep a stiff upper lip and muddle through with a wedding.

Seeing It Through With Style

When the late William Woodward, Jr., married Ann Eden Crowell, a former actress, his parents were models of stiff-upper-lip behavior. (And when young Mrs. Woodward later accidentally shot and killed her husband, Mrs. William Woodward, Sr.'s lip was the stiffest anyone has ever seen). More recently, when the son of a rich Middle Western industrialist stubbornly insisted upon marrying a pretty California girl of simple origins, the wedding that resulted was described by a guest this way: "It was all minks and Mr. John hats on the groom's side of

the church, all little cloth coats and little bonnets on the bride's." It was hard to decide, she confessed, which side of the church looked more uncomfortable. This particular marriage, it turned out, ended with the groom's parents reconciled to it. They grew to genuinely like their new daughter-in-law, and even to like her parents. They even insisted they did not mind when the girl's parents toured eastward from California and parked their house-trailer on the lawn of the estate.

This sort of happy ending, however, is the exception. For whether it is the fault of the rich and the way they bring up their children, or the fault of the poor, whom the rich occasionally leap from their class to marry, the fact seems to be that few of this particular variety of mixed marriage tend to work out—which is just another reason, the rich argue, for "sticking to our kind."

A look at one recently collapsed marriage lends support to this argument. In Brentwood, California, a girl who was not only very rich but also very tall, was doubly rebellious by demanding that she be allowed to marry a young man who was not only very poor but very short. When she proved impervious to all blandishments and entreaties, her parents set about grimly preparing a large and elaborate garden wedding. On the afternoon of the wedding—with guests beginning to arrive, caterers standing in readiness,

cases of champagne chilling—the bride was overtaken, in her room, with a fit of nervous hysterics. Her mother—hurrying to her tearful and towering daughter's side—put her daughter's head on her shoulder and said, "Darling, just say the word and we'll put an end to this circus!" But the girl recovered her aplomb, married her diminutive groom, and the circus lasted for a year or two.

Favorite Sports of the Rich

Runaway daughters are a recurring phenomenon, and look what finally happens to them. Popular candidates for these girls' partners seem to be chauffeurs, cowboys, and ski instructors—with fewer chauffeurs than cowboys and ski instructors because so few people keep chauffeurs anymore, while, as Mrs. Tew has said sadly, "Everybody skis, everybody goes West in the summer. . . ." A Chicago debutante of a few seasons back ran off and married a cowboy. When last heard from, she was in Wyoming, trying to raise money, through her family and their business connections, to get her husband a ranch of his own. A San Francisco debutante, selecting a ski instructor, was last heard from in the mountains, trying to raise enough money for *her* husband to buy a ski lodge. Moving up fast to fill the spot being vacated by chauffeurs are service-station attendants. Why? So many girls these days are being given little

(continued)
Central Press



HENRIETTA TIARKS, daughter of London banker Henry Tiarks, had special problem: she was beautiful *and* rich. Her solution was to become engaged to Marquis of Tavistock, handsome heir of Duke of Bedford.

Cupid With the Golden Arrow (continued)

sports cars as graduation presents. Sooner or later, each little car needs gas.

Will these marriages last? No one thinks so. Several years ago, Patricia Procter, heiress to a Procter & Gamble soap fortune, (and a distant relative, through a complicated series of marriages, to our most current notorious renegade, Gamble Benedict) decided to marry Thomas Greenwood, the son of a London greengrocer. There was the customary consternation in the New York social world in which Miss Procter moved. In fact, her peppery grandmother (a curious parallel, ten years earlier, to Gamble's grandmother, for she also was her granddaughter's legal guardian and controlled her inheritance) expressed more than consternation. "Granny," as Mrs. Sanford Procter was called, was so put out with the whole situation that, when arguments failed, she refused to attend the wedding, a relatively flossy affair with a reception following it at the Colony Club. Guests at the reception bravely tried to ignore Mrs. Procter's conspicuous absence, but, as one guest put it, "Granny was everywhere in that room!" (Leaving the receiving line, after politely chatting with the young bridegroom, another guest moaned, "Oh, God! And he even has a Cockney accent!")

Things seemed to go well enough for the young couple after their marriage, but friends soon became concerned when the Greenwoods moved into an apartment at The Mayfair House on Park Avenue, a couple of floors away from Granny's apartment, and when the groom began to seem more interested in the prompt delights of room service than in going to his job as a car salesman in New Jersey, an employment he suddenly appeared to find decidedly dull. A familiar domestic sight began to be Greenwood, in robe and slippers, downing a sizable breakfast while his wife, on a nearby phone extension, called New Jersey to say, "Tom has a terrible cold today and won't be in. . . ."

Granny Was Waiting

Trouble, of a predictable variety, was not far off. There were quarrels, a separation, a reconciliation, more quarrels, and all the while Granny was right where a good granny should be, just a short elevator hop away. Soon the affair erupted unpleasantly in the newspapers. Greenwood was suing Granny for alienation of affections. Mrs. Procter, Greenwood testified, "through her great wealth," had systematically gone about breaking up the marriage. But what Greenwood wanted, it seemed, was not his wife's love back. He wanted money. There was a public scene in which Granny, a small, erect figure in black, made a dramatic appearance in court; love letters, and the opposite of love letters, were hauled out of dresser drawers and read, and accusa-

tions—many too spicy even to be included in gossip columns—flew thick and fast. In the end, Greenwood lost his case, and disappeared. The couple were divorced. Mrs. Sanford Procter continues to winter in Manhattan, summer on her farm in Massachusetts, and Patricia Greenwood, a sadly disillusioned young grass widow, withdrew from New York social life. "She should have known," her friends say. "The difference in their backgrounds . . ."

As for Gamble and Andrei, will theirs be a long, happy, and successful marriage? It is impossible to say at this point. But there is little doubt about where the weight of opinion lies.

Money Always Comes First . . .

So, perhaps the rich are right. Money—a lot of it—is a difficult thing to live with. Perhaps it is best left to the experienced to handle. It is a hard and cruel master, a clumsy encumbrance which, like a club foot, must go everywhere its owner goes, through life. Like a physical deformity, its existence is politely left unmentioned. In conversation, it is better to pretend that it does not exist. But the awesome fact of it, like Granny's ectoplasm in the Colony Club, is everywhere, filling every room in which its possessor moves. How can one totally overlook it, when it is such a giant thing? And when someone is crass enough to mention it, its owner, at best, simply smiles a small, tight, pained smile. *He* knows it's there. He has known it always. But he has learned to live with it, learned how to come to grips with its strange and awful demands, learned that it is a weight that moves with him and, many times, seems to lead him, dragging him in directions in which he would not—if not for the money—particularly choose to go. But go he must. How can love be allowed to exist until the harsh requirements of the money are satisfied? Even in the "perfect" marriage, where ancient wealth is wedding ancient wealth, and where the couple do seem genuinely fond of each other, the gaiety is so overshadowed by lawyers, trust agreements, and separate property agreements that the young people themselves, and their plans for the future, are eclipsed by fiscal details and plans for the money's future. Love is for the time when all other business has been disposed of.

Arranging a brilliant marriage for a daughter is the ultimate challenge. It is always a problem which requires skill, tact, infinite patience, diplomacy, hard-boiledness. There are so many things that can go wrong. It is even more of a problem when, as sometimes happens, the daughter is not only rich, but also beautiful. A rich beauty can cause trouble; there will be men who will want her for her money and her looks as well! Such

was the difficulty confronting Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Tiarks, whose daughter, Henrietta, was described by a former escort as "staggering—just staggering!" With the recent announcement of her engagement, however, hats are off to the Tiarkses. They have navigated the shoals marvelously, and theirs has been perhaps the best-conducted campaign of its sort in the present century—certainly in the last few years. Sometime next summer, Henrietta Tiarks will marry the Marquess of Tavistock, eldest son of the Duke of Bedford.

Plans for a marriage of this sort began long ago, when Henrietta was a little girl, but they moved into full swing three years ago when Henrietta was eighteen and made her debut. She was brought out first in London (Mr. Tiarks is an international banker, and the Tiarkses have a house there, as well as homes in Bermuda and in Jamaica). Her ball was opulent, but that was only the beginning. She was also presented to society in Paris, presented to society in Madrid, presented to society in New York, and then, for good measure, to Washington and Baltimore societies, and exposed to Boston and Philadelphia. Though a bright girl, with an active interest in the theatre and in languages (she speaks three fluently, gets along in a couple of others), education for Henrietta followed the pattern of her parties. She went to schools in London, Paris, Madrid, New York—a short time in each place. With her went her attractive mother, Joan Tiarks, seeing to it that Henrietta went to the right parties, met the right boys, got photographed in the right places, and keeping her daughter's many scrapbooks of press clippings pasted up. During Henrietta's New York period, while she was a student at Briarcliff Junior College in Westchester, Henrietta had to be excused from the elocution and riding lessons at least one afternoon a week to join her mother at their *pied-a-terre* apartment in Manhattan and spend time on the telephone, straightening out Henrietta's highly complicated engagement calendar. Tall, willowy, and gay, Miss Tiarks often pronounced herself "exhausted," but she put up with it like a dutiful daughter. And now look where it all has ended!

. . . Then Love and Marriage

The Duke of Bedford once rented his house to a nudists' convention and has himself had three marriages, but he is rich, elegantly titled, and his handsome son, a Harvard student, will one day be the Duke. The wedding should be a lavish affair and will undoubtedly contain a few crowned and many uncrowned heads. After the union, Mr. and Mrs. Tiarks may relax with the simple wish that their daughter and her young Lord may live happily ever after. THE END



Don Juan should be Spain's king, but Franco and the Spaniards prefer his handsome son, Carlos.

Pretenders to the Thrones

England, France, Spain, Italy, Soviet Russia: all have indignant claimants who insist that they are supposed to be King. Some are serious, others ludicrous, but a few of Europe's crowns may soon be sitting on new heads.

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA *Drawings by Edward Sorel*

You cannot call the *Almanach de Gotha*, the great German catalogue of world nobility, a scandal sheet, but there it is in black and white, as if it were in *Confidential* magazine itself: Princess Charlotte, mother of Prince Rainier of Monaco, is the *natürliche Tochter*, in other words illegitimate daughter, of Prince Louis II.

This means that Rainier's claim to the throne of Monaco can be called into question. Which means in turn that a pretender is lurking in Europe's wings, family tree in hand, hoping to propel Rainier and Grace those few hundred yards out of Monaco, into France and exile.

Rainier often becomes irritated when he is reminded that his throne is threatened by a pretender, but he should not be alarmed. For one thing, he is in good company, along with the Queen of Eng-

land, the King of Albania, the presidents of France, Portugal, Turkey, and others. Pretenders are everywhere, holding up cocktail bars from Rome to New York, and back to Cannes. Rainier need not worry, for they no longer resort to force, perhaps because the example of Bonnie Prince Charlie was so discouraging.

Law Suits *en Garde*

His grab for power, backed by a great army of wild and fierce Scots, was crushed by the English under the twenty-five-year-old Duke of Cumberland in the bloody battle of Culloden in 1746. Our contemporary pretenders have sheathed their swords, and have turned instead to their lawyers. But it is extraordinary how many of them are around, and how seriously they take themselves.

There are, of course, pretenders and

pretenders. There is the active type and the inactive, the reluctant and the keen as mustard, the distinguished and the strictly lunatic. Pretension can be laughed off as it is in England; no guns point north into Scotland for fear of a repetition of the 1745-46 rebellion. Or, it can be a continuous and very definite source of annoyance.

The Oxford Universal Dictionary wrongly suggests that the word pretender indicates a person making a false claim. On the contrary, the pretender to the throne of France, for example, the Count of Paris, is accepted by all but a few eccentric Bonapartists, as the legitimate claimant to a throne on which he might, one day, sit.

At the other end of the scale is Prince Vittorio di Martine Valperga Lascaris della Canavese, a handsome and amusing

Portugal's pretender has a German accent,

young Italian who is the pretender to almost everything.

The worst one can say about Prince Lascaris as a pretender is that he tends to get carried away by it. One evening, in the Don Alexander restaurant in Milan, he did me the honor of sketching his family tree on the paper tablecloth. By the time the tree had blossomed over the whole table and those of several neighboring diners, he had successfully convinced me that he was the legitimate King of Turkey, Bulgaria, Jerusalem, Cyprus, Armenia, Slovakia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, Toplitsa, Albania, and Dardania. And, oh yes, Great Britain, too.

Lascaris is a charming fellow, and he carries the burden of all his thrones lightly, but under the jovial surface he is in earnest about the whole thing.

Technically, there is a claimant to the throne of England, and although he does not take it very seriously himself, there are Englishmen and Scots who do. Crown Prince Albrecht of Wittelsbach, head of the Bavarian royal house, who lives in the Nymphenburg Castle in Munich, is the legitimate descendent of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and head of the House of Stuart, and is acknowledged as such. Albrecht does not take his claim very seriously, although he allows his family to wear the Stuart kilt on country occasions. His health is always drunk to on his birthday, however, by the members of the Royal Stuart Society in London. This is the most good-natured of all claims. Nobody gets angry about it, and the Royal Stuart Society is punctilious, too, in its allegiance to the Queen.

He Raises His Own Subjects

Without doubt, the most powerful and influential of the pretenders is Prince Henri, the fifty-three-year-old Count of Paris, and he has every reason to feel pleased at the course of events in France today. The Count is the direct descendent of Louis Philippe I, the last Bourbon monarch to rule in France. (The last monarch was Louis Napoleon. The head of the Bonaparte family, Prince Louis Napoleon lives in Paris on the Boulevard Suchet. He is forty-six, and makes no claim to the throne, which, seeing that the first Bonaparte grabbed it by crowning himself Emperor, and the second by a *coup d'état*, is probably just as well.)

The Count is a tall, swarthy, handsome man with intelligent Bourbon features, and he is a veteran of the French Foreign Legion. His wife, after giving birth to eleven children, is still one of the most beautiful women in France. This awe-

inspiring fertility of the Countess has caused several complications over the years. Because most of the children were born in different countries, they are known within the family as "the Belgian," "the Brazilian," "the Portuguese," and so on. Once, when the family went on holiday in Switzerland, the hotel manager offered the Count reduced student rates, under the impression that he was the headmaster of a seminary. After her eleventh child, the Countess received supplications from monarchists imploring her to bear no more. The twelfth child in any French family automatically becomes the god-child of the President of the Republic, and the irony was too much for loyal French monarchists to contemplate.

Home Is Where the Heart Is

Enormously wealthy from real-estate holdings in France, Portugal, and Morocco, the Count has been able to devote all his time to his personal politics, and his country home—which has the lovely name of the Manor of the Flying Heart—sees a constant coming and going of diplomats and front-rank politicians. Until the end of World War II, both he and Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte were barred from France, but even in exile he was an important figure. The French people admire clear political thought clearly expressed, and the Count can both think and write. For years now, he has been issuing a monthly political bulletin which circulates to forty thousand readers, all politicians, diplomats, editors, and other people of influence. He is a liberal, and he has been careful to avoid the embrace of the *camelots du roi*, a gang of right-wing hooligans who traditionally support the monarchy.

That was easy. The *camelots* are a wretched rabble of wall chalkers and skull crackers. What was more courageous, the Count broke, before the war, with Charles Maurras, the brilliant scholar, who had been the self-appointed mouthpiece for the monarchy, but was also a Fascist, Jew-hater, and Anglophobe.

From the start, the Count was an admirer of General de Gaulle. As early as November, 1940, only a few months after the fall of France, when most Frenchmen were too stunned by defeat even to think of resistance, General de Gaulle's chief of intelligence in London was able to report: "The Count of Paris . . . is merely waiting for the occasion to act, and throw off the Vichy mask which he keeps for form's sake. Maurras, who suspects this, and is playing on the German side, is now in opposition to him. . . . We might,

when certain details of Anglo-American support have been settled . . . see the Count of Paris . . . proclaim resumption of the war, using North Africa as a base."

Nor did the Count ever abandon de Gaulle during his years of political exile. When Prince Henri, eldest of his brood, married in 1957, de Gaulle wrote the Count a remarkably phrased letter. "The marriage is a reason for every Frenchman to rejoice," he wrote, "because the life of your family identifies itself with our history; because everything coming from you is exemplary for the country; because your future, that of Prince Henri, that of (your family) are bound up in the hopes of France. I salute the union which God is going to bless as a great national event."

The Count has had several sessions at the Elysée Palace since de Gaulle became president. The restoration of the monarchy in France is almost inconceivable, of course, but . . .

De Gaulle is seventy years old. Who will follow him? When asked that very question, de Gaulle smiled ironically, and said, "Find another de Gaulle." He has a heavy contempt for just about every politician in France. But what about a politician who is, at the same time, above politics, a royal prince held in high esteem even by republican Frenchmen? The Count of Paris may or may not become the next president of France. He probably won't, but it is not easy to think of anyone else who has better prospects.

One by one, the children of the family are making good marriages. Two of them have married into the powerful and pious German Catholic Würtembergs. Princess Isabelle, however, the eldest daughter, is still unmarried, one of the extraordinary surplus of princesses who are giving parents headaches all over Europe. When she does marry, one issue will not be in question. "I want eleven children," she said some time ago, "because I look at my mother and see how beautiful she is."

Least Known Has Best Chance

The Count of Paris is the most dominating individual among the pretenders of Europe. It is an odd paradox, however, that the pretender with the highest hopes in Europe today is the least known, and most retiring. He is Dom Duarte Nuno, pretender to the throne of Portugal.

A speech made by the Portuguese dictator, Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, three years ago, gave notice to surprised and delighted Portuguese monarchists that he was thinking of restoring the monarchy when the time came for him to

and Albania's can't speak Albanian.

step down. The speech attracted almost no attention in the outside world, and it was delivered in the cautious and circumlocutory phrases which Salazar loves, but the hint was plain.

"The Government has done everything possible," said Salazar, "for the House of Braganza to be placed on the high level of dignity which is meet for the direct descendents of the kings of Portugal. It has acted in this way for two reasons; the justice owed those who led the nation through eight centuries of history, and the prudent view that there may come a time when the monarchical solution may become the national solution. . . . Whether the House of Braganza is considered merely the repository of a historical heritage or whether the possibility of future service to its and our homeland is borne in mind, it should be distant from a political leadership which might divide instead of unite the Portuguese people."

Summoned . . . to Cool His Heels

No one was more taken aback by the speech than the pretender himself, a small, courtly, pleasant man of modest fortune, with receding, sandy hair, and a flat pink face.

Dom Duarte Nuno was born in Seebenstein Castle in Austria, was raised in Austria, and speaks Portuguese with a strong German accent. Until he reached middle age, he scarcely saw Portugal. He has moved now from Austria to Lisbon, and is waiting for the call.

But what is Salazar waiting for? He is actually waiting for his neighbor, Franco. Franco has restored the monarchy in name, but finds it hard to stomach the legal king, Don Juan, with his English ways and liberal views. He would prefer Don Juan Carlos, Don Juan's more Spanish-orientated son. No Spaniard can doubt that there was, and still is, a tremendous monarchic sentiment in the hearts of the Spanish people.

When Don Juan Carlos marched in the graduation parade from the military academy at Saragossa, and took his turn to kiss the flag, there was a great cry of "*Vive el rey*" from the watching crowd. Old women and men shed tears, and Don Juan Carlos was visibly moved by the demonstration.

"Juanito," as he is known to his friends, is tough, handsome, and quite dazzlingly eligible. But he is serious, and no gossip has been attached to his name.

This gravity may date from a terrible accident some years ago when he was playing with his younger brother, Don Alfonso, in the gun room of their home, the Villa Giralda, in Estoril, Portugal. Loading a gun, Don Alfonso accidentally pulled the trigger, and killed himself in front of his brother's eyes. Juanito was so shattered by the experience that there was talk at one time of his becoming a monk. The happy years at school and at military academy, however, have lightened his attitude to life.

Fathers First

Juanito is loyal to his father, and aware that he is something of a pawn in the personal struggle between Don Juan, who wants to see a twentieth-century constitutional monarchy in Spain, and General Franco, who wants to see a king continue his own autocracy. Juanito declares, "To me, my father is King. I want only him to be King. It is not for me to discuss my affairs with my father, nor do I advise him."

And Don Juan says, "Like everyone else, I have heard rumors that General Franco would prefer my son to take the throne, but so far as I know, the law of

(continued)



If the Count of Paris becomes King of France, his eleven children guarantee him a successor.

New Yorker names self, "King of the World."

succession to the throne is unchanged."

So Franco has reached, temporarily, an impasse. But it is not for nothing that the cunning old Gallego has kept his grip on Spain for so long in a changed world. More and more, he is isolating Don Juan from his son and from the affairs of Spain. Don Juan Carlos is going through a real royal education in Spain, under Franco's avuncular eye, attending military, naval, and air academies as well as the university. Meanwhile, Don Juan is still barred from Spanish soil. Don Juan has a reasonable fortune, but much of it is in Spain, and Franco controls it. Franco pays the bills of Don Juan's establishment at the Villa Giralda, and provides his staff, his equerry, aide, secretary, etc. These are members of the Spanish aristocracy and ardent monarchists, but they are also on Franco's payroll.

Franco is waiting for something to break. And, in his own good time he will admit either father or son, as king, to Spain. When that happens, Salazar will declare Portugal a monarchy, too. But Salazar will not move without Franco.

Usurper Usurped

Both the Spanish and Portuguese successions are likely to be decided in the next few years. Not so the Albanian succession, although this is one of the most clear-cut of all. King Zog fled from Albania in 1939, when the Italians annexed the country, but Zog was never a real king. He was a usurper who proclaimed himself king in 1928 after serving as prime minister for six years.

In fact, Albania already had a ruling prince, Wilhelm of Wied, a young Prussian officer, nephew of Carmen Sylva, the poetry-writing wife of King Carol I of Rumania. Wilhelm was given the throne of Albania by all the major powers in 1914, after the little country had carved itself a certain measure of independence from the Turks. Wied was promised money and help, but World War I began, and the big countries forgot all about him. With a ringing "*Verdammt*," Wied gave up, returned to Germany where he served in the *Wehrmacht*; he died in Rumania at the end of the second war.

Albania remained a regency until Zog proclaimed himself king. But Wied's son is still recognized by legitimists as the ruler of Albania. Prince Carl Victor Wied, a tall, handsome man of forty-seven, is one of the most eligible bachelors in Munich society today. He is a Doctor of Law, a writer, and a lecturer

with an alarming ability to be witty in half a dozen different languages. "Not in Albanian though," he confesses. "My mother tried to teach it to me when I was a child, but nothing remained . . . she did not speak it too well herself."

Of his position, Carl Victor says mildly, "Circumstances made me a pretender, but I have never made a point of it. Those things are too far away to have any reality for me; indeed I was never really conscious of them."

Once a King, Always a King

But there are Albanians who feel much more warmly on the subject than Carl Victor himself. A year ago, a girl journalist on the Munich *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, while covering the Jaccoud murder trial in Geneva, met a man whose accent she could not place. He told her, "I live in Paris, but I am an Albanian by birth. How about you?"

"I am German," said the girl, "and I live in Munich."

"Munich!" The man's eyes lit up. "Our king lives there."

One of the other pretenders prowling Europe is Toto, the Italian clown, and star of innumerable Italian movies. Toto, a little man with a hawk face and a Buster Keaton expression, is, in real life, Prince Antonio de Curtis Griffio-Gagliardi, and he takes his title very seriously indeed. He insists on being addressed by it. His stationery is crested, and his camp chair on the set is marked, not "Toto," but "Prince Antonio de Curtis."

Toto specifically claims the Kingdom of Byzantium, and declares himself to be the direct descendent of the Emperor Constantine, and he is not doing it for his own amusement. He has spent a lot of money petitioning the Pope and the Italian Government for recognition of his claim. Prince Lascaris, who also claims the Byzantine Empire for himself, told me he considered Toto an imposter, and that Toto's family was not more than five hundred years old. He has written to the Pope asking him to reject Toto's petition completely.

One can pretend to other things besides thrones, of course. A curious claim to a royal title was upheld in the French courts a couple of years ago. It was made by one Mircea Lambrino, who claimed to be the first son of King Carol II (grandson of Carol I, mentioned earlier) by Carol's first wife, Zizi Lambrino. This would make Mircea the elder step-brother of King Michael of Rumania. In the

later years of Carol's dissipated life, he denied all knowledge of either Zizi or her son, but Mircea, petitioning the French courts, hit upon an ingenious idea. He grew a droopy mustache in exact imitation of Carol's, and the judges were convinced. The judgment did not change Mircea's financial condition—but it changed Mircea. He now styles himself "Carol, Prince of Hohenzollern" and, like Toto, he expects his rank and position to be duly recognized by others.

One cannot leave the subject of Europe's pretenders without touching on variations of the theme, such as those princes who ought to be pretenders and are not, and countries which ought to have pretenders and do not. I have often wondered what kind of constitutional turmoil it would cause should the man who ought to be the legal king of Yugoslavia today suddenly reverse himself, and claim his throne back. This is not King Peter, and few people know that he even exists. He is an old man of seventy-three, called Prince George Karageorgevitch, and he lives in a villa in a pleasant residential district of Belgrade, near the soccer stadium, the only royal prince still surviving, with his title intact, in a Communist country. He is the elder brother of King Alexander, who was assassinated in 1934, and is the uncle of King Peter.

Prisoner of Nish

Peter, in his autobiography, never so much as mentions him, and it is not hard to see why. George, in his youth, was incurably wild. He would yell imprecations at opera singers from the royal box, or leap out of his car when it was careening along a Belgrade boulevard at top speed, leaving no one at the wheel, to the vexation of any passengers who might have been with him. During the First World War, he was mixed up in a squalid scandal when he assaulted a groom, who died. As a result, he was locked away—as insane—and he renounced his claim to the throne. He was shut up in the lonely Castle of Nish from the early twenties until 1941, when the invading Germans released him.

After the war, Tito took pity on the penniless old prince, gave him a villa, a bicycle, and a pension of ninety dollars a month. He was married for the first time only a few years ago, to an elderly Yugoslav lady. He speaks French with courteous, old-fashioned phrases, and he is a popular figure. I have several times seen him cycling through the streets, his white



If Toto, the Italian clown, wins the Throne of Byzantium, he may be crowned on a movie set.

hair flying in the dank breezes of that gloomy capital, and I have seen passers-by and even policemen salute him.

The subject of pretenders touches only marginally on those heads of royal houses who, for one reason or another, do not fulfill their royal role. Peter of Yugoslavia and Simeon of Bulgaria are kings who have been driven from their countries, and Umberto of Italy was voted out. Only Michael of Rumania signed a formal instrument of abdication, but that was at gun point. Otto of Hapsburg, who is now forty-eight years old, and is the son of the last ruler of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, spent a courageous lifetime fighting for restitution and for the justice of his family cause. He has not seriously hoped to return as king, but he did hope that he might be appointed President of Austria. Not long ago, he renounced his claims in order to end his exile and permit his children to grow up in Austria.

A Corner of Russia in Madrid

There is a head of the Romanoffs, Grand Duke Vladimir Kirillovitch, great-grandson of the Tsar Alexander II, and of Queen Victoria. He was born in 1917, and his empire now stretches no further than the confines of his Madrid home, which is decorated in the style of old Saint Petersburg, and within which he insists on strict respect to royal precedent and protocol.

Vladimir Kirillovitch's sister is married to Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, grandson of the Kaiser Wilhelm. Louis

Ferdinand, head of the House of Hohenzollern, is plagued by that hopeless enemy of fanaticism, a sense of humor. At his modest country home near Bremen (most of his fortune is lost in Eastern Germany), he told me that his name had been entered as a candidate for the Presidency of the Federal Republic. "I got one vote," he said. "I suppose it could be the beginning of a ground swell. Unfortunately, my cousin, Ernst August of Hanover, got one vote, too."

Monarch Who Wasn't There

Another little-known fact in this tale of royal oddity is that the last throne of Europe was created less than twenty years ago, and had to look for a pretender. In 1941, after the Germans had overrun Yugoslavia, Croatia declared herself an independent monarchy, and invited the Duke of Spoleto to become king. They even had a title for him, King Tomislav I. The Duke, a well-known sportsman before the war, and husband of Princess Irene of Greece, smelled trouble, and ignored the title completely. He did not even visit Croatia. The monarchy was quickly forgotten in the blood bath which followed, when Croats massacred 500,000 Serbs. The Duke of Spoleto lived out his life in peace, and died some years after the war.

Since then, no royal sounds have been issued by the Spoleto family, but one can be pretty sure that in some future generation, some young Spoleto, either bored or out for kicks, is going to claim the throne

of Croatia, and the claim will be contested by some future Prince Lascaris, and no one will care except the editors of the *Almanach de Gotha* who will have to juggle with another nightmare tangle of trees and titles.

Pretending can get under the skin, and become a sort of virus infection. Perhaps the best proof is the appearance of the disease in America. With typical Yankee zest, the first pretender from the United States has, in one stroke, outpretended all the titled titans of Europe. In 1953, "Bishop" Homer A. Tomlinson of New York proclaimed himself "King of the World," and set out on a pilgrimage to crown himself in every sovereign state on earth, including the Soviet Union.

Zanzibar Says: Yankee Go Home

He was, he said, leader of the largest religious body on the globe, with no fewer than 100,000,000 adherents, and his accession, he said, would assure peace to all men. By February of this year, Tomlinson—a white man—had reached Dar-es-Salaam, and had crowned himself "King of Tanganyika" in the presence of six policemen, two journalists, a radio broadcaster, and Mr. Evelyn Waugh, who happened to be passing through. He sat himself on a tasseled chair, under his personal flag, laid down a Bible, an inflatable globe of the world, and set a lightweight crown on his head. Then, he got up and went away. When last heard of, he was being denied admission to Zanzibar by the ruling Sultan. THE END

Great Families of The World

What are they like . . . the men and women of the great international dynasties, the people with power to shake governments, reshape geography, cause entire cities to be built? Some of their names are familiar, others you may never have heard of. Yet their every move affects millions of lives—including your own.

BY JAMES BROUGH

You are in the presence of the mighty, the Big Power people whose influence reaches clear around the earth and into your life every day. These are the great families who made billions; in an age where other fortunes are ground like hamburger by spendthrift heirs and ruinous taxes, these people go on making more. Your clothes, your car, your insurance policies—a fraction of what you pay for a thousand things—ultimately finds its way to them.

Nearly 750,000 employees work directly or indirectly for them. They could offer jobs ranging from a \$200,000-a-year presidency of a German steel mill to a field hand's toil in a Brazilian coffee plantation. As accurately as anyone can calculate, they and their corporations are jointly worth rather more than \$5½ billion, almost two dollars a head for the entire human race.

These families can shake governments (like the Cecils in Britain), revolutionize nations (like the Birlas of India), and reshape geography (like Alex Wenner-Gren). They can create entire towns out of charity—Winthrop Rockefeller had five rebuilt in El Salvador after an earthquake—or for profit, such as the \$178,000,000 new “Essen” that Alfried Krupp is constructing for Prime Minister Nehru.

Backgrounds for Wealth

If you watch the tycoons at work, you are struck by similar, but basic differences. The Rothschilds labor in sedate, conservative elegance, with a flavor of well-preserved leather and furniture polish. Brazil's Count Matarazzo, immaculately groomed and tailored, reigns from a deep couch in the corner of an immense office paneled throughout in pigskin.

Wenner-Gren is happier working at home, or, like a Broadway producer, “out of his hat,” without a formal office organization. The Marquess of Salisbury is a strict nine-to-five man; the Duchess of Alba, delegating all business except final decisions to subordinates, refuses

to tolerate any set routine in her life.

The majority of the mighty, for reasons easy to discover, are males. In most of the world, control of a bride's dowry passes into her husband's hands, while she is excluded from public life. In some of the families, however, women exercise conclusive, behind-the-scenes influence.

A gratifyingly large number of males—Krupp, Sassoon, Wenner-Gren, and, of course, the Rockefellers, whose tastes are seldom exotic—have introduced American wives into their households. Most wives, American or not, benefit from a bit of folklore accepted among the mighty: “If you have a business interest you're bursting to talk about, tell your wife, and nobody else. It's in her interest to keep it, too.”

The mighty males have a lot in common. They bear an underlying physical resemblance to each other, no matter what their color or their national origins. They are usually taller than average, leaner in flank and face at all ages.

One explanation is the habit of early rising, which is almost a compulsion among them. Not even his heirs, however, go so far as old John D. Rockefeller, who used to spend half the night whispering pep talks to himself. And Matarazzo gets to his São Paulo office later than his father, who woke himself at 4:00 most mornings, to spend time in bed reading machinery catalogues before he got up.

By and large, they keep busy as beavers, taking care of their fortunes and their power. Alfried Krupp spoke for most of them, recently, when he sadly admitted: “In a life like mine, one has very little time left.” Yachting and breeding good horses are a source of pleasure to some scions, but these are hobbies which can be supervised with a minimum of participation required.

Café society likes to congregate in gossiping groups at beaches, race tracks, and dance floors, but our titans are less gregarious, as befits what somebody once called “sensible men of more substantial

means.” Except on formal or business occasions, they tend to live in semi-feudal isolation—preferably in a castle, if one happens to run in the family—with the head of the house surrounded by lesser relatives, hangers-on, domestic and commercial staffs.

Hands Across the Borders

One method by which the families keep their grasp on power is by helping each other out, either with investments or business introductions. Wenner-Gren of Scandinavia helped his good friend, Alfried Krupp, in his post-war reconstruction program, by obtaining an option for him on the *Bochumer Verein für Gusstahlfabrikation A. G.* steel mills. As hankers, the Cecils co-operate with the Sassoons.

The hobbies of the powerful are often expensive and, usually, rare, for sheer lack of time to pursue any. Golf is not played any more. Hunting and fishing are almost passé.

The age of the house may determine how keenly an heir interests himself in good works. The founder's thoughts habitually turn to benefiting mankind, as he prepares to face his Maker. His sons and grandsons, less hungry for their fortunes, are much more generous at earlier stages of their lives.

Ability to adapt to the tides of history is essential to holding on to power. Yet, there is a surprising lack of investment of family funds in contemporary merchandise like rockets and radar, though plastics and woodpulp are popular. An exception to this is Laurance Rockefeller.

To the others, real estate looks very attractive. This is especially true along such comparatively virgin frontiers as the shores of the Caribbean, where the Sassoons, Wenner-Grens, and Rockefellers all have new multi-million-dollar enterprises. While they watch their money multiply, they can share one thing with the rest of mankind: the sandy beaches and the sun.



SIR VICTOR SASSOON (with wife, Evelyn Barnes) is horse-racing buff, once lost \$50,000 on a single bet.

SASSOON

What stirs a man into becoming a titan? It's still a mystery, a subject filed away by geneticists, to be solved in the future. All they know is that *something*—environment, family crisis, accident—suddenly produces conditions which create a creature of destiny. Take, for example, David Sassoon, Baghdad carpet-peddler who established what has often been called the Orient's house of Rothschild.

Possibly, crossbreeding sparked his ambitions. Armenian, Turkish, and Jewish characteristics are united in the typical Sassoon face with its dark, hungry eyes. One day, David sold out his stock of carpets, and journeyed to the Persian Gulf. From there, with pearls as working capital, he sailed aboard an Arab dhow to Bombay and, buying a strip of waterfront property, built godowns (warehouses for Arab traders).

He slept in one of his sheds, surrounded by primitive burglar alarms, until, prospering, he added more godowns, lodging-houses, and a money-lending business. Later, he sent his sons off to England to bring back techniques of spinning calico in mills which he built close by. He founded a synagogue and, with intimations of immortality, constructed a huge tomb as a shrine for his progeny.

With their new English clothes and accents, his sons married into good European families. Business branches were set up in London and Calcutta. On the heels of Queen Victoria's soldiers and missionaries, Sassoon capital moved on to China and Singapore.

The next generation, David's grandsons, consolidated the sprawling collection of hotels, banks, wharves, and warehouses into two major corporations: David Sassoon & Sons, of Bombay and London; and E. D. Sassoon Company, of India, China, and Great Britain.

One grandson, Sir Edward, became a close friend of King Edward VII, and an art collector who bought masterpieces by the dozen, crowning his efforts by marrying into the house of Rothschild. Successive generations discovered headier triumphs. Sir Edward's son, Sir Philip, served as British Under-Secretary of State for Air. At his two country estates, he maintained private aerodromes, collecting party guests by private plane. Sister Sybil outdid him socially by marrying the Marquess of Cholmondeley.

The Sassoons hold power in most walks of life—professional soldiers, rabbis, debutantes. Most ornate is Sir Victor, born in 1881. Outraged by Indian nationalism, he impulsively closed down the business there and abandoned his personal \$500,000 race track. He has lost \$50,000 on a single bet, refused a \$1,000,000 bid for a horse. Recently, he invested \$42,000,000 in the Bahamas, where, two years ago, his Texas nurse, thirty-nine-year-old Evelyn Barnes, became the first bride of the world's most influential bachelor.

ROCKEFELLER

From grabbing to giving is the story, in a nutshell, of the Rockefellers—the family that has acquired more power and held on to it much longer than has any other American family.

Hatchet-faced John D., in his plug hat and Victorian frock coat, amassed an astronomical \$1,500,000,000 and a reputation as the richest, most detested man in the world. His six grandchildren—Abby, John D. III, Nelson, Winthrop, David, and Laurance—spend about \$100,000 a week on good works, and have the approval of everyone.

A strong family sense holds them together. "The family is like a solar system," a friend said. "The brothers are like planets revolving around it." They all joined in celebrating Nelson's election as Governor of New York. "What're my brothers doing?" is a standard question shot at their staff at headquarters on the fifty-sixth floor of Rockefeller Center. They keep a bust there of John D., and refuse to hear him criticized.

This old tycoon was the son of a happy-go-lucky fair-grounds quack, a situation which forced him to go out and start work young. Luck was his ally—his first Pennsylvania oil well was sunk when he was twenty. His Baptist conscience convinced him that God was on his side, that monopoly was blessed.

He wagged a finger and ruined rival oil producers, let his underlings bribe senators and congressmen wholesale, so that he could achieve his ends. He was accused of cheating his friends and was constantly indicted. He believed that wealth spelled privilege. He built a fantastic, 3,500 acre estate at Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown, New York. Yet, at home, he taught the power of self-discipline, and far-sightedly arranged for his family's financial independence.

His daughter-in-law, strong-minded Abby Aldrich, was effective in changing the Rockefeller reputation. Her benign power over John D., Jr., induced him to quit the oil business and dedicate himself to winning public esteem.

John D., Jr.'s sons are still affected by their humanitarian upbringing. They regard their fortune as "an historical freak." Their father, a shy philanthropist, used his influence to restore Williamsburg, donate national parks, buy the Manhattan site for the United Nations. Nelson, the richest American ever elected to high office, exercises himself almost equally over affairs in Albany, Washington, and Latin America. Winthrop concentrates on developing Arkansas; Laurance on conservation and a Virgin Islands resort; John III on Asia and Manhattan's new Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

In deeds and words, the generations are poles apart. "When gold speaks," the old man used to note, "all tongues are silent." Said John D., Jr., "The only question with wealth is what you do with it."

Hearst Photo Library



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., (left) with solid-citizen sons David, Nelson, Winthrop, Laurance, John D. III.

(continued)

Pictorial Parade



ATTRACTIVE DUCHESS OF ALBA and husband. They have homes in London, Paris, Italy, Switzerland, Madrid.

ALBA

The blood of *The Naked Maja*, Francisco Goya's immortal nude, runs in the veins of the golden-skinned woman who is the present head of the grandest Spanish family of all: Maria del Rosario Cayetana Fitz-James Stuart y de Silva, Duchess of Alba and Berwick. She is thirty-four years old and the mother of four children.

The wealth of the Albas in cash, land, and industry has never been accurately counted in still-feudalistic Spain, but their power over hundreds of thousands of Spaniards was in the life-or-death category, quite literally, up to a generation ago. The Albas stood at the right hand of their kings, with the unique privilege of being allowed to keep their heads covered when in the royal presence.

The family plate, some of which dates back to the conquistadors, was brought out at the wedding breakfast, served by four hundred waiters, when Maria was married in 1947 to the son of the Duke of Sotomayor. A million dollars' worth of family jewels was stitched to her ten-thousand-dollar gown. All told, \$370,000 was spent on the ceremony, by Maria's father, the Duke of Alba (seventeenth in line) and Berwick (tenth in line), who had no sons.

Historians credit the Duke, whom Churchill and other friends referred to as "Jimmy Alba," with one of the trickiest power plays in Alba archives. As Franco's ambassador in London for six years, he was for the Allies in World War II, while the Generalissimo was tempted by Hitler. Jimmy Alba kept Franco from yielding to temptation when the use of Spanish bases by the enemy could have meant Allied disaster.

Then Alba tried his strength with Franco again in 1945—and failed. He came out publicly in favor of restoring the monarchy to Spain in the person of the Pretender Don Juan, son of yet another old friend, King Alfonso XIII. The Generalissimo disliked the timing; the duke went into virtual exile until his death in 1953.

The current duchess, who is gay and only occasionally autocratic, will also not discuss such members of the family as Ferdinand, who is still detested in the Netherlands as a synonym for tyranny. Sent there as governor in 1567, he set up a "Council of Blood" and hauled before it anyone who questioned his cruelty or had property which he coveted. This reign darkened the Albas' reputation for centuries.

When the duchess wants a change of scenery, she has a London town house, estates in Italy, and villas in France and Switzerland to choose from. She can, of course, remain in one of her castles in Spain. If you ask the peasants who till her fields how many castles she owns, they tell you: "Enough to make possible a visit to a different one each week for a whole year."

ROTHSCHILD

Rothschild power has been shaking the world since it paid for Wellington's victory at Waterloo and bought half the Suez Canal. Business, nowadays, is as brisk and almost as spectacular as when Nathan Meyer Rothschild, young immigrant from Frankfurt, Germany, was continually besieged in his London countinghouse by desperate diplomats from Europe, begging him for loans to help save their governments.

"Go to London," his father, Mayer Anselm, told Nathan when Napoleon had blockaded Britain. By smuggling gold and textiles from London back to the Continent, Nathan laid down the golden subsoil on which the millions grew. Mayer then detailed a second son to Paris, a third to Vienna, a fourth to Naples. His advice to them all: Lend them money or marry their daughters, but link yourselves somehow with the foremost families in each land.

The Rothschilds have always involved themselves in the tricky task of helping their fellow Jews. Nathan's oldest son, Lionel, was three times elected to the British House of Commons, but he refused to take his seat until existing discriminatory regulations against the Jewish community had been eased.

The once-great Houses of Rothschild in Vienna and Frankfurt fell victims to Hitler, but those in Paris and London continue to thrive. After weathering the Nazi tempest, the French House has made a notable comeback through the efforts of fifty-five-year-old Baron Guy de Rothschild and his cousins, Baron Elie, forty-three, and Baron Alain, fifty. The French Rothschilds are traditionally heads of the Jewish community there. Baron Guy offered to resign that position when he married Netherlands heiress Marie-Helene Van Zuylen de Haar, a non-Jew, after having divorced his first wife, Alix. But the rabbis persuaded him to remain with them.

Nathaniel Mayer Victor, third Baron Rothschild, is present head of the English House. A fifty-year-old jazz fan who deserted banking for zoology, he won Britain's George Medal for a wartime exploit so secret it has never been disclosed. But there's a possible clue: he worked in bomb disposal and counter-sabotage.

Presiding in his place over the operations of the London banking house are uncles Anthony, Gustav, and the latter's nephew, Edmund Leopold. Both are commuting country squires, who, like all the family, continue to use their wealth and power for Jewish charities and causes.

Family cash is now invested in Canadian uranium and Sahara oil. When the new, thirty-mile-long, undersea tunnel joins France and Britain, Rothschild money will have written one more chapter in history.

Wide World Photo



BIG MOMENT for Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild was when their horse, Cerisoles, won Prix de Diane.



RARE PHOTOGRAPH of Takasumi Mitsui (left) and family was snapped during visit to Switzerland, in 1949.

MITSUI

In Japan, it is impossible to buy a newspaper, build a house, light a fire, or sweeten a cup of tea without contributing a yen or two to the Mitsui family, whose employees mine most of the country's coal, spin textiles, convert whole forests into wood pulp, stir cement, and refine sugar. They also run banks and sell insurance.

In 1947, when General MacArthur was sweeping Tokyo clean of the dynasties which had run Japan for centuries, an income-tax return reporting sixty dollars as his total wages for the year was filed by Koyo Mitsui, one of the heads of the eleven families comprising the clan. Ten years earlier, when Mitsui power helped drive the mikado's war machine, one member, Baron Takakimi, had left a personal fortune of \$130,000,000.

During the pinch-penny, post-war years, the head of the family council, Yugi Nagashima, sadly admitted: "People in Japan and all over the world think of Mitsui as some great, bad giant. I know Mitsui is not really bad at all, but others will never believe this. I think it is best that the House of Mitsui disappear, and the head of each family become plain 'Mr. Mitsui.'"

Yet they discarded their disguised names and came out of hiding when the American occupation ended. Though Japanese trusts were still outlawed, Mitsui Honsha, the gigantic holding company, was suddenly back in operation. So was Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, Ltd., the trading company which currently handles 40 per cent of the country's domestic trade, 35 per cent of her imports, and 25 per cent of exports. The family was flourishing again, but doing its best to keep its name out of print.

Mitsui history dates back to the sixteenth century, when an ancestor discovered a pot of gold abandoned by bandits in one of three wells on family property. "Mitsui" is formed by the same characters which mean three wells.

As moneylenders to Japan's shoguns, the Mitsuis prospered, then expanded as general traders. They pioneered a chain of "cash only" stores, and gave away paper umbrellas imprinted with their name in order to boost sales.

Before Pearl Harbor, total wealth was estimated at \$290,000,000. Post-war growth and inflation has multiplied that figure. But according to the staff at the New York offices of Mitsui & Company (there are thirteen listed telephone numbers), "Anything about the Mitsui family's association with the business is a secret."

Reticence about power and riches is an old Mitsui characteristic. The family council, which arranges all marriages in the clan, warns young males and females alike to "refrain from luxury." Strict penalties are enforced for members who break the code. Divorce is taboo.

CECIL

"Send for a Cecil!" is a call made by British sovereigns whenever things go wrong. The house of Cecil has been getting kings out of trouble, and making and breaking British governments since the reign of Henry VIII. That fat monarch set the Cecil family up for life by handing them some fine, rent-producing acreage which he had grabbed from his political foes. Four centuries of power have convinced them that they know best how Britain should act at home and abroad.

Current head of the king-making tribe is Robert Arthur James Gascoyne Cecil, fifth Marquess of Salisbury, which is a title dating back to 1789. This aloof, mild-mannered blueblood, known to his friends as "Bobbety," has estimated the family's worth at more than \$15,000,000, which comes mostly from hanking, brewing, and land ownership.

Bobbety showed his strength by recommending Harold Macmillan to Queen Elizabeth as successor to Sir Anthony Eden and thereby handing him the keys to No. 10 Downing Street. The Marquess, who is by far the most influential adviser at the British court, was also credited with halting the impending marriage of Princess Margaret to Peter Townsend before Antony Armstrong-Jones came into the picture. "There are people who will never forgive him for that," say some of Bobbety's political enemies, and he has many. The fourth marquess, his father, played a similar role in urging the abdication of Edward VIII when he decided to marry Mrs. Ernest Simpson.

Barons, viscounts, earls, marquesses stud the Cecils' history. By birth and marriage, Bobbety is related to half the nobility of his country. Eight relatives served in the Eden government cabinet, and nineteen are in Parliament today.

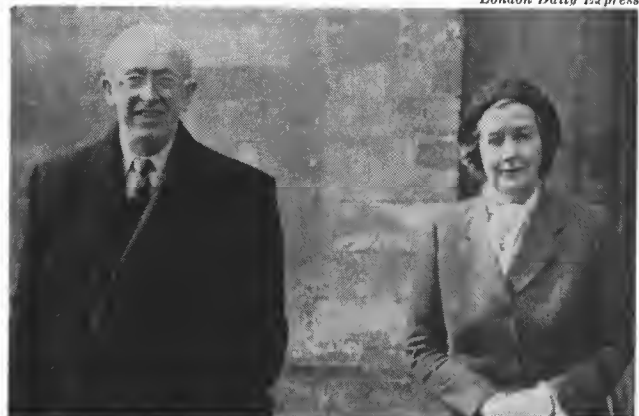
Macmillan retained Bobbety as one of his chief aides until they clashed over two issues: the release of Cypriote Archbishop Makarios (Bobbety thought it was too soon) and British treatment of Nasser in Egypt (Bobbety considered it appeasement).

He had resigned in a cold fury from government service once before—in 1938 when he saw Neville Chamberlain fawning over Mussolini. "Where is honor?" Bobbety cried out in a protest speech. "I have looked and looked and cannot see it."

Nowadays, he concentrates his energies on his positions of director of the Westminster Bank, trustee of the National (art) Gallery, and a dozen other strategic roles where he can exert his tastes and influence. "No man," his friends report, "holds so inflexibly to what seems to him to be right."

He bitterly denounces African independence, but advocates, for the good of mankind, the closest possible co-operation between the United States and Great Britain.

London Daily Express



MARQUESS OF SALISBURY (with Lady Salisbury) is head of Cecil clan. He has nineteen relatives in Parliament.

(continued)

Great Families of the World (continued)



Wide World Photo

DALAI LAMA (center, in spectacles) photographed at home of his hosts, the Birlas, after flight from Tibet.

BIRLA

Making money and history simultaneously is every family's ambition. None have recently done better at this than the Birlas of India. Four generations have piled up a fortune which would make a maharaja envious, while they helped finance the mass revolt that threw off British rule in 1948. Perhaps this is because of their family's philosophy. "Money," the Birlas insist, "is not an end in itself, but an instrument of human change."

First to make his mark was Shivanarayan Birla. He set out, at age seventeen, from the family home in Pilani, an oasis in the desert to the north of Jaipur. With an ancient flintlock and sword for protection against bandits, he rode camel-back for ten days across the sand dunes, until he reached the new British railroad, where he bought a ticket to Bombay. There he rented a one-room office as a dealer in seed and silver.

This was in the 1860's, when India's first cotton mills were opening and the Suez Canal shortened sailing time between Bombay and London by twenty-four days. Shivanarayan put his only son, Raja Buldeodas, to work. Neither of them had learned English, but they had no trouble in counting the rupees and gold sovereigns that flowed in as they opened a new office in Calcutta and branched out into cotton exporting.

As soon as they reached their teens, Raja Buldeodas's four sons, Jugal Kishore, Rameshwardas, Brijmohan, and Ghanshyamdas, were put on the payroll. Brijmohan was still a schoolboy and Rameshwardas, the eldest, only twenty-seven, when the brothers decided to pool their interests into a single company, Birla Brothers, Ltd., which today owns sugar, paper, and cotton mills; textile, cement, and bicycle factories; engineering workshops, an automotive concern (Hindustan Motors); an insurance company; and a bank.

Power politics fascinated Ghanshyamdas most. A staunch vegetarian who still rises at 4:00 A.M. every day, he found a soul mate in Mahatma Gandhi, the wizened little leader of India's best organized party, the National Congress. Birla contributions supported the campaign for *swaraj* (complete independence) in spite of the fact that the British were jailing thousands of the supporters.

In a land where private philanthropy is rare, Birla philanthropies are legendary. Many of their 100,000 employees live in model colonies, which include hospitals, shops, and restaurants. Their rents are thirty cents a month. Birla profits have built hundreds of schools, and founded numerous newspapers, among them the *Hindustan Times*.

Currently, the six sons of the brothers have inherited the executive chairs of the firm, after the appropriate periods of apprenticeship and grooming.

WENNER-GREN

"Start young and stick to your business" is a general rule among the mighty, but it doesn't hold for a lanky Swedish industrialist whom the tabloids label "international mystery man." Axel Leonard Wenner-Gren was close to forty before he sampled the power that money can bring. Since then, he made \$200,000,000 sailing into and out of industries, like his Viking ancestors. These ventures have included electronic devices, mills, food products, land redevelopment, and construction.

He made it without a family corporation or team of experts to draw on. He now works as a twosome with his American wife, formerly Marguerite Liggett from Kansas City, who sang professionally in Europe as Marguerite Gauntier. They have no children.

Their friends offer one reason for the Wenner-Grens' celebrated secretiveness about the scale of their income and influence. "The Swedes," they say, "dislike ostentation. For all his money, Ivar Kreuger, the match king, was never welcome in Stockholm society because he was a show-off. After Kreuger's death, Wenner-Gren became the biggest tycoon in Scandinavia, but he knew enough to speak softly and appear modest."

Axel L. Wenner-Gren was born in Uddevalla, a timber merchant's son. At the age of nine, he reportedly was thrashing his playmates if they failed to sell their quota of ash trays which he wove from scrap-metal strips dumped outside herring canneries. In his teens, he studied in Berlin, then worked all over Europe and in a New Jersey tractor factory for fifteen cents an hour. At thirty-eight, with an investment of \$32,000, he made his first millions from the A. B. Electrolux Company, which manufactured vacuum cleaners and refrigerators.

Wenner-Gren has suffered some setbacks, too. Soon after Pearl Harbor, he was marooned in Mexican waters aboard his \$3,000,000 yacht *Southern Cross*, when the Allies harried him from trade or travel for alleged links with the Nazis.

Compelled to linger in Mexico with a mere one million dollars, he promptly invested it in real estate, a furniture factory, and the Conquistador Silver Shop in Mexico City's Ritz Hotel. For good measure, Wenner-Gren took over two competing telephone companies, which he then merged and renamed the Telefonos de Mexico, A.A.

The venturesome Viking has set himself a new challenge in developing the hideaway Bahamas island of Andros. He reportedly controls 94,000 acres there, worth up to \$20,000 an acre, but the Wenner-Grens are in no hurry to sell. It's more fun watching bulldozer crews and landscape gardeners turn the place into their idea of an earthly paradise.



Pictorial Parade

LIKE MOST MULTI-MILLIONAIRES, Axel Wenner-Gren travels widely. He boards Sweden-bound plane in U.S.



ONETIME MUNITIONS QUEEN "Big Bertha" Krupp with her children (from left) Waltraud, Harold, Alfred.

KRUPP

"No politics here!" gray, gaunt Alfred Krupp reminds every interviewer. By deciding that a paying customer of any nationality must be right, the House of Krupp has survived two world wars to do business today with Khrushchev, as it used to serve kaisers and kings.

"I never doubted that the day of our new rise would come," says Alfred, latest one-man ruler of the steel-clad empire. He claims he is now a power for peace. The firm's one-hundred-fifty-page catalogue offers almost four thousand products and services, from bridges across the Nile to an ore-producing town in miniature in northern Canada, erected in co-operation with financier Cyrus Eaton.

For a man who was a penniless war-crimes convict ten years ago, Alfred has fared fabulously. In 1953, he officially swore off armaments, backbone of the business during one hundred-fifty years of war and worry for mankind. Even without them, he rules the destinies of a 91,000-man work force and a 100-company combine making a billion dollars a year.

Because of the Krupp habit of handing over everything, lock, stock, and gun-barrel, to a single heir, his personal fortune exceeds a billion dollars. "We have had some luck," he admits, "but not a miracle."

Some of his luck consisted in receiving \$75,000,000 compensation and having holdings worth \$150,000,000 restored to him on his release from Landsberg prison. More luck followed when Allied credit enabled him to replace war-ravaged factories with spanking new equipment.

But private misfortunes have turned Krupp into a semi-recluse—"the loneliest man alive," his associates say. In pre-war days, his domineering parents, little Gustav and big Bertha, forced him under threat of disinheritance to divorce his first wife, Anneliese, the mother of his son. Arndt, now in training as heir-apparent. In 1956, his second marriage, to naturalized American Vera Hossenfeldt, ended in a five-million-dollar divorce settlement.

Secrets are a convention at Krupp's. Bertha's father, Fritz, was a secret homosexual, saved from disgrace by Kaiser Wilhelm's intervention. In the thirties, when the Krupps were supposedly manufacturing cash registers and stainless-steel dentures, undercover German subsidies, extracted by Gustav and Bertha, financed illegal arms production. In World War II, when Hitler's goose was clearly cooked, secret orders went out to Krupp's managers instructing them to sell all war bonds and keep cash handy for emergencies.

Today Alfred asks only one thing of any German government: to be let alone to sell steel mills and ploughshares, not swords or submarines.

MATARAZZO

Power is spelled "I.R.F.M." in Brazil. The initials stand for the *Industrias Reunidas F. Matarazzo* corporation, which governs the lives of its 50,000 employees, the clothes Brazilians wear, their food and drink. "From the very earth to the customers themselves," people say, "Matarazzo controls them all."

A local box of macaroni is made with flour, salt, lard, and sugar milled or processed in Matarazzo factories. It is packaged, labeled, and crated with paper and wood from Matarazzo mills and forests, carried in Matarazzo trucks, trains, and ships.

This triumph of high-profit enterprise is unquestioned by most Brazilians, despite the strength wielded over the country by the Matarazzos, with their 367 plants sprawled throughout the land. Massive, hawk-eyed Francisco Matarazzo, Jr. (nicknamed "Chiquinho"), runs the whole works in the style of a Florentine prince. "We are really just beginning," he says. "There's so much to be done." In business, "Waste not, want not" could serve as the family motto. Since Francisco, Sr., emigrated from Italy in 1881, Matarazzo profits have been squeezed from by-products and their by-products, in turn. The young emigrant, born in Sicily twenty-seven years earlier, reached Brazil with a shipload of olive oil to sell. The very night he landed, the ship burned and sank.

On borrowed money, he pushed on into what was then Brazil's most backward state, São Paulo, and peddled vegetables until he could afford to buy a sausage-grinding machine and open a store. The by-product of sausages was lard, which he packed not in barrels but in cans—he had first branched out into a canning factory.

Then he bought a printing shop for his labels. Next, with lard leftovers, he launched into soap-making. When he died in 1939, he was the father of thirteen children, but the number of Matarazzos in Brazil far exceeded that. As he flourished, he urged his Italian compatriots to come on over. His seventeen brothers answered the call, then whole families and townfuls of people. He is personally credited with bringing in an astronomical one hundred thousand people.

He willed his estate to his children in thirteen equal parts, but Chiquinho assumed control of the colossus, which nowadays sells everything from peanut-butter to razor blades and plastics produced in conjunction with the B. F. Goodrich Company.

The only sour notes sounded are by some newspapers, critical of Chiquinho's freewheeling ways. They occasionally print full pages of pictures of poorly paid Matarazzo work-people living in São Paulo's overcrowded slums. Chiquinho preserves his customary silence. **THE END**

Hearst Photo Library



FRANCISCO MATARAZZO heads Brazilian industrial empire producing anything from plastics to peanut butter.

BERMUDA WOMEN

Lithesome socialites, who live the resort life year-round, model the "Most Likely to Succeed" swimsuits for 1961.

PHOTOS BY MAXWELL COPLAN • TEXT BY ELIZABETH HONOR

French poodles, the South Seas, Indochina, Morocco, the Spanish dance saraband, and Fort Knox, are just a few of the inspirations for the swimsuits that are rating big with Bermuda women this year.

On the fourteen-mile-long island in the Atlantic Ocean, the younger set leans less toward the lawn party, more toward fun clothes, skin diving, water skiing. Most of the "first families" young married women have from two to four children, ride either bicycles or motor scooters when they go shopping (an island rule: only one car is allowed to a family), and are working members of the Bermuda Junior Service League.

Most of them also act as crew for their yacht-racing husbands, both in Bermuda and abroad.

All of them relax by going swimming at their ocean-bound estates or at the sociable Bermuda clubs. Some of the 1961 swimsuit innovations that impress Bermuda women the most: lighter-weight suits in such synthetic fabrics as Arnel and Lastex; knits in new blends of fabrics that make them more flexible; the Paris-inspired one-shoulder suit; the "draped" look; stripes in colors smacking of the Orient; the permanently pleated skirt. For loafing on pink sands, or dipping into the ocean in these suits, the tab runs from \$17.95 to \$75.00.

MISS FAITH GIBBONS

daughter of the Brian Gibbonses' of "Harrinclair," Harrington Sound, descendant of one of Bermuda's first families, wears Jantzen's curly knit "Poodle Loo" swimsuit. Stretchable suit, six colors, rayon, nylon, cotton, rubber blend. Suit, \$22.95. Matching cardigan is \$17.95.

Poppy Lore umbrella in Celanese by Jantzen, \$8.98. Matching cotton hat, \$3.98.

MRS. "NAT" BUTTERFIELD

whose husband is associated with the Bank of N. T. Butterfield in Hamilton, has three children, lives at "Durham" in Pembroke Parish. Her gleaming gold suit, "24-Carat," is made of feather-weight nylon tricot. Designed by Rose Marie Reid, and is priced at \$75.00.

Gold-eared cap by U.S. Rubber for Cole of California. Sunglasses by Ellen Lockwood







MRS. RICHARD S. L. PEARMAN

wife of Bermuda barrister, lives in Pembroke Parish, was schooled in England, has one child (a daughter), and, like her husband, is an exceptional golfer. Her brief, shimmering swimsuit has elasticized waistband and pants-legs, for a snug fit. In black, white, or mustard. Designed by Cole of California, costs \$17.95.



MRS. FRANCIS N. TROTT

wife of importer "Mickey" Trott, whose father, Sir Howard Trott, is credited with having revived Bermuda's tourist industry after World War II. She lives at "Surrey Hill," has two sons. Her swimsuit is arnel jersey by Celanese, for Cole of California. Comes in blue, black, or violet on white, \$25.00. Her hat is by White Stag.

BERMUDA WOMEN (continued)

MISS FAITH GIBBONS

at the Trimingham estate on the South Shore, wears polka-dot knit sheath, "White Caps." The stretchable fabric is cotton and rubber. Suit has dime-sized white dots on pink, sapphire, violet, topaz, black, or emerald backgrounds. Designed by Jantzen, and priced at \$19.95.



MRS. WARREN BROWN

of "Knapton House," has four children. Husband has men's specialty shop, and is a well-known yachtsman who, last year, crewed for I.B.M.'s president in the Bermuda-Sweden race. Suèded lastex suit, "Saraband," by Cole of California, in black, white, or green, \$22.95.

Sandals by Bernardo, \$8.95.





BERMUDA WOMEN (continued)



MRS. ELDON TRIMINGHAM

at "Inlands," her home in Devonshire Parish, has two sons. Her husband is associated with Trimingham Brothers, a department store; is the son of Sir Eldon Trimingham, world-famous yachtsman. Her suit, "Saigon," is acetate, nylon, spandex, in orange-predominant, too. Rose Marie Reid, \$35.00. Hat by Madcaps.

MRS. KIRKLAND COOPER

whose husband has his own certified accounts firm, Cooper & Lines, has two children, lives at "Innisfree," Pembroke. Aboard the Queen of Bermuda, she wears Moroccan-inspired burnoose suit. The dacron-and-cotton suit comes in gold, brown, blue. By White Stag. Boy pants and bra, \$12.95. The burnoose, \$12.95.



"I wish Conrad Hilton had gotten here first."

Away From Home

BY JOSEPH MIRACHI

The guidebooks cover a lot—but there are some things you don't find out until you get there. . . .



"I can't imagine this ever happening to Levittown."



"Why, he hardly glanced through our luggage. We could be smuggling opium or diamonds or something."



"England already?" Where did the six-and-a-half hours go?"



"I thought I could get by with high-school French, but I can only understand every other word."





WILEY'S CINDERELLA STEED, *Nautical*, bred as cow pony, wound up elegant show horse. He clears fence with ease that won King George cup, led Walt Disney to make film about him.

The Sport Royalty Loves Best

The U. S. Equestrian Team moves in a stratospheric world of high jumps and high society, where horse-loving kings and queens root like commoners for their favorites. But, as this ace rider reveals, it is also a world of hard work and daring adventure—with disaster never much farther away than the next hurdle.

BY HUGH WILEY AS TOLD TO ROBERT DALEY

When it comes to sheer elegance in motion, few things can compare with the sight of a handsome horse being put through his paces. The poise of his bearing, the grace with which he clears the hurdles make riding not merely a competitive thrill, but a delight to the eye as well. Yet I have learned, in ten years with the United States Equestrian Team, that no matter how effortless it looks, riding isn't all elegance. It's also disappointing, back-

The Greyhound Racing Assn.

ENGLAND'S QUEEN MOTHER and Princess Margaret offer royal congratulations as Hugh Wiley accepts the King George V cup for 1951 at London event. Beside him is the Duke of Beaufort.

breaking toil. Above all, it's very dangerous. A single false move on the part of the rider can result in serious injury, even death.

For the horseman who belongs to a group like the Equestrian Team, riding also has its glamorous side, for we are entertained by royalty and heads of state, in almost every country we visit. And it has a public relations factor, too, because, unless we conduct ourselves properly, we may give others a bad concept of Americans. Then there's the operational side. Merely getting us across the ocean to compete with foreign teams is a big undertaking. There are only four of us on the team—Billy Steinkraus of Westport, Connecticut; Frank Chapot of Wallpack, New Jersey; George Morris of New Ca-

naan, Connecticut; and myself—but we're not the only ones who make the trip. There's also our *chef d'équipe* or trainer, Bertalan de Nemethy, plus six grooms. We take twelve horses and, to complicate things further, they have to be flown across. If they were kept stabled for the length of time an ocean voyage takes, they would get out of condition.

Olympics Start Early

Once riders, trainer, grooms, and horses have all arrived, our lives become pretty hectic. Many nights, there are late parties which courtesy demands we attend; on many mornings, we must arise at dawn to practice or to compete. On our recent trip—to Rome for the Olympics—the individual jumping competition began

(continued)

The Sport Royalty Loves Best (continued)

at 7:00 A.M. (When you are working with finely trained, high strung, blood horses, you take advantage of the coolest part of the day.) We riders were up at five to shave and dress. When we set out for the stables, in our white breeches, scarlet coats, gloves, and hunting caps, the other inhabitants of the Olympic Village were sleeping too soundly to notice us.

An Hour to Prepare

The jumping was held in the Piazza di Siena, in the Villa Borghese Park, just outside the ancient walls of Rome. I was to ride Master William, a gray, twelve-year-old ex-racehorse.

The course had been built only the day before, so none of us had seen the obstacles nor did we know what they would be. Now, an hour before the competition, we were permitted to go over the course on foot, to study the jumps, calculate how they would look to the horses, decide where we would have to check our mounts, where to give them a free rein.

There were seventeen obstacles in all, including one water jump. This was a shallow pool but it was sixteen feet across, and protected in front by a low

wall. The horse would have to jump high enough to get over this wall, but long enough to clear the water on the far side. A hoof in the water would be four faults.

The other sixteen obstacles were jumps—nearly all of them five feet high, give or take a few inches. Some were rail fences, some resembled walls, and some hedges. Of course, the rails would come down and the brick walls would fall apart if the horses hit them, but few horses galloping at an obstacle feel confident enough to do this. An imaginative horse, particularly if he has already bashed a few fences with his knees, may decide he can't make the next one. Then he either stops short or else runs around it. So, if a rider wants to win, he has to be prepared to give his horse the necessary encouragement at the right time.

This means knowing the course. For, while one five-foot fence is easy, sixteen of them in sequence can be a problem. It is not the height which is difficult. (The world's high-jump record for a horse is eight feet three inches, and one of our horses, Ksar d'Esprit, ridden by Billy Steinkraus, has consistently jumped seven feet four.) What makes trouble is the ir-

regular distance between fences, and the fact that fences are placed so that you can't come at them properly.

The course we were to ride this particular morning was about a thousand yards long, zig-zagging back and forth across an oval field that was roughly eighty yards by forty. As I walked over it in the gray light of the Roman dawn, most of the jumps looked rather high. There was one combination, in particular, that many of us will never forget. It consisted of two fences to be cleared at a strong but controlled gallop, then, a little later, a combination of three. After clearing the first two fences, you had to check your horse quickly and take the last ones at a slower pace. The horse had to go up and down like a Yo-yo to get over all three of them within twenty yards or so.

Only One Survived

Only one horse was to have a clear round all that day. One horse after another crashed into the barriers, one rider after another was thrown to the ground.

We seldom think of the danger involved in riding—one always feels accidents happen to the other fellow. But when you

TRAINER BERTALAN DE NEMETHY holds traveling trophy and smaller cup, after '59 U.S. win in Rome. Beside

him: Billy Steinkraus on Ksar d'Esprit, Hugh Wiley on Nautical, George Morris as Sinjon, Frank Chapot on Diamant.





ILLUSTRIOUS VISITOR—Prince George of Hanover—called on team members during pre-Olympic training ses-

sions in Munich. From left: Wiley, Chapot, Steinkraus, Morris, the horse High Noon, Prince George, de Nemethy.

hear about the two Danish riders who were killed last spring, and the two Spanish cavaliers who got it not so long before, you sometimes wonder if it wouldn't be wiser to go in for something like Ping-pong. In competition, we riders have more than our own nerves to master; a basically skittish animal has to be controlled, too—to be lifted, sometimes, over jumps it does not want to take, lifted by the pressure of the rider's legs and the strength of the rider's will. If that will should fail, then any one of us might end his jumping career right there.

I remember one important show when everything seemed to be going particularly well. Then, suddenly, I went crashing ahead of my horse, hitting rails and turf. As I landed, a heavy hoof came down on my chest and I imagined for a moment that it was all over. Then, as I found my legs would move, I realized that at least I wasn't paralyzed.

I got to my feet, feeling punchy, but trying to act as blasé as one can be—without his horse, in the middle of the ring, with thousands of people looking on. By the time I had collected my cap, crop, and breath, the groom—much to my dismay—presented me with my charger.

"Why did you bring him back in front

of all these people?" I asked him. "I've had enough for one night!"

At this point, three uniformed guardsmen who were policing the show rushed to my side, quickly heaved me onto my horse . . . and away we went. The crowd applauded. Some thought I was brave, others just crazy. But I was neither; I was simply a victim of circumstances.

Near-Fatal Fall

Many falls, however, do not end as luckily as this. During the Olympics, I saw Fedor Meteljkov of Russia crash into the three-jump combination I have already described. Meteljkov was tossed high in the air—I saw him for a moment, silhouetted, upside down, against the background of the crowd—then he struck the turf and lay there, motionless.

A hush fell on the spectators as men rushed forward to work over him. After a few moments, he was carefully placed on a stretcher and carried toward the gate. We were all sure he was dead. The next, just before they reached the gate with him, his arm moved weakly. He was still alive. The crowd heaved one vast sigh of relief.

Altogether, more than twenty riders were thrown or unhorsed that morning, although no one except Meteljkov was

hurt seriously. We Americans did fairly well, but got no medals. There had been sixty-one riders from twenty-three different countries and all four members of the United States team finished in the top thirteen in the individuals. What we were really pointing for was the Nation's Cup team competition on the final day of the Olympics. In that event, we won the silver medal, or second place, with the gold medal going to the German team.

Competitions like this, however, are not the sole feature of life with an international equestrian team. As representatives of our country, we find that our tours also have an important social side. At every city we visit, a new group feels obligated to entertain us. One must try to put his best foot forward on these occasions—and after reading *The Ugly American*, you try even harder. We riders must keep fit—fit not only to ride all day but to dance all night. We soon become masters of small talk and, although we drink little, we find ourselves smoking a lot.

Some people claim equestrians are snobs. This is not so. Horsemen, basically, are the most down-to-earth (no pun intended) people in the field of sports. The only snobs I ever meet are the social climbers who believe they can use the

The Sport Royalty Loves Best (continued)

horse as a stepping stone. It is true that we attend some fabulous parties during our tours, but there are other affairs at which you would pity us. One night we may dine in a palace, the next at a greasy spoon. The contrast keeps us from getting any exalted notions about ourselves.

For instance: Venice. Dinner in a fourteenth century *palazzo* on the Grand Canal. You arrive by boat, and liveried servants help you ashore. Inside, the whole place reeks of a scent prepared especially for that palace, to combat the fragrance of the canals, no doubt. The first floor is all marble and tapestries. You take an elevator to the second level and there you find another chain of servants, like overdressed traffic cops, lined up to indicate the route you are to follow through many rooms before you reach the party. Each room seems more magnificent than the one before. The floors are marble or inlaid wood with elaborate designs, the walls covered with Tintoretto's and Canaletto's.

Your host asks what you would like to drink and you dare not ask "What do you have?" as you ordinarily would, for you suspect he has everything. After having seen so many servants, you might expect to find an even larger number of guests. But this, you discover, is only a small party. There are no more than six or seven other guests. You find, however, that they are a colorful, interesting lot. The dinner turns out to be a culinary masterpiece, with wine from the host's own vineyards, and the party ends late, with all of you promising to see each other at the horse show next day.

That's one side of the coin, but let's consider the other: Germany. You've been jumping all day in the rain and now you want only a hot bath and bed, but protocol demands you attend a reception at the ancient *Rathaus*. You already know the history of the *Rathaus*, but you resign yourself to having to hear about it again.

Innocents Abroad

The receiving line is long and, perhaps because you are tired, everyone seems to look the same. Before you know it, you have committed a *faux pas* by shaking hands with one of the waiters. The mayor's wife smiles as if to say, "Aren't Americans friendly?" As for the waiter, he has become your friend for life. To prove how much he likes you, he keeps insisting—for three hours—that you keep drinking lukewarm Rhine wine. The smoke is dense, your eyes burn, and when the time to leave finally arrives, you are too exhausted to sleep.

In London, you meet the Queen, in Rome the Pope, in Washington the President. It's pretty exciting to have the head of a country present you with a trophy and to hear your national anthem played before thousands of foreigners. In that

moment, you experience a kind of bliss. But in the next town, something is sure to happen to pull you off your pedestal.

In the '56 Olympics, the American team finished fifth. All of us resolved then and there that we would try again—and do better—in 1960. There was only one way to assure this: to devote four years of the most intense effort to it. If this meant a four-month season in Europe each year traveling from Grand Prix to Grand Prix, then we would somehow manage to do it. We would get time off from our jobs, raise the necessary money, find and train the necessary number of horses.

Kingdom for a Horse

Finding the horses is often the hardest part. Good ones are so rare that they may cost twenty thousand dollars or more. However, because we are representing the United States in international competition, we often are able to borrow top jumpers from their owners for months or even years in order to train them and compete with them. Even so, money is a big problem, for it costs about sixty thousand dollars to send a team like ours abroad. Some of this is offset by the prize money we win. (In a good year, we might win \$12,000.) But for the rest, we pay our own expenses, plus extras. This loss is absorbed by the Equestrian Team.

Before the war, financing a team was no problem, for the team was a military one. The United States Cavalry had thousands of horses and riders, as well as excellent training areas. But the last military jumping team existed in 1948. That was the year our Army became 100 per cent mechanized. After 173 years of faithful service, the horse was put out to pasture. In my opinion, this was a big mistake. It's hard to evaluate the good an international jumping team can do. But I can't help feeling that we've been effective, now and then, in offsetting the unfavorable image of Americans that sometimes exists in other countries.

The present United States Equestrian Team was formed in 1950 by a group consisting of retired cavalry officers and sportsmen who believed it important for the United States to be represented in these international shows. But it has not been easy to achieve this. The problems have included not only money, but the difficulty of finding new blood—young riders. Replacements for us are virtually impossible to find. But—and this is a hopeful sign—there are now pony clubs from Connecticut to California, where youngsters are learning to ride and jump at little cost. You don't have to own horses or buy expensive gear to belong to a pony club. All you need are a pair of jodhpurs and a little free time. If this trend continues, replacements won't be the problem, in the future, that they have been during the preceding ten years.

As for myself, I learned to ride in Maryland, on my grandfather's farm. He was a lover of horses—having used them during his youth for both business and pleasure—and he instilled some of this fondness in me. Grandfather was a true sportsman; not necessarily a man who had the time and means for sport, but one who participated with fairness, who knew how to win quietly, and who could lose without complaint. He set me a wonderful example. The only time he was ever stern with me was when he would force me to get back on the pony I had just fallen from, and make me go round and round, riding and crying.

Years later, in 1956, I was in Dublin with the team when word came that Grandfather was dying and wanted to see me. I had to stay one more day for the Nation's Cup. Again I found myself riding and crying, only this time to myself; when I got home at last, I was one day too late.

I first competed on the team in 1950, as an alternate. Then, in 1955, I was invited to join the team for a European tour. They told me to bring two horses. I only had one, but quickly found and bought another which I named Nautical—because I was then in the Navy, although I had been assigned to the team to train for the Olympics.

Nautical Out of Disney

Nautical was a ten-year-old palomino with a history so exciting that Walt Disney has made a movie about him. He was called Injun Joe when I got him, and he had won many prizes, but was such an outlaw that you could never trust him. At one fence he would be two feet over, at the next he would be all in it.

He had been bred and raised on the Babcock Ranch, near Albuquerque, New Mexico—as a cow pony. His father was a famous cattle-herding horse, his mother a nobody. From the very beginning, he hated cattle and didn't mind showing it. He also showed he had ability to jump by jumping out of every pasture he was put into. The ranch decided to sell him, as a potential jumper, to an easterner.

Even in his new environment, however, Nautical remained an incorrigible bronco. One disgusted owner after another put him up for sale, and at one point he went for thirty-five dollars as a stake in a poker game.

As Injun Joe, he did win classes, but he seemed to be jumping out of fear more than anything else. Under his previous owners, I discovered, he had sometimes been abused. Every known mechanical device had been used to make him defy gravity—electricity, spurs, sticks. He had been spared nothing.

Standing beside him in the plane during that first transatlantic flight, I found him gentle and passive. He seemed any-

thing but an outlaw. Nevertheless, during those first years, Nautical was no credit to the Navy, the team, or to me. When he felt like jumping, he would jump very well, indeed. But more often he would run away, with tail flying and ears back. To my surprise, he often would shy at things a hundred feet away. And it seemed to give him pleasure to see me lying on my back on the turf.

For two years, Bert de Nemethy worked with Nautical. My only advice was to sell the horse—before he killed me—but Bert had more patience than I. Day after day, he schooled the horse, talked softly to him, until at last Nautical realized he wasn't going to be abused. Finally, at the age of thirteen, he began jumping magnificently. He won at Aachen, Rome, Harrisburg, London, Paris, Toronto, New York, Chicago. Then, last year, he was entered in one of the biggest contests of all, the King George V Gold Cup competition in London.

By this time, Disney's cameramen were already busy shooting the motion picture about him. They had followed us through France and Germany, filming everything. "We need a climax for this film," they kept telling me. (You would think I had been losing on purpose.)

In London, Nautical won his first two classes, but that was not enough for Hollywood. "You must win the class on Wednesday night, because the Queen Mother will present the trophy," I was told.

I didn't see any eagles that night, but I did have a great feeling the minute I got on Nautical. Sometimes you experience this sensation and it often snowballs—everything works.

Nautical was belching fire. It was all I could do to hold him. "Don't be nervous, we have twelve cameras on you all the time," Disney's men informed me. I was nervous, but not because of the cameras.

The Grand Finale

Every time we went in the ring to jump off, the horse got stronger and I got weaker. His blood was up, but as for me, I had run out of adrenalin. A couple of times I almost shut my eyes, we were going so fast.

The fourth time in the ring, the competitors had been whittled down to one Spaniard and myself. He went first in the last jump off and had two fences down—eight faults. All I had to do to win was to beat that.

I entered the ring, saluted the royal

box; and then Nautical started toward the first fence. All I could do was steer him. He leaped each fence with such gusto that I thought we would never come down. You had to like a horse like this.

I managed to slow him down on the turns, but going into the last two fences he got away. He hurdled the water jump as if it harbored barracuda and reached the last fence in five strides (I had figured on taking seven). You'll have to see the movie to believe it, but we landed the winner. The horse who had gone for thirty-five dollars in a poker game had won the King George V cup; Disney, at last, had his climax and, for me, there was the thrill of receiving the trophy from the Queen Mother herself, with Princess Margaret smiling approval, nearby.

The 1960 Olympic competition is now history. What does the future hold? For the present, at least, Steinkraus will probably go back to analyzing stocks, Morris to college, Chapot to selling leather. I will go back to my engineering business in Baltimore. Bert de Nemethy and the United States Equestrian team must begin their grueling preparations all over again.

Anyone for Tokyo and the Olympics of 1964?
THE END



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It's Very Dark by Six

They had explained everything to Benjy, all about how sometimes grown-up people just didn't get along well together...even mothers and fathers.

BY LESLEY CONGER ILLUSTRATED BY PETER STEVENS

Benjy Miller walked home from school in the rain.

His rubber overshoes flapped loosely—he had not done up the top buckles—and because he had had trouble with the zipper of his plaid jacket, he held it shut with one hand over his Think-and-Do book, which was pressed against his chest. In his cowboy lunch bucket, his thermos bottle rattled faintly.

As he walked, Benjy sang to himself, "I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear, but a silver nutmeg, and a golden pear. . . ." All the first-graders were learning to sing it; Benjy thought he sang it well, and wondered if Mister Simmons would like to hear him sing it over the telephone. "All for the sake of my little nut tree," he sang, and pushed open the heavy front door of the Avondale Apartments, went up the carpeted stairs, down the hall, around the corner, and stopped in front of apartment 2C.

Benjy put his lunch bucket down on the strip of carpet, laid his Think-and-Do book on top of it, and, craning his neck, he reached down the front of his shirt and fished out the key that hung there on a length of silver chain. When he had the door shut behind him, and before he did anything else, he went around the apartment and switched on the lights, one after the other, methodically—every light there was.

Then Benjy put his lunch bucket on the kitchen sink, his Think-and-Do book on the table. He hung his jacket over the back of the chair and pulled off his overshoes. He lifted the lid of the cookie jar, took two cookies, found his blue-and-white mug that still read (if held so the light hit it properly), "A Good Little

Boy," and got a quart of milk from the refrigerator. He started to pour the milk, stopped, went to the bathroom, and then came back and finished pouring it. When he had drunk the milk and eaten the cookies, he set the mug on the sink and put the milk bottle away. It was 3:30.

Benjamin Miller was, as his mother was quick to point out, a self-reliant little boy. There was really no need for her to engage a sitter when she decided to go back to work after she and his father separated, and after Benjy started first grade. After all, they lived in an apartment, and the superintendent was always handy; and besides, she had made arrangements with a Mrs. Pease upstairs to be on call in the afternoons. Benjy knew how to use a telephone, and he wasn't the type who gets into things. So his mother had given Benjy his own key, fastened it around his neck with a silver chain, and everything was working out fine. Benjy was dependable, his mother said. He was the kind of boy who would never let you down. It was good for children to develop a little independence (just as it was good for Benjy's mother to take a job again and become a "whole, real person"—the money was not the reason, for Big Ben sent them more than enough each month). If Benjy seemed a little young, well, you had to remember that he was Benjy and not just any child. Children differed, and Benjy was of the confident, self-possessed variety. You only had to see how well he took this business of the separation to know *that*. There was a little letter from Big Ben to Benjy every month with the check, and when she read it to him, there was never any outburst of emotion nor even any persistent

questions. They had explained everything to Benjy, how sometimes people just didn't get along well together, even mothers and fathers, and Benjy had understood. If she, reading against her will the other letters Big Ben sometimes sent (contrary to their agreement), felt less in control of herself than six-year-old Benjy—that was another matter.

In the middle of the living room, Benjy stood a moment and shivered, perhaps because the cold milk had just hit hot-tom. Then he went to the little telephone table and sat down. Carefully, he dialed.

At the other end of the line, the phone rang. It was a distant, lonely sound. Benjy held his breath, but there was only a long silence and then the ringing again. Benjy waited confidently. Mister Simmons was always there—he had always been there, every afternoon since the very first. Perhaps he was busy feeding Princess, or perhaps—and Benjy hunched over the phone and clutched it tightly with excitement—perhaps this very minute, Princess was having her puppies.

He listened to the phone's ringing. Outside, the rainy afternoon was already twilight, and, despite the lights Benjy had turned on, it seemed to be coming in the apartment windows. Benjy turned from the phone once to look hastily out, then back again, listening, waiting, and feeling at last the emptiness settling down about him so that he shuddered, as if the steam-heated, cozy apartment were a cold and cheerless vault.

Benjy had been a wrong number—Mister Simmons' wrong number. He had come home from school that first day and had wrestled manfully with the key. He

"Call me any time, Benjy," the voice said. "Call me tomorrow. I'll make a point of being home in the afternoons."



had practiced unlocking the door before, but now his aloneness made the key seem awkward and the lock stubborn. Once inside, sweating, he put down his things: his lunch bucket, a drawing of an autumn leaf in bright crayon colors, a piece of paper that said Look See Run Up Jump on it in large letters, a little tag in the shape of a gingerbread man, with *Benjamin* printed across it. And, though he looked about to assure himself that the apartment was perfectly familiar and hence perfectly safe—he looked at the gray sofa, the chinaware boy on the mantel, the pictures of the big yellow flowers which his mother called, inexplicably, “the *Vango*”—still, it was suddenly strange.

He had been alone before, when his mother had run down to the store for something, or had gone to speak to the super or to Mrs. Pease, but it had never been for long; moreover, he had never come home to the apartment by himself and found it empty. Turning the key in the lock, pushing open the door to no welcome, this was quite a different thing. Now he stood there in the middle of the room, in the middle of the afternoon, safe and sound in his home, with Mrs. Pease upstairs and the telephone ready for any emergency—and he was afraid.

Then, into this moment of fright, had come the jarring ring of the telephone. It was terrifying, like a shriek. He was afraid to answer and yet more afraid of another shattering blast of noise. He lunged for it, and spoke into the mouthpiece without even a hello.

“My mother isn’t home!” he shouted all in one breath, and then he still clutched the receiver in his hand, too alarmed to hang up, so that he heard the old, gentle voice saying, “Oh, then I *do* have a wrong number. . . . Aren’t you a little young to be all alone and answering the telephone?”

It was a human voice after all. Benjy relaxed. “I’m six,” he said.

“Oh, well, *six*,” said the voice, making six sound old beyond belief and capable of anything. “That’s different. Well, now, I’m Albert Simmons, and who are you?”

“Benjy,” Benjy answered. Then, properly, “Benjamin Miller.”

“How do you do,” said Mister Simmons. “I’m glad to know you, Benjy.”

It was, perhaps, some quality in Mister Simmons’ voice. The apartment, which had seemed menacing a moment before, resumed its familiarity. Benjamin stayed at the phone and talked. He told Mister Simmons about first grade, about the leaf he had colored, about how to say, “Good morning, Miss Ackerheimer!” And when he hung up, he sat and repeated the number Mister Simmons had given him. (“Call me any time, Benjy,”



Turning the key in the lock, pushing the door open to no welcome, he was afraid.

he had said. “Call me tomorrow. I’ll make a point of being home in the afternoons,” he said, and he laughed as if being home were a great, wonderful joke.) “C-E-0-5-8-5,” Benjy repeated.

“C-E-0-5-8-5,” Benjy said the next day, just before breakfast, when he was tying his shoe; he had thought for a moment he had forgotten it, and then it had come to him and he spoke it aloud with relief.

“What?” his mother asked.

“Oh, nothing,” he said, and naturally she believed him; little boys were always saying things that mounted up to oh,

nothing. “Nothing, nothing,” he repeated.

He didn’t want to tell her about Mister Simmons. It had not occurred to Benjy—any more than it had occurred to her—that a six-year-old boy had a natural right to some fears, at least, even unreasonable ones in a steam-heated apartment. His mother had taken for granted that he would not be afraid. “You’ll be okay, won’t you, Benjy?” she had asked gaily. “Sure, I’ll be okay!” And if he could not admit his fear to her, then he could not admit his dependence on Mister Simmons who abolished fear.

But Benjy was only freshly six and not always circumspect; he was not used to concealment, except of trifles, and even trifles (like a hole made with a pin in the bottom of a toothpaste tube, so that the toothpaste squirted out, an excitingly squiggly worm) managed to reveal themselves without inquisition—he was generally that artless. So at last he quoted Mister Simmons on the habits of parrots—Mister Simmons had one named Nonsense; Benjy had even heard him talk—and had been so careless as to name his source. And who is Mister Simmons? Oh, somebody—nobody, Benjy replied, looking somewhere else.

But Benjy’s mother understood, of course. Mister Simmons was an imaginary playmate—well, if not exactly a playmate, an imaginary character. Benjy was not so solid a citizen as to have no imagination at all, and his mother was rather pleased. His other virtues were not so colorful for anecdotal purposes; she was truly proud of him and talked of him a great deal at work, her pride somehow enhanced by the constant exclamations of her colleagues, announcing their inability to imagine her as the mother of a six-year-old son. But I am, I really am, she would reply, gratified, and she would recount another incident of Benjy’s maturity, wisdom, independence, self-sufficiency—and now, to add spice, his whimsical inspiration. She refused to admit to herself that it would have been better to be telling the stories to Big Ben each night when he came home from work rather than to her fellow-employees each morning when she went to work; and she clung tenaciously to this image of her Superboy son because, if marriage had failed, at least motherhood could be vindicated.

As for Benjy, he leaped at the opportunity. Now he could talk about Mister Simmons, and if his mother chose to regard him as unreal, that was not Benjy’s concern. He could talk freely about Nonsense the parrot and Princess the collie (Is she like Lassie? Oh, very much—almost exactly, only I like Princess better. . . .) and the puppies that were going to be born. Only I can’t have

one. Benjy said, because we can't have dogs in the apartment. His mother hid her smile, thinking how clever Benjy was to rationalize the impossibility of producing a real pup from an imaginary dog!

But Mister Simmons took Benjy's fear for granted. When you're lonely, Mister Simmons said, give me a ring. I'm not lonely, Benjy said honestly, I'm kind of scared. Mister Simmons understood.

It was a relief to know that Mister Simmons knew; it was a relief to admit it. Benjy could have been very wise and polysyllabic about this, had he been a psychologist instead of a six-year-old boy. But he did know that when the fear came insinuating into the apartment despite the lights and the steam heat, it helped to know that Mister Simmons knew.

But the faraway phone rang and nobody answered. *Hurry, Mister Simmons, you are halfway up the stairs and in from your garden, your hand is reaching for the phone—but nothing happened.*

Slowly, Benjy felt the unwelcome and invisible drifting into the apartment as we all have felt it, safe with doors locked and the house known empty, and still the cold, unseeable Something is behind us. He sat, holding the receiver, listening, listening, listening in vain, until at last he whirled suddenly to face nothing, a terrible Nothing.

The receiver, then, clacked angrily in his hand, and in all his fright he lifted it stiffly to his ear and heard the shrill female voice, exasperated. "He isn't here, he isn't here, for heaven's sake!"

Benjy could hardly speak, but even the

angry voice was something to grasp at. "Oh," he said, "oh, I guess he isn't—"

"Why—it's a child!" The voice was coming down from its high peak of annoyance. "My goodness—are you sure you have the right number? Was it a Mister Simmons you wanted, child? Cedar 0585?"

"Yes'm," Benjy said. "Is he taking care of Princess, is that where he is? Is Princess having her puppies?" There was silence at the other end of the line. "Mister Simmons' dog, Princess, I mean," Benjy explained.

"Why—why honey, Mister Simmons doesn't have any dog. Why, we don't allow any animals here in the building—and Mister Simmons in that wheelchair, he couldn't take care of any dog—"

"Oh," Benjy said. Then, Benjy thought, she was a make-believe dog after all. And fathers went away and didn't come back, and mothers went to work and made you come home to an empty place, and even kind strangers made up stories to tell you that weren't true. "Where is Mister Simmons?" he asked.

"Why, honey, he's ill. He took ill and went to the hospital. But he'll be just fine," the voice went on hastily. "He'll be right as rain in a day or two. Are you sure it's the same Mister Simmons you were calling, Mister Albert Simmons? Why, he's lived here for years, one of the best tenants I ever had—but he never had any dog."

"Yes'm," Benjy said. I never would've seen Princess anyway, he thought, nor the puppies, either, even if he hadn't just made them up.

"Did Mister Simmons tell you he had a dog, honey?" The voice did not wait for Benjy's murmured assent. "Why, the poor old lonely man!" it said gently, almost whispering.

Benjy took a deep breath. "Please, when you go to the hospital, tell him Benjy called him. Tell him I don't mind about Princess, it's all right," he said. "And tell him to hurry and get well."

When Benjy's mother opened the door, he catapulted into her arms, sobbing and choking, crying, "I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" And it was no longer the little fear, the little childish fear of hobgoblins and Something Behind Me; it was something else—a bigger fear that had to do with loneliness and loss and an old man in a hospital; and out of it all came something else, hurtling through from the secret place where he had it so long. "I want my daddy!" Benjy cried, and he pummeled her face with his fists and sobbed and sobbed.

She held him close, feeling his sturdy body shake, feeling how small he was after all, and kneeling with him, knowing how small they both were, the two of them alone. In her mind, she was composing it already, answering at last the letters that came—though he had promised not to write them—with the monthly checks: *Please come back, she would write. We are tired of being alone and tired of being brave, Benjy and I.*

And she stood up and picked up Benjy, big as he was, and carried him to the sofa, and sat down, holding him in her arms.

"Tell me about it," she said. THE END

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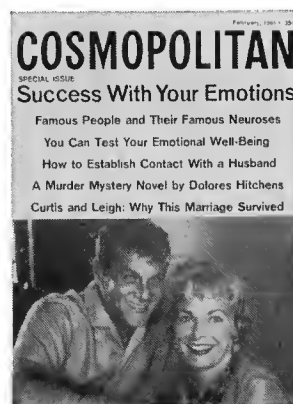
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Curtis and Leigh



TRAVEL LIGHT AND TRAVEL FAR

After we had been married a year, I realized two things. One: There was no mystery left—she had become totally predictable. Two: I had passed up the opportunity to use my marriage to business advantage.

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY DARREL GREENE

The moment I walked into my office after three rugged days in Detroit, my secretary, Miss Nancy, told me Prentice Flannigan wanted to see me right away. I knew from her tone he wasn't anxious to give me a bonus. I asked her if she had any clue.

"Lew Wales goofed up the Chem-Land contract," she said.

I stared at her. "Completely?"

"Nobody seems to know yet."

"But how the hell *could* he have even got close enough to it to have . . ."

"I honestly can't tell you any more about it, Bill."

After Flannigan's girl told him I was waiting in the outer office, he took two minutes to wind up his conference with a couple of the engineers. When I went in and closed the door, he asked me, in a soft, funereal voice, to sit down. He tilted his chair back and closed his eyes, laced his big white fingers across his flat belly, and sighed a few times.

Prentice Flannigan, except for his prematurely white hair, looks a little like old photographs of Henry Wallace. He has cultivated vague, professorial mannerisms, and he dresses like a medical missionary. But, if any fat and ancient corporation in America should suddenly feel the need of a totally ruthless hatchet man to bring it back into a competitive position in the shortest possible time, and should make a list of the ten possible candidates for the job, Flannigan's name wouldn't be far down the list.

Without opening his eyes, he said, "Brewster phoned me from Detroit."

"It took some infighting to bring him around."

"You did well out there, William."

"Thank you."

He opened one ice-blue eye. "Don't thank me. I sent you out there so the whole thing would be handled the way I wanted it handled." He sat up abruptly and began to carefully straighten a paper clip, scowling at it as he did so. "I am

responsible to the Board of Directors, Mr. Ellison. They are not interested in why things go right or go wrong. If they don't go right, most of the time, I am a pretentious, overrated bum. They throw me out. In any corporate structure as complex as this one, I must assign authority and responsibility to people who will, out of self-interest plus ability, keep me from looking like a bum."

"Mr. Flannigan, I—"

"You have exactly the same problem I have, Ellison, but on a humbler level. I am your board of directors. I think of you only in terms of your usefulness, without sentimentality. When this corporation needed surgery, they brought me in. I brought some of my own people. I found others here, like you, I felt I could make good use of. I have suspected you have a blind spot, a serious flaw. I was able to prove that suspicion correct."

"I guess you must mean—"

"Now I have a problem, Ellison. Logically, I should request your immediate resignation. If I had a man to slip into your job, that is exactly what I would do. But I happen to need your services. Understand, I operate only on the basis of your usefulness to me. I must eradicate this flaw which limits your usefulness."

I could feel a chilly trickle of sweat along my ribs. Flannigan has the ability to terrify me, but if I ever let him know it, I would be lost.

"Tell me about my flaw," I said.

"I can name three incidents in the past fourteen months, William. The Therman-Gould Tool Company problem. The Reisman lease. And now the Chem-Land fiasco. You took full blame for the first two incidents and repaired the damage. Perhaps you would have tried to handle Chem-Land the same way."

"I've heard that one of my people, Lew Wales, goofed, but I don't know how."

He looked so disappointed. I knew he had been planning to jump me with it. He shrugged. "How do the innocents al-

ways mess things up? Shaking with zeal, they take onto themselves authority they do not have to handle matters about which they are ignorant. *Your* Mr. Wales dug into your project file, William, and came up with the draft of the least advantageous agreement with Chem-Land we were willing to make. It was to have been our final offer, if such an offer proved necessary, which it didn't. We had negotiated a very favorable contract which was to have been signed tomorrow. Mr. Wales thought it was something you had forgotten. So, helpfully, he rushed it off to the Chem-Land attorneys."

I lowered my face onto my open hands. "Does this blow it?" I whispered.

"Not at all! Not at all! It just skims the cream off the contract. We'll still do a little better than break even, if nothing goes wrong. It will put an ugly little dent in the operating statement."

"Did you talk to Lew?"

Until he became totally incoherent. It took him about four minutes to reach that condition. But before he reached it, he began apologizing to me for the mistake he made in the Therman-Gould estimate, and the matter he overlooked regarding the Reisman lease. This morning I looked at your file and his, as maintained by Personnel."

I kept my hand motionless as I held a match to my cigarette. "Looking for the flaw?" I asked him. "A flaw named Lew Wales? So why didn't you fire him?"

Flannigan smiled at me. His smile is notoriously more dangerous than his frown. He uses it to quick-freeze the blood of his victims.

"You're so unruffled, Bill Ellison, I'm not making a mark on you, am I?"

I felt my way into that one very carefully. "At my age, Mr. Flannigan, and taking into account your reputation, if you bounce my pants off the front sidewalk, the industry will know it and remember it. I'll find other jobs, but you

"It's, as you say, a question of survival," Alice said. "And wouldn't I be a dreadful fool to hang around until you decide you can't afford me either?"

will have sawed off the top third of the ladder, and I'll never live long enough to cash in on a stock option. I'll spend the rest of my life like a deep-sea diver who isn't getting quite enough oxygen. I'm aware that, right at this moment, I'm fighting for a kind of survival that is the most important thing in my life. That is the kind of a mark you're making. But if I should start to beg and plead and crawl, Mr. Flannigan, you can be damned well certain you'd be better off hurling me the hell out of here."

He studied me for a few moments and then said, "Perhaps I can consider myself fortunate that I am safely twenty years older than you are. I would not like to be thirty-two right now, standing nose to nose with you, hoy. You can make a lousy pair of sixes smell like a full house."

"Which is why you've been hustling me along so fast, isn't it?"

"Suppose you just tell me why I didn't fire Wales, William."

"In the first place, you've left it up to me and your other lieutenants to hire and fire our own staff people. I've fronted for Lew twice. I should have fired him. I didn't. So, in the second place, if I have personal reasons for not firing him, you don't want to do me the favor of taking me off the hook. Thirdly, you don't know if this is a special circumstance unlikely to occur again, or if it is characteristic of me to take such a soft attitude toward my people that I endanger my own career."

"Which do you think it is?"

"A special circumstance."

"How special?"

I had to look away from him. "We both went out of Penn State and into the Korea thing together. I used the hell out of him in school. He was the offensive guard. He opened fine fat holes. He made me look very, very good. I used him in Korea. I got a field commission. He became my platoon sergeant. And he brought me in on his back one night, off a recon patrol. We applied here, and we both got on, and he made me look good, at first. We had a double wedding, a pair of Pittsburgh girls, good friends. If you looked at the files, you noticed the addresses. We live next door to each other. Alice and I have no kids. Lew and Janey have two, and they live in our house as much as in theirs. Alice and Janey are more like sisters than friends. Since I've been here, I've had six promotions. Lew has had five. I've been responsible for the last four he's been given. I thought I could keep him backstopping me, a step behind me. In this past year, I've come to realize it was a bad mistake."

"Why?"

I felt annoyed at having to explain the obvious. "In his way, he's a great guy. Point him out a target, and he'll go steaming and clanking after it. He's earnest.

But I hauled him up too far. This latest goof arose from a great desire to be of help to me."

"I'm sure it did, but I don't give marks for good motives."

"Anyhow, it's a very special case."

"What makes you think you won't adopt a new Lew Wales after you chuck this one, Ellison?"

"Because I never needed a Lew Wales before this one came along. Mr. Flannigan. When I was about eight, right here in Youngstown, I figured out all by myself there are four kinds of people in the world. Some start with it and keep it. Some start with it and lose it. Others start low and stay low. I knew I was in the last group, the ones that start with nothing and keep climbing until they die. I've learned a lot of different ways of climbing. There are more to learn."

"Right now, you're lugging dead weight along."

"I know that."

"So you cut it loose."

"There're some places in the company where he'd really work out all right."

He smiled again. "Maybe I am interested in motivations, William. Yours. And how strong they are. I'll be through here in another year. I'll leave some of my team here. It always happens. They get a little bit fat and secure. I'll need people who can travel light and travel fast, and not waste time looking back over their shoulders. I need twenty-hour-a-day men, the smiling ones with nerves like bandits." He shrugged. "I suppose it's something to think about. Your staff is your own problem, of course. If you make any changes, let me know." He nodded and reached for his phone.

I walked out and grinned at his girl and went briskly down the corridor. But when I came to the fire door, I pushed it open and went out onto the cement-and-steel landing. I closed my eyes and rested my forehead against the roughness of the wall and hit the wall very gently many times with my fist. I moved for a moment into an impossible future where I had all the cards, all the weight, all the edge, sitting behind my desk, smiling, telling Flannigan three different ways he was through, watching his eyes as I told him.

I pulled myself back out of the dreams and went back to my own shop. Nancy told me Lew was anxious to talk to me. I told her to keep him the hell away from me, and to get me Alice on the phone. My wife likes to know when all plane rides are over. She can't get it through her head that it is the same as calling her after every ride on a city bus.

She told me the car was making a funny sound, that the black dirt had been delivered, that we were going to the club tonight with Lew and Janey, and that she was glad I was home.

I said I would be late and she said I could join them at the club whenever I could make it.

It was after seven before I let Nancy go, and I kept working for another hour. By that time I had enough pain in my middle to make the club food a bad risk, even if I could have arrived in time to be served. I could thank Lew for the recurrence of the symptoms which, they keep telling me, can turn into a nasty ulcer if I don't pace myself. While I had a bland meal in town, I read over my first draft of the Detroit agreement. By the time I had driven home, changed, and driven on to the club, it was nearly eleven.

The bar was crowded and noisy. I found Alice and Janey right where I expected them to be, in the alcove off the bar, making a concerted attack on one of the dime slot machines.

I kissed Alice, then Janey. Alice had to make certain I'd gotten something to eat. They said one jackpot had put them way ahead of the machine.

"Have you seen Lew?" Janey asked.

"Isn't he here?"

"Sure, he's here, but he's got the uglies. He thinks you're sore at him, Bill."

I found Lew out by the service bar on the terrace, trading combat lies with Rick Greer who cannot seem to forget he was once a Marine. Both of them were a little loud and blurred by drink. Lew excused himself and we went down to the far end of the terrace and sat on the low stone wall that overlooks the eighteenth green.

Lew Wales is big, and his blond hair is thinning fast, and he isn't watching his weight the way he should. He sweats heavily. I have learned that every man has one characteristic attitude which becomes his social and professional armor against a cruel and indifferent world. Mine, perhaps, could be described as an attitude of ironic challenge. Lew's is one of jovial apology.

"I tried all day and I couldn't get to see you," he said, accusingly.

"Flannigan kept me on the jump."

"I guess you're sore at me."

"Suppose you tell me how you happened to do something so stupid. If you were a Chem-Land spy, you couldn't have done a better job."

"Listen. Bill, dammit, we started to work up the materials list and I went into the file to check delivery schedules. I found that original draft in there, signed by Flannigan and all, and our file copy with it. I looked at the distribution, and saw where the other ten copies went, and figured by some mistake this one hadn't gone to the Chem-Land attorneys. So . . . I sent it."

"All the other copies were destroyed as soon as we made a better deal. Why didn't you ask Nancy at least?"

"I work for you," he said in a surly

tone. "I don't work for your girl, Nancy."

"With you on my team, I don't need enemies, Lew."

"You know I didn't *mean* to mess you up, Billy! You know, in my whole life I never had anybody chew me like Mr. Flannigan did. When I walked out of there, my legs were so weak I could hardly stand up. How was he with you?"

"We tickled each other into fits of helpless laughter. Lew, what I don't understand is how you could have been around our shop for the past eight weeks and have been unaware of the series of deals we worked out with Chem-Land. Hell, you worked up some of the figures."

"Well," he said uneasily, "there's a lot of tricky things to remember. Things change pretty fast. And you don't always get a chance to brief me, Bill." He paused and then said, with more confidence, "I've got on top of the Production Control setup, just the way you wanted it lined out, Bill. We can run in to the office tomorrow and go over it."

"Have Nancy put it on my desk. I'll check it out Monday."

I didn't want Lew explaining to me what he had done on a project I had originally explained to him. He belabors the obvious. He hammers it to its knees. And if there is any interruption, he goes back and starts at the beginning. There is a usable value in such men. They thrive on familiar detail. They give loyalty and expect trust. They have an incurable belief in the decency of man, and they have that terrible capacity to forgive.

"I guess I'd better be more careful," he said, and I knew he yearned to be punished.

"If you'd promise to do absolutely nothing all day every day, I'd feel a lot safer," I said.

In the silence, he decided how he was expected to react to that. He made the only choice permitted by his own pride. He laughed. He punched my shoulder and said, "You can't get along without ol' Lew out in front of you knocking the tacklers down, boy."

"This time you got in my way and dropped me for a loss."

"What does that make it? Third and eight? Just show me which way you want to go, pal, and I'll make a hole so big you can stroll through it. Come on. I'll buy you a drink."

I took a chance on a milk punch in spite of the way my dinner was behaving itself, and soon learned I should have left the punch part out of the order. I danced once with Alice and once with Janey, and then it was time to split the winnings and go home.

I stood looking out the bedroom windows, smoking a final cigarette before undressing for the night, half aware of Alice pattering through her bedtime routines.

She is, I suppose, a sweet and undemanding woman. In seven years of marriage, her features and figure have become heavier and her blonde hair has turned several shades darker, and she has begun to foreshadow just what she will look like at fifty. All her life, people have said, "Alice has such a sunny disposition!" It bothers both of us that we have been unable to have children, but for different reasons. Kids would have diluted some of the attention she focuses on me.

Don't ask me what love is. She was a sweet, impenetrable mystery and I wanted her very badly. After we'd been married a year, I realized two things. There was no mystery left; she had become totally predictable in all things. And I realized that I had given up the opportunity to use marriage at some future time for business advantage. In that sense, I had deprived myself of the use of a weapon many men have utilized with great shrewdness, and I could not see that I had gotten very much in return. She could neither help nor hinder my career in any measurable degree.

I knew what I had to do and how I would do it, and it was only fair to let her know. She was sitting at her dressing table. I stubbed my cigarette out and said, "I'm letting Lew go, honey."

She turned around to stare at me, with that smile people wear when they do not quite catch the point of a joke.

"Go where?" she asked.

Her denseness irritated me, and absolved me from any obligation to tell her what else I might have in mind for Lew. "I'm tying the can to him. I can get him two months' pay."

She stood up quickly and came over to stand in front of me. "I don't know what you're saying."

"What's so complicated about it? He's made me look bad. I can't afford him."

"But you can't do this to him! I can't let this happen to Lew and Janey. You can't be serious, Bill! No . . . no job can be so important."

"You'd better understand that nothing you or anybody else can say is going to change my mind. When anything turns into a question of survival, honey, I come first. Do you think it's going to be easy for me to tell him? Do you think that I'm going to enjoy it?"

She stared up at me for a long time, her head slightly tilted. "Yes," she whispered. "I think you will."

I walked away. "That's a vicious thing to say, Alice."

She backed away, and she looked puzzled. "I've never known you at all, Bill. I've been explaining you to myself in all the wrong ways. I haven't wanted to believe you're so . . . little."

"There's no reason for you to get all worked up about this."

"No? I just . . . accept all this and go on as before, all humble and grateful about being married to such a promising young man." She was crying softly now.

"Why should it change anything?"

"Because it is, as you say, a question of survival, Bill. And wouldn't I be a dreadful fool to hang around here until the time when you decide you can't afford me either?"

It all happened a long time ago. So much has happened, it seems impossible it was only two years ago. I fired Lew. I spent ten minutes firing him before he realized what was happening, and then, unbelievably, he wept. A big guy like that! Snuffling and trying to grin, then leaving my office almost at a run. Morella at Otis Wire owed me a fat favor, so I used it getting Lew a job over there, one he could handle.

When Flannigan left, he took me with him, and my picture appeared for the first time in many trade journals. I was the newest recruit on what was called Flannigan's First Team.

Right now, I am reorganizing the whole Venezuelan setup. When I got back to my hotel in Caracas last night, after three days in the field, I found a letter from Lew Wales, forwarded from the New York offices. It was friendly. Lew has never held a grudge against anybody in his life. He enclosed a picture of the four of them, taken in the back yard of the house where I had once lived, the house I had turned over to Alice along with our savings. She refused alimony.

I had known his name was Rainey. I took the picture over under the light. He was a big man, as big as Lew Wales. The four of them stood in sunlight, grinning and squinting into the lens. The stranger had his arm around Alice's waist, and she was swollen with child.

Suddenly, last night, a curious thing happened to me. It has never happened before and I hope it will never happen again. I looked at the picture and I suddenly had a sensation of great loss, of a twisting, bitter regret that rasped my heart and blurred my eyes. I felt as if I had walked out of a good and warm place and closed a door and learned, too late, it had locked when it closed.

But this morning I looked at the picture again. And I smiled because it had a look of quaintness, of unassuming middle-class charm. The four of them were trapped back there in a tiny world, squinting in the sunlight, content to breed and work and die, yearning for no more than they were receiving.

As I looked at the picture, I felt a nostalgic sentimentality. I imagine that a great man would look in that same way at a photograph of the humble circumstances of his birth, and marvel at his own escape.

THE END



The Return

It was his brother's apartment—Tony's liquor and Tony's wife.
Now, after the bitter years, he was back to claim possession.

BY DAVID DELMAN ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

It reached the point where it seemed he had never been anywhere but in the hospital room, as if there had never been anything to see but the thinness and grayness of Tony's face, when at last it happened. It was the breathing, turning less like the shuddery, drawn-out gasps of strangulation, that told them Tony had won his battle. He would be all right now. Neither Glenn nor Claire, the watchers, needed the doctor to pronounce this, though he did so at once and then sent them from the room.

Outside, made purposeless by the suddenness with which the week-long vigil had ended, they stood for a moment, looking back at the door. Claire tried to smile. "Tony couldn't die of pneumonia," she said. "He's always insisted he was born to have a fatal heart attack on the golf course."

"Or to hang," Glenn said, and wished that he had not spoken. He had meant it lightly enough, as a counter to the tension already beginning to build between them, now that they could think of something other than Tony's sickness. But Claire's eyes closed, and the fatigue in her face seemed to assert itself in even deeper lines.

"Do you still hate us?" she asked.
"No."

"I should have thought, after all these years, it would have been impossible for you still to hate us."

"It is."

She studied him hard for a moment, then glanced away.

"You're tired," he said. "Let me take you home."

"It isn't necessary."

"Please," he said. "I want to."

She nodded, and as he guided her through the corridor, she took his arm. He tried very hard not to be conscious of her fingers touching his arm.

In the cab, she leaned back and closed her eyes again. "Tony's such a tough," she said after they had been riding for a while. "Remember what your mother used to say? She used to say if ten people were in a room with him when the ceiling fell in, there would be ten fatalities and one mild headache. Tony was her indestructible one, she used to say, the kind that couldn't be stopped."

"She was right."

"Yes," Claire said tonelessly. "she was right." She turned to him. "What were you thinking all those days when you kept staring at him as if he was all there was left in the world?"

"I was thinking how much I wanted him to get well."

"Nothing more?"

"I was thinking how much I had once loved him."

She smiled. "'Tony's my indestructible one,' your mother used to say, 'but Glenn is my good one.'"

"She used the word as a synonym for weak," he said, without bitterness.

"Will you stay in New York until he's on his feet?"

"No."

She bit her lip and turned away again so that she was staring straight ahead.
"Please stay."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because the studio wants me back. There's a script they're waiting for me to rewrite, and . . . Claire, there isn't a damn thing to stay for."

"No," she said, after a moment.

He shifted to face her. "How the devil can I forget the things that happened? I can regret them. I can even understand them—we were all so ridiculously young—but how in hell am I supposed to forget them?" And he wondered at his own vehemence.

"I don't know," she said, and once more leaned back against the seat. The silence between them grew prolonged, and as the stillness lengthened, Glenn tried to remember the things he had told her he could not forget. . . .

On his first day back from Korea after the war, when he called her from Los Angeles, Claire did not tell him she was going to marry Tony. The hesitancy in her voice might have told him, but he was so happy to be actually talking to her, to know that within countable days he would be touching her, he could think of nothing else. She waited until she saw him—which was two weeks later—and then she did not tell him right away.

Opening the door for him, Claire's mother smiled; a slight, twisted smile in her thin, defeated face, but from her it was the equivalent of a brass band marching home. "She's in the living room," she said, and vanished.

Claire was on the sofa. When she saw Glenn, she ran to him and clung hard, and when he tipped her face up, he saw that it was white, and she was crying. "Stop that," he said.
"I can't."

He studied her, drinking her in. "You look wonderful, but you look tired," he said. "Everybody looks tired. You, Tony, everybody. Except me. Me, I'll never have to sleep again."

"Glenn . . ."

"Do I dazzle you in my battle raiment? They all said I would. I don't have anything else to wear, anyway. Later on, you can go shopping with me, and we'll reclothe the conquering hero in garb of . . . Am I talking too much?"

"No."

"Yes. I am," he said. "I'm excited."

"Glenn, let's go shopping now."

"Oh, no," he said. "Later."

Glenn went to her then, and kissed her with all the yearning that was in him, so that she should know.

The Return (continued)

He tried to take her in his arms again, but she eluded him. "Later, the stores will be closed," she said.

"Never to reopen? All right. But can we come back here?"

"Yes."

"Will your mother have found some pressing duty to perform elsewhere?"

"I'll see."

"Do you promise?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Claire, but the first thing I have to do is kiss you."

She came to him.

"I'll do it very nicely," he said, "because it's been a very long time, and if I don't do it very nicely . . ."

He kissed her, and, when it started to become something else, she ran away from him. "I'll get dressed," she said.

They went shopping, and they bought two suits for him, or rather cloth for two very extravagant suits because that was the kind of mood he was in, and shirts and ties and shoes and three belts and underwear, and when at last she agreed he was fully equipped, they came home, and her mother was not there.

Glenn dropped his parcels on a chair. "Now, come here," he said. "Now that I've let you browbeat me to your heart's content all afternoon, come here."

Then she told him. She told him how it had all happened, how she had gone to his house for news of him during one of those periods when the mail was held up. Tony had been there. And the next time, he had been there, too. And then the next. Soon, there were clandestine meetings, though it is possible his mother would not have objected even if she had known. Perhaps, Glenn speculated later, they were hiding from themselves. He had letters from both of them during this period—chatty ones, full of inconsequentialities.

He sat on the sofa, listening, staring at the floor for a long time. It was odd, but he never once felt impelled to say that he didn't believe it, or that it couldn't be true, because, from the moment she began to talk, he experienced a sense of the inevitable. This was Tony, sweeping all before him.

Finally, he stood up.

"Where are you going?" she asked. She sat in the chair opposite him, her hands tightly clasped in her lap.

"Home. I . . . guess I'll go home."

"Do you . . ."

"What?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Good-by, Claire."

"Do you hate me?"

He looked at her. "Yes," he said.

She started to cry. "Please. It's for you, too. You're so young. You're not ready to settle down with one girl. Tony says—"

"Yes, that's right. Good-by, Claire."

"Please say something else," she said. "Please don't just talk like that in that cold way. Glenn, listen to me. You know how it's always been here . . . my mother and I alone and . . . It's just that I have to have someone. Don't you see? I have to have someone to take care of me."

"Someone like Tony," he said. "Not someone like me."

She looked away from him. "He's so sure of himself. He knows what he wants, and he wants what's best for us, too. For you, too. Tony's older, and Glenn, we're such *children*. What do we know about love, about anything? Tony says it doesn't even exist the way we used to talk about it. He says it's all romantic nonsense. Glenn, he's been so kind and wise. More like a . . ."

He nodded, and started for the door.

She caught his arm. "Try to understand. I'd be so frightened all the time that I'd ruin you. This is the one *good* thing I can do for you, taking myself out of your life. And every night from now on, I'll pray for the strength to keep myself out."

He smiled thinly. "Yes," he said. "That will certainly require a lot of prayer."

"Glenn, please. If only you'd say you understood a little."

He looked at her. "When Tony put his hands on you . . . you hated it?"

She did not answer right away. "No," she said finally. "I didn't hate it. It wasn't like with us, but I think I can make it do."

"Yes," he said. "I'm sure you can. I almost forgot my parcels. I mustn't forget my parcels. Good-by, Claire."

"Glenn, wait!"

He didn't wait. Suddenly, he couldn't stand it there any longer. He had to get out. She followed him into the hall, calling his name, but he didn't look back.

Because nowhere else occurred to him, he ordered the cab home. He sat numbly, the numbness of foreboding, knowing, before he felt it, how he would hurt when the pain came. At the door of the apartment, he put the parcels down carefully and searched in his pocket for the key. His mother must have been watching through the window. She opened the door before he could find the key. Just as carefully as he had put them down, Glenn lifted his parcels and brought them into the apartment, avoiding her eyes. "Wear your uniform," she had told him when he left for Claire's. "You look so nice in your uniform." And she had known as she spoke that it no longer mattered how nice he looked in his uniform.

Then he saw Tony, and the numbness he felt began to break up, though not all at once.

Tony knew right away. "I'm sorry, kid," he said.

"You are?"

"It was just one of those things. Neither of us wanted it to happen. It just did. She . . . I had to have her, Glenn."

More and more, faster and faster, the numbness was breaking up. "But you have to believe one thing, Glenn," Tony said. "She didn't really love you. If she had, I would have gone to China. I would have cut off my right arm before I did anything to hurt you. But it wouldn't have worked for you with her."

"It wouldn't?"

"If she really loved you, I couldn't have taken her away from you. Nobody could. Don't you see that?"

"I only see one thing, Tony. I see your face, and it doesn't look right to me."

"Glenn," his mother said, warningly.

"There's no blood on it," Glenn continued. "There ought to be blood on it."

"That's enough," his mother snapped at him. "There'll be no talk like that between brothers in my house."

"I can understand how you feel," Tony said, backing away.

"Can you?"

"Glenn, listen to me. We—"

Glenn hit him then. He felt good, hitting Tony. He wanted to damage his face, make *him* feel pain. He wanted to see blood on Tony's face.

His mother screamed at him and grabbed his arms, but he pushed her away, and when Tony rose shakily, Glenn hit him again. He bounced off the wall and sat down at the base of it, covering his face with his hands. "No, Glenn," he said, shaking his head.

"You animal," his mother screamed. "You're nothing but a vicious animal."

He bent and dragged his brother to his feet. Tony made no attempt to protect himself from the onslaught or to fight back, and Glenn twisted one hand in his shirt front and hit him repeatedly with the hand that was free.

His mother's screams became a dull ringing in his ears, like an alarm clock heard from a deep sleep. Vaguely, he understood she was calling for help. There was another sound, too, but he could not identify it. Finally, he let Tony drop, and, in the stillness that followed, he realized what the sound had been. His own sobbing. He had been hitting his brother and sobbing.

Going to her knees, his mother took Tony's head on her lap. "Oh, my boy," she said. "My boy. What did he do to you? What did he do?"

Tony was conscious but bleeding, and the blood got on her dress. Glenn could see how it spotted the whiteness of the fabric almost like a print, but she paid no attention. "Get out of this house," she said. "Get out! I don't want you here, you vicious animal."

Tony mumbled something into her lap, but Glenn couldn't hear it. Unsteadily, he

walked toward the doorway. "I'll come back for my things later," he said.

"Don't come back," she said. "We don't want you here. We'll send them to you."

He nodded and kept going. He heard her, crooning to Tony. "My poor baby. Wait, your mother will heal it. Your mother will fix it. Oh, my poor baby."

Claire touched his arm, startling him. "We're here, Glenn," she said.

He looked out the window of the cab. "Yes, I was . . ."

"You were remembering," she said. "I watched you for a while. Your face was all twisted with it."

"It's so ridiculous. My mother loved Tony and my father loved me. So naturally I knocked myself out for my mother, while Tony had this crazy, complicated thing for my father, who I think was quite happy to die and free himself of us all." He leaned forward to pay the driver and then got out of the cab, helping her after him. "Shall I come up?" he asked her.

"You don't have to."

"I want to," he said, and he sent the cab away.

The apartment which he had seen once before, when he had come east for his mother's funeral, oppressed him. It had in it all the bright new things of luxury, which for Tony was a code of living. Claire left him, and he went to the dark brown bar to pour himself a stiff drink, taking the glass back to the sofa. Tony's apartment, he thought. Tony's liquor and Tony's wife.

Well, not Tony's wife any more. That had ended a year ago, shortly after their son had been drowned in a tragic, senseless accident. With Tony asleep on the beach, the little boy had wandered away. Tony swore he had only dozed off for a few seconds, but they were fatal seconds. By the time he had reached the boy, it was too late.

On hearing about it, Glenn had written to Claire—the first chink in the wall of silence between them. She had answered, a polite note thanking him for his thoughtfulness. That was all. A few months later, he had read about the divorce in the newspapers.

But there were other things he had heard, too—that it had been bad for Claire almost from the beginning, that Tony was incessantly chasing, and that Claire had stayed with him only because of the boy. Glenn believed what he heard, for the source was unimpeachable. When Glenn's mother spoke ill of Tony, it had to be the desperate truth.

"He needs your help," she had said to him during that incredible long-distance phone call—almost four years ago, but he would never forget it.

"Tony? Tony needs *my* help?"

"Of course he does. You're the only

person who was ever able to do anything at all with him."

He had laughed.

"You fool of a boy," she said angrily. "Don't you know why he had to have Claire? Because she belonged to you. That's what made her important, that and nothing else. Like when you were children, and your father would give you some toy. He—"

"All right. So?"

"She isn't important to him any more."

He had gripped the phone more tightly. "She made her bed."

"She's a good girl, Glenn. And she tries. She was a child then, but she's all grown-up with trying so hard."

"I'm becoming confused. Which one is it you want me to help?"

There had been a long pause at the other end. "Whichever one you can," his mother had said, sighing. "Glenn?"

"What?"

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry I did so much to cause you harm."

"I'll be all right," he had said, keeping his voice carefully expressionless.

A few minutes later, she hung up, and he remembered how close he had come to calling Claire. What had stopped him, he wondered. Fear? But of what? Of a whole hodge of nameless things having to do with wounds that were still open and sore. And now? Time altered viewpoints and point of view was everything.

Take his of Tony, for example. Tony wallowed in wealth, but suppose someone should throw him a Henry James novel and say slice it to an hour for television? Glenn smiled. All right, so it wouldn't sink Tony in a sea of tears because he couldn't do it. By the same token, Glenn didn't have to expire because he couldn't afford his brother's country club. Point of view and the passage of time and old hatreds all wither on the vine.

What had it been that he felt for the gray-faced man in the hospital? Kinship, he thought. A strong word, a surprisingly strong word in itself, but infinitely less than (face it now) idolatry, which had led the way to hatred. And for Claire? What was the word for the way he felt about Claire?

She came into the room before he was prepared to make the admission; and, foolishly, he thought this had saved him from it. Then he saw her face, and the tired, tired lines in it, and her eyes, heavy and shadowed with lack of sleep, and he stood up and crossed the room to meet her and take her in his arms and kiss her, while inside him he felt such a tremendous surge of emotion that it was a great exertion to keep from crying as hard as she was. It had been building, he knew now, from their first day together at the hospital.

He held her until she was quiet. Then he took her to the sofa and sat down with her. "You think I wanted you to do that," she said, blowing her nose into a tissue. "You think that's why I got you up here, don't you?"

He nodded.

"Well, it isn't. I just wanted to be near you a little longer. I didn't want you to go away yet, but . . ."

"But you didn't want me to kiss you?"

"Yes, I did, but . . ."

He waited, and, when finally she faced him, her eyes were tearless and deadly serious. "Ever since we left the hospital," she said, "I've been trying to tell you something. It's that you don't have to be afraid of me any more. You don't have to run and hide from me any more. Even if you wanted me—which you don't really—I wouldn't come to you. Do you understand that? Tony asked me to come back to him. He needs me now more than ever, and one betrayal should be enough for anyone's lifetime."

He listened to her intently and then got up to go to the dark brown bar where he had left his hat. "I have to catch a plane," he said. "You have ten days."

"Ten . . ."

"To get Tony used to the idea that you're not coming back to him, because ten days is what it will take for me to finish my work."

Her hand went to her throat. "Didn't you hear me? Didn't you hear one single word I said?"

"I heard you. What you said was nonsense. The penance period has been long enough—for you, for me, and even for Tony, since it's my guess you made him a less-than-perfect wife. I'm the only one you could ever really belong to." He went to her then and kissed her with all the yearning that was in him, so that she should know, and when he let her go she was breathless, and he found himself trembling. "Ten days," he said again, "and I don't care whether you tell him or not, because I intend to tell him myself anyway." He paused and lifted her chin. "Do you love me, Claire?" he asked, more softly this time.

And this made her cry again.

"Then who the hell is Tony that he should get in our way?"

She didn't answer, but she collapsed against him, and he could feel her weight, and all her softness against him, and it was well-remembered, and he could only leave because he insisted to himself there was no need to rush things between them.

Outside the apartment, waiting for the elevator, he was exultant, and he did not hide from himself that an infinitesimal part of this was because he had just taken something from his brother. He was pleased with himself for not hiding it.

THE END

Cosmopolitan's Complete Novel



To most eyes, they would have seemed a typical, happy-go-lucky group of tourists—but one of them was a terrified thief, and another, a desperate killer.

THE LONG RIDE



BY JAMES MCKIMMEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

At 7:25 that Friday morning, Loma City was oppressed by a wilting, humid, early-August heat. Bright Midwest sunlight flashed against the automobiles which were streaming onto Lodge Boulevard. The boulevard ran from west to east, stopping at an ancient bridge where the downtown area abruptly sheared off at the edge of the broad, muddy river that formed Loma City's eastern limits.

At the opposite end of the boulevard, at the western limits of town, rested an aging motel called Sleepy Lodge. The court was silent and lonely looking. A blue 1958 Plymouth sedan was parked in front of one of the fading green cottages marked 6C. There was only one other car, a '54 Dodge. The fading brown drapes of cabin 6C had been pulled shut.

Inside the cabin stood a lean but strongly built man. He wore a tan, freshly pressed wash-and-wear suit. He wore tan Oxfords which had been shined to a

brilliant luster. His white shirt was carefully pressed, his plain brown tie neatly knotted. He owned a flat, cleanly planed face with hard, somewhat stupid-looking blue-gray eyes, which nevertheless looked alertly about him. He had dark brown hair, lightly flecked with gray, clipped short at the temples and combed back flat on top.

He wore soft yellow-tan pigskin gloves. In one hand, he held a .30 caliber pistol. He looked at the youth lying on one of the two beds in the room. The youth was dressed in white underwear. His skinny wrists and ankles were bound by new, white clothesline rope. There was a wide strip of flesh-colored adhesive tape across his mouth, a similar strip across his eyes. His long, straight, corn-yellow hair was spread in wild disorder on the pillow beneath his head. There were a dozen bruises and small cigarette burns scattered over his legs and arms. He lay very silent and unmoving.

The man in the tan suit strode toward the bathroom and opened the door. A second youth whirled around, a frightened, apprehensive look going into his brown eyes. This youth was also clad only in underwear. There was a thick decoration of fine black hair on his thin legs and arms, but his head carried a thatch of yellow hair very similar to that of the boy lying on the bed in the main room. There was a bottle of peroxide on the shelf above the bathroom sink.

The man in the tan suit motioned his gun angrily. "You'd better get the lead out, boy, or you're going to wind up on a slab this morning."

"Harry, listen," the youth said in a quivering voice. "I'm trying to hurry."

"It's 7:28. Get that kid's clothes on. Move it!"

The man snapped the door shut and walked back to the front of the cabin. He had already carefully packed his large

THE LONG RIDE (continued)

bag. The second suitcase, which belonged to the boy in the bathroom, lay open, its contents stuffed in carelessly. He examined that haphazard packing, an angry look going into his eyes.

In a moment the boy came out, dressed in an inexpensive chocolate gabardine suit. He was in his early twenties and might have been handsome, but for a slight chin and weak eyes and a pale look of fear. His bleached hair had been oiled and combed into a high pompadour. He looked surprisingly similar to the way the boy on the bed had looked when they'd brought him in the night before, after they had picked him up outside his rooming house at the north end of town.

A pulse flickered in the older man's sturdy neck. "Let's go through that first part again." He ripped the adhesive from the mouth of the boy on the bed and put the muzzle of his gun on the boy's cheek. "Repeat. 'Good morning, Mike. How do I look? Some woman driver ran into us last night. It's not serious, but my buddy's car is a mess. Listen, Mike, this is a friend of mine that Mr. Mason wanted to see about hiring as a new teller.'"

The boy opened his untaped mouth. In a high nasal drawl, he repeated what the man in the tan suit had just said.

The man nodded at the boy in the gabardine suit. In a reasonable facsimile of the voice used by the boy on the bed, he repeated the sentences. The older man said, "All right." He retaped the mouth of the boy on the bed. "Got that bandage and the glasses on. And don't forget the handkerchief."

The boy in the gabardine suit looped a handkerchief around his neck and stuffed it beneath his shirt collar. From the top drawer of the bureau, he removed a prepared bandage and secured it over his left eye. He took a pair of heavy-rimmed dark glasses from the drawer and put them on.

"Harry, this isn't going to work."

"Get those bags out to the car."

The boy in the gabardine suit started to shake. The man struck him smartly across a cheek with an open hand. The shaking stopped.

"Get out there," the older man said.

The older man stood waiting until he heard the sound of the Plymouth's engine outside. He put his gun inside a shoulder holster. He turned to the boy lying on the bed and put his thumbs down directly under the boy's Adam's apple...

When Harry Wells opened the cabin door, he moved out swiftly and got behind the wheel as the younger man slid over. He drove out of the court and stopped at a red light, waiting to enter Lodge Boulevard.

Willy Tyler stared straight ahead. "Harry, are you sure that kid ain't going to get free too quick?"

A flicker of a smile quirked Harry Wells' wide, cruel mouth. "I'm damn sure about that."

By a quarter to eight that morning, the small, three-room downtown apartment was sticky hot. Twenty-four-year-old Allan Garwith stood at the second-floor window of the ancient two-story Kenmore Arms Apartment-Hotel, the hot morning breeze rippling the empty, folded left sleeve of his sport shirt, and observed the magnificent view that came with the three cheap, miserably furnished rooms he rented.

Only this apartment had the privilege, because the building was but one apartment in width. Below the rooms shared by Allan Garwith and his bride of twenty days was the custodian's equipment room. The walls and angles of the alley below cut off the back lot, a museum of rubbish, from anyone else's eyes looking from one of the surrounding buildings.

"Look at that view!" Allan Garwith said, while Cicely, dark-haired and pretty-eyed but somewhat large-nosed, slipped a dress over her thin figure, hurrying to make her typing job, with a downtown insurance company, on time. "That view kills me." Bitterly, he stared down, a rangy, well-built young man with loose dark hair that curled damply over his forehead.

Cicely slipped her frail arms around him from behind. "Allan, don't be bitter. We have each other, don't we?"

He did not know why he had married her. He'd always been attracted by the olive-skinned, full-bodied Italian girls. But Cicely, maiden-named Anchevelli, was not the usual Italian girl. She had a white-chalk kind of pale skin. She was skinny, with almost boy-hips. She had the white teeth, but her smile was shy, her laughter tinkling like a lightly struck glass rather than being full and throaty with the hoarse Italian sound. Above all, she was not sensual. Beyond the fact that Allan Garwith had known, since high school, that she'd been desperately in love with him, he could not give himself any solid reason why he'd committed the ultimate foolishness of actually going ahead and marrying her.

He was, in fact, wondering, on this August Friday morning, if he was losing his mind. The cold-water tap in the kitchen was dripping again. He breathed, "That damn dripping."

"I'll get it, darling," Cicely said, swiftly.

She hurried to the kitchen. The dripping stopped.

He did not thank her when she came back. He went over to the sofa and sprawled down, picking up last evening's newspaper with one hand.

"Darling, listen," Cicely said, combing her hair. "We can leave. I wouldn't mind.

California? They say San Francisco's the most beautiful city in the world. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"How do we get there? Flap our arms and fly?"

"Allan, when we got married, Daddy gave us something. I know you don't get along with him very well. That's why I didn't tell you right away. But he gave us some money, and I put it in the bank."

He blinked. "How much?"

Her eyes sparkled. "A hundred dollars," she said.

He looked at her for several moments. He was thinking of New Orleans, where he'd lost his arm. He was thinking about that job in Mexico he'd never gotten to, which would have earned him eight thousand dollars. He couldn't answer her.

"You're not mad about my taking the money, are you, darling?"

He laughed bitterly and reached out to hold her.

She wriggled free reluctantly, laughing. "I'll be mussed up." She recombed her hair and smoothed her dress. "Anyway—remember, we've got a hundred dollars in the bank."

"Let's fly to Paris," he said thinly.

"Allan, don't be discouraged. You just look in the want-ad section of the paper. I've got another surprise for you."

"I don't think I can stand it. Another job I'm not going to get?"

"Go ahead and look. Page sixty-two."

Carelessly, he flipped the pages.

"First column, third item down."

"Wanted," he read, "to share ride to San Francisco with widowed lady. Call Mrs. Landry, Walnut 7591."

"You see? I'll bet it wouldn't cost very much that way. I'll bet I could get a good job out there the day we got there."

He shoved the paper aside.

She bent down and kissed his cheek. "Don't be depressed, Allan, because I love you." Then she was gone.

He sat silently for a moment, drumming his fingers on the newspaper. Then he gathered the paper into his hand, crumpled it, and threw it viciously across the room. Finally, he got up and walked to the window and stared down at the litter of the back lot. Two people appeared, walking quickly along the alley crossing in front of the lot, east to west.

One was a solidly built man, in a tan tropical suit, whose shoes glistened as he walked. The other was a younger man, in badly fitting gabardine, who wore dark glasses and a handage over one eye. Allan Garwith looked at them disinterestedly. Then he turned his eyes back to the lot beneath his window. "My God," he said aloud, "what a view!"

Before turning the corner from the alley onto Seventeenth Street, Willy Tyler and Harry Wells stopped at the mouth of the alley. Their car was a block be-

hind. The Midwest Federal Trust Bank was directly to their left. Willy Tyler's nerves were going crazy. He was thinking how pleasant it would be if only so many things hadn't happened.

If he hadn't been drafted, he'd never have been sent to that California camp where Harry Wells was stationed. If he had never drawn Harry Wells for a sergeant, Harry wouldn't have known him. If Harry hadn't been transferred to Fort Allison outside Loma City, to finish up the last year of his twenty-year hitch, Harry would have never gotten interested in the fort payroll money waiting inside this bank right now. If Willy hadn't come back to Loma City after his discharge, Harry couldn't have looked him up. And if that kid lying on the bed in that motel hadn't gotten a job as a junior teller at the Midwest Federal, and hadn't had the same kind of looks and build as Willy, then Harry might have let it go and not have talked Willy into this.

But all the ifs had dropped into a neat pile, and they added up exactly to what was going on right now.

"Harry, this isn't going to work! They might find that kid we left in the motel any minute. He'll blow the whistle on us, right in the middle of it. He knows everything we've got planned!"

"That kid won't blow the whistle on us," Wells said, softly.

Willy looked at his eyes, and something snapped inside of him. He shuddered once, then stood very motionless. "You killed him."

"Now you're growing up. You're really into it, do you understand? Now move."

Willy walked woodenly ahead of Wells to the door of the bank. It was one minute after eight. Behind the glass doors, a large, white-haired guard peered out. Willy thought he might choke with the pressure that was on him, then he was suddenly lifeless again.

The door was unlocked from the inside. The guard said, "Morning, Norman. What happened to the eye?"

Willy stepped inside as Harry Wells waited behind him. Willy finally found his voice: "Good morning, Mike. How do I look? Some woman driver ran into us last night. It's not serious, but my buddy's ear is a mess. Listen, Mike, this is a friend of mine that Mr. Mason wanted to see about hiring as a new teller."

Willy thought for a moment that the guard might start laughing, but instead he said, "Ah, those women drivers. Sure—bring your friend in. Mr. Mason won't be in until 8:30. Better hurry up. Norman—you're late."

Willy walked through the alcove and looked at the interior of the bank. He and Harry had been in here separately three times in the last two weeks. It was as though he'd never seen it before.

The loan department was forward on the right. Back of that were the deposit boxes and the vault. The vault, Norman Austin had told them, was electronically opened at 8:05.

Willy moved slowly past the central desks with their ball-point pens and fresh stacks of deposit forms. He looked up at the clock built in the rear wall.

It was exactly 8:05. Ahead, a man in a gray suit walked to the vault. Willy reached the right rear corner of the room just as the man in the gray suit swung open the vault door and turned. Willy put his right hand inside his jacket, around his gun. At the same instant, he heard the voice of Harry Wells:

"Everybody stand right where you are. This is a holdup. Don't touch an alarm. If it sounds, we'll kill as many as we can. All of you at the teller cages, step back two steps. *Now!*"

The alarms were at the teller cages, Norman Austin had told them. The people at the cages moved back as instructed. Then nobody moved.

Willy yanked the handkerchief up from inside his shirt, around his face. He looked back. Shades had been pulled over the front glass doors. The guard was backed against a wall, hands above his head, away from the holster at his hip. Harry Wells, gun tucked close to his side, nodded to Willy. Willy walked through the door of the vault. On a wooden chair, just as Norman Austin had told them, was the black satchel.

Willy picked it up and walked back to the main room. He was certain nobody had yet moved. Ahead, Harry Wells motioned his gun impatiently for him to hurry. Willy paced evenly toward the front doors.

Then the guard dropped his hand to his holster. Harry Wells spun and fired three exploding shots. The guard tumbled heavily to the floor.

"Run!" Harry Wells shouted, and slammed open a glass door.

Willy ran, hearing the sudden and jarring sound of the alarm going off.

As he neared the door, he saw the fallen guard drag the gun from his holster. It did not occur to Willy that he should fire at the old man.

When he reached the sunshine, Harry Wells was at the mouth of the alley, yelling, "Move, move!"

"Sure." Willy breathed, knowing this surely was a dream. "Sure."

A slug caught him in the shoulder. He stumbled and dropped the satchel and looked back. He was surprised to see the guard lying in the doorway on his stomach, holding his gun with a badly shaking hand. Another hullet whined in Willy's direction. But the guard's aim was off now. The guard let go of his gun. His head fell against the sidewalk. Willy

blinked and realized that a uniformed policeman was running toward him from the other end of the block.

Willy shoved his gun in its holster and picked up the satchel, his left shoulder burning. He tore off the fake bandage and glasses and ran, heading straight down the alley.

Harry Wells disappeared ahead. Then, in a moment, the sedan appeared across the opposite end. Harry Wells gunned the engine, shouting, "Faster, faster!"

Something bit Willy in the left leg. He stumpled awkwardly and realized the cop behind had shot him. The cop ducked into a doorway, firing again. This time, Willy felt the bite at his forehead. He fell to his knees, blood pouring into one eye. "Oh, my God . . ."

Almost blinded, feeling the world tip upside down, he fell sideways until his head slammed into the pavement.

"This way!" Harry Wells screamed from the car, firing at the policeman behind Willy.

Willy lifted his head, trying to shake the blood out of his eyes. Another hullet licked his right shoulder. He began to crawl, blindly. He kept crawling until he humped into something hard. He shook his head and was finally able to see with one eye that he still had the satchel in his hand. Well, he thought, and rolled over, throwing it from him. It was that which had brought this rotten dream. If he got rid of it, the dream would end.

He lay on his back, dark waves hitting him. *Okay, dream,* he thought. *end.*

It ended. He lay silently in the early morning sun, while the shooting went on in the alley, unheard by Willy, who had dreamed his last dream.

Allan Garwith was at the window of his apartment when the sound of the bank alarm and the shooting began. He saw first the man in the tan suit running by, shoes flashing, face now masked by a handkerchief. Bullets whined and ricocheted. Allan Garwith stood frozen, ready to duck, wholly frightened. He remembered how he'd felt when he'd tried to hold up that service station outside New Orleans.

Then the youth with the yellow hair appeared in the alley, spinning as a bullet struck him in the leg. He was also wearing a handkerchief. It came undone as the boy was hit again and blood spurted over his face. Allan Garwith sucked in his breath and watched the boy crawl into the lot below, dragging a black satchel with him.

Allan Garwith suddenly knew what had happened.

He ran out of the apartment and down the back stairway, thinking that Brogan, the custodian, would be up the street eating breakfast, that nobody else could see that kid crawling through the back lot.

THE LONG RIDE (continued)

He reached the door, as bullets continued to whine back and forth through the alley. The kid, lying by a rusting Ford axle, not twelve feet from the door, rolled over and threw the satchel from him. In spite of a wild fright, Allan Garwith dived forward, grabbed the satchel, and ducked back into the doorway.

He pressed himself against the wall of the stair well. The man in the tan suit suddenly appeared, throwing himself behind a fence, into the lot. The man searched furiously with his eyes over the lot, but he did not see Allan Garwith. The man leaned back around the fence and fired up the alley again. Finally he broke into a run back down the alley. In a moment, Allan Garwith heard the loud roar of an escaping car.

Allan Garwith ran up the stairs to his own apartment, shoved the satchel beneath the bed, then ran out of the apartment and down the front stairway to the street. He trotted away from the apartment house. Three blocks away, he stepped into a cafeteria, trembling, aware that people here had not heard the firing and alarm.

He drank a cup of coffee and walked to the cashier with his check. The girl looked at his armless sleeve and smiled and rang up his dime.

Outside, he walked to the public library and held a book in front of his eyes for an hour, seeing nothing. Finally, he walked back to the apartment building. Two uniformed policemen were standing in front with Brogan, the custodian.

Brogan, fat and disheveled, said, "This here's the guy who lives in the back apartment. Allan, they robbed the Midwest Federal!"

"You didn't see any of it?" one of the officers asked.

Allan Garwith shook his head. "Me? No. When did it happen?"

"About 8:05. Two guys. Got one of them—he ran out of gas in that lot back there. The other one got away. We thought maybe you saw some of it."

"Hell, no. I was over at Brock's Cafeteria on Farley Street. Did they manage to get anything?"

"A hundred thousand. Well, I guess you can't help us."

A few minutes later, Allan Garwith stepped into his apartment. He went into the bedroom and pulled the blind. He slid the satchel from under the bed and opened it. He looked at the currency stuffed to the top. He closed it suddenly, shoved it back under the bed, and went into the bathroom and got sick.

Finally he came out and lay down on the bed, shaking. "My God," he whispered. "My God Almighty!"

Willy Tyler died on Friday. Sunday afternoon, John Benson, a tall, lean, reasonably handsome man of thirty-six,

wearing a light-weight brown suit and straw hat, stepped off a Loma City bus at Thirty-fourth and Cherry. He walked through a clean, old, and substantial-looking neighborhood to a large white house with an old-fashioned swing hung on its broad front porch. He rang the buzzer and, in a moment, a rather heavy-set scrubbed-looking woman with gray hair and sparkling blue eyes appeared.

"Mrs. Landry? I'm John Benson. I called earlier."

"Of course! Come in, Mr. Benson!"

John Benson was led into a cheerful living room where another woman was sitting in a slip-covered chair. She was in her thirties, he judged. Her figure was extremely well-proportioned in an inexpensive but neat-looking blue suit. Her hair was ash-blond, shaped so effectively simple that it dramatized the good looks of her face. She examined John Benson with a straightforward, somewhat lazy curiosity.

"Mr. Benson," Mrs. Landry said, "I want you to meet Mrs. Margaret Moore."

"How do you do, Mrs. Moore?" He noticed that she wore no wedding ring.

"Mr. Benson," she said in a quiet, husky voice.

"Now you sit right down there on the sofa, Mr. Benson," Mrs. Landry said. "You and Mrs. Moore can get acquainted while I get you a glass of lemonade."

"I'd like some," John Benson said, "if you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind." She bustled out of the room.

John Benson smiled at the woman across the room. "She's very nice. An old friend, or—"

"I met her ten minutes ago. I feel like I've known her for twenty years."

"You're riding with her to San Francisco then?"

"I've just been accepted. And you?"

"That's what I'm here about."

"She'll take you. She likes you, so she'll take you."

Mrs. Moore laughed softly. John Benson found himself delighted by her laugh. It seemed to slip past the guard he'd built around himself over the last year.

Mrs. Landry came back with his lemonade and sat down, clasping her hands together. "Now, Mr. Benson, you want to go to San Francisco with me?"

"I do, Mrs. Landry."

"All right. You tell me a little about yourself. I've already made up my mind. But I promised my daughter, Ella June—that's why I'm driving to California, to visit her and her family there—that I'd have everyone who asks to come with me tell me about himself."

"Well, I've been a widower for a little over a year. My wife was killed in an automobile accident. We were living in Lafayette . . ." He shrugged.

"You poor boy. I shouldn't have asked," she said.

"It's all right. I have two boys—seven and eight. They're with my wife's parents in Chicago. I had a small advertising business in Indiana—in Lafayette. When my wife—well, everything went flat. I decided to go West and start over. I have no family, so I left the boys with their grandparents in Chicago until I get settled. I stopped here in Loma City to see an old friend. When I got ready to go on, I saw your ad in the paper. I decided that I'd rather travel with someone in a car than as a stranger on a train. I don't like to fly, so—"

"Wonderful, Mr. Benson," Mrs. Landry said, nodding positively. "Mr. Landry died in 1949, and I know. You've got to go right on and be with people. I'm just so glad you're riding along with us. Now that'll be you two. And then there's Miss Kennicot. And—"

The door buzzer sounded. Mrs. Landry excused herself. In a moment, John could hear the high, rather loud voice of a woman alternately laughing and talking.

Mrs. Landry returned with a very tall woman who had large legs and wide hips and a thin, long torso. She wore a pink suit that somehow did not seem to fit well, although John could not immediately tell what was wrong or where. Mrs. Landry crossed the room and picked up a slender book from the top of the upright piano. "Here it is, Miss Kennicot."

"Oh, my!" Miss Kennicot boomed, taking the book and clutching it tightly. "My Shelley, you know. I missed it on the bus, and I just had to get off and come right back."

"That's a shame, Miss Kennicot," Mrs. Landry said.

"Well, 'Memory is the diary that we all carry about with us.' That's Wilde, of course. But I must have even forgotten my diary!" Miss Kennicot laughed so hard that tears formed in her eyes.

"Miss Kennicot," Mrs. Landry said, "these are two more of my guests. Mrs. Moore; Mr. Benson. Miss Kennicot's a librarian for the Loma City Memorial. She's coming, too."

Miss Kennicot flashed a dangerous glance at Mrs. Moore, then fastened her stare on John Benson, laughing violently. "The great adventure, isn't it! 'Round the world and home again, that's the sailor's way.'—W. Allingham. I haven't done anything so headstrong since four summers ago when I led our Robins—that's our teen-age girls' group—on a hike clear across the state and back!" Miss Kennicot tipped her head back and roared. "Well, my goodness. I've got to run. 'A sorry breaking-up!'—T. Moore. Tuesday morning, then? I know it'll be loads!" Howling, she allowed Mrs. Landry to escort her to the door.

"Well, then," Mrs. Landry said, returning. "That was Miss Kennicot. Then I have the sweetest young couple—just married!" She laughed gaily. "Makes us all feel a little younger. That's the Garwiths. The girl is so sweet and shy. The boy—Allan, that's his name—lost an arm somehow. But he seems to do awfully good anyway."

John Benson nodded, noticing that Mrs. Moore was studying him with a faint smile on her face.

"And that's all, I think. Oh, no. Mr. Wells! He's the retired Army man. Very soft-spoken and dignified and not very old. Yes, with Mr. Wells that'll be all. My goodness, isn't this going to be fun? Tuesday morning, eight o'clock, and away we go!"

John Benson and Margaret Moore left together. As they waited on the corner for a bus, he said, "I've explained why I'm going West. How about you? Tired of Loma City?"

"I haven't been here long enough for that. It's just that I've always moved around quite a bit."

"You mean you just arbitrarily came to Loma City? Why?"

"I'd been working in New York. I was a saleswoman in a rather nice clothing shop. It was enjoyable for a while. The city to prowl. A small group of friends. Then everything seemed to go shallow. So I left. I picked out Loma City. I'd lived in the Midwest before. It seemed closer to the earth. It was fine, for a while. But . . ." She motioned a hand. "I don't know. I had a job in a real-estate office here. But I read Mrs. Landry's ad in the paper. San Francisco sounded fine. So that's it."

"Well," he said, smiling. "I'm glad you decided on it. The trip is going to be that much more pleasant."

"Thank you, John Benson."

The bus was approaching. In a moment they had boarded. Seated, she said, "It seems to me, by the way, that you're the type to use taxis, Mr. Benson."

He smiled. "Call me John, all right? Yes, we could have taken a taxi, but a bus ride takes longer. I enjoy talking to you, Mrs. Moore."

There was a flicker of sensuality in her eyes. There was also a remote kind of mystery about her. She was saying, in effect, that she did not understand his being in a situation like this, regardless of his explanation. But he could not figure her position in it either.

"Margaret," she said. "And if you're wondering about the Mrs., I'm divorced. But if I told you everything right now, you might not be interested anymore. I hope you're interested."

He nodded, enjoying her directness. "I'm interested."

She smiled softly. "I'm glad. This is

my stop. It's been a very pleasant trip."

He watched her walk down the block toward an apartment house. There was a fine poise and confidence about the way she moved. He leaned back as the bus moved forward, feeling a pleasant glow for having been with her.

Downtown, he strode into the lobby of the Walton Hotel. He went directly to his room. Ray Hannah was waiting for him.

"You make it, John?"

"The last one. Seven of us altogether."

"Wells?"

"He'll be there."

"Good. I just talked to the mother of that kid we're sure he killed. We want to get him, and all the way."

Ray Hannah mixed two drinks hastily. He was blond, square-shouldered, thirty-two, and carried out his responsibility as head of the Loma City F.B.I. office with animal-like energy. John took off his jacket and sat down. "How about going over it again?" He'd come in last night from Washington. Ray Hannah had given him the facts briefly. He now wanted to get everything securely in mind. He would be all the way into it in two days. He couldn't afford to make any mistakes after that.

Hannah nodded, handing him a drink. "All right. The kid who was choked to death, Norman Austin, didn't know how much that satchel had in it, nor where it was going. Only three executives at the Midwest Federal knew. Austin might have known about the satchel itself, but that was all."

"So you started figuring it from the fort side?"

"Somewhere in the finance section. Harry Wells, as a top sergeant out there, knew what was going on in the finance section. We've checked out everybody else. We, at least, got a general description of Wells' build, the sound of his voice. Just the guard saw his face directly. But the guard's dead. The cop he shot it out with in the alley didn't get a clear picture. But we got his build, and Wells' build fits. We got his voice, and his voice fits. Nobody else who could have known about that payroll at the fort fits the description as closely. All of those that are hair-line were accounted for during the time of the holdup."

John Benson sipped his drink thoughtfully. "But no record on Wells?"

"Nothing."

"Good combat record?"

"Hell of a combat record."

John shook his head. "What triggers a thing like this?"

"Maybe this is where he was heading all the time. A hundred grand, tax free. To a guy like this it wouldn't matter if he had his whole life invested in it."

"How smart?"

"Medium IQ. Maybe that accounts for the mistakes he made."

"Like Willy Tyler?"

"The big mistake. It's the one positive tie-up. Wells had Tyler under him in California."

"But there's no evidence they were together here?"

"No. But this was the big one for Wells. He would have been careful. He was also brutal. Kidnaped Austin, tortured as much information out of him as they could get—I think Wells did that. In fact, I think it was Wells all the way. Tyler was just a screw-up. Wells got the money, all right. But we know who he is."

"You think this is the right way, Ray? Let him run?"

"How else? He's no doubt got an alibi figured for his time. He's got no record. We could pull him in and hope to crack his alibi. But if we don't have enough, we lose not only the money but Wells, too. He was masked. Identification by the bank people won't hold up. He left no fingerprints anywhere. We got nothing out of the stolen car he ditched. We've got the serial numbers of the money. But we've got to get him with it. Hell, that Austin kid was killed in the purest cold blood. So was the guard. It's going to be a sweet, dangerous job for you, John."

"The money—the Tyler kid was the one who took it out of the vault?"

"Still had it when the patrolman knocked him down in the alley. The kid crawled into a lot off the alley. Then, we figure, Wells came back and got it."

"Did the patrolman see him get it?"

No. Wells was splattering so much lead he couldn't get a good look. But Wells didn't run back for his health. There's one apartment that looks over that lot. A young couple live in it. But the wife was at work. The husband was drinking coffee at a cafeteria a few blocks away. The cashier at the cafeteria remembered the husband being in there about the time the robbery came off. We're sure Wells got the satchel. We've had a tail on him since. All he's done wrong is put in for a ride to California with your new friend, Mrs. Landry. That is going to sink him. He's going to make a move for that money. You're going to be there when he does."

John Benson sat silently. It had been four years since he'd done any field work. But there was a flicker of excitement deep in his middle. It was a welcome feeling—he'd been absolutely dead-numb inside, ever since he'd lost Maggie. They believed, in Washington, that he was right for this. He hoped so.

"You're playing it pretty close," Ray Hannah said. "Using your own name and some of the other things. Your wife's parents living in Chicago, your kids staying with them."



THE LONG RIDE (continued)

"I've been out of this end of it too long. If somebody called me by a phony name, I'd forget to turn around."

"Did you really go to Indiana University, live in Lafayette at any time?"

"I graduated from California. But I was at Indiana for a while during the war. I was in Lafayette a couple of times. I've got some folders on the town. I memorized the map on the plane in."

"How about the advertising? Know anything about it?"

"I had a part-time job with a small ad agency while I was in college. I think I'll be all right."

"Okay. As far as the news outlets are concerned, the city cops and the F.B.I. are purely stupid and don't have a lead to their names. When Wells went into the Landry lady's house, we walked very softly. Had a guy show up in the neighborhood as a telephone repairman until he found out she was advertising for riders to go to the Coast. Then we checked Mrs. Landry, very roundabout; then we laid off. We'll check all the people riding with you as well as we can. What the hell is she going to drive? A bus?"

John Benson smiled faintly. "Station wagon," he said.

"Well, if there's any connection between Mrs. Landry and Harry Wells, we don't see it."

"If my instinct's any good, there isn't."

"Do you know the rest of them now?"

"A Miss Kennicot. A librarian at the Loma City Memorial."

Hannah got out a pencil and a small pad of paper. "Okay."

"Wells."

"Amen."

"A woman named Mrs. Margaret Moore. She lives in an apartment on Twenty-first Street, just off Lodge. She doesn't seem to fit in with this group. She doesn't think I do either, by the way. I'd check her heavily, Ray."

"We'll try. But we've only got two nights and one day. Who else?"

"A young couple. I didn't see them. Newly married. Mrs. Landry said the boy had one arm."

"What?" Ray Haunah stared at John Benson.

"One arm."

"Name?"

"Allan Garwith."

Ray Hannah put a hand to his forehead, closing his eyes. "My God . . ."

It is Tuesday morning. The riders have arrived and are gathered around the station wagon parked beside Mrs. Landry's house. There is an air of expectancy among them. Harry Wells volunteers, in a quiet, impersonal manner,

to load the baggage. With the help of John Benson, he goes to work.

Watching them are Cicely and Allan Garwith. They stand off from the others. Cicely has taken the hand of her husband and is holding it tightly.

Miss Kennicot and Mrs. Moore are standing together near Mrs. Landry. Margaret Moore stands poised, calm, a lazy smile on her mouth as she listens to the steady stream of words pouring from the lips of Miss Kennicot.

There is a small volume of Shelley poems in Miss Kennicot's hand. Periodically, she tips her rather long nose at the bright sky and laughs loudly.

Mrs. Landry's gray hair shines in the early sun. She is talking, rapidly and wholeheartedly. Joy seems to pour from every movement, every word.

The group has gathered. It moves, speaks, laughs. It also thinks. . . .
Harry Wells, thinking:

Here it is, the kid's bag. Heavy. Is this where he put it? One hundred thousand dollars: . . .

But handle it quickly. There'll be time later. Does he think he can get away with it? Didn't he get it into his stupid head that I could go back, figure out that only one place looks out on where that foul-up Tyler crawled to and died? That Garwith had to pick up that bag? That I could trail him out here and watch him go into Grandmother's house? That I could buzz Grandmother on the telephone and ask to talk to her under a phony name and have her ask right away if it was about the ride to San Francisco and know, all of a sudden, what Garwith was doing? That I could come up later, in my own name, and jump on, too?

The cops don't know I haven't got that money. But Garwith knows, because he's got it. . . .

But where has he got it? In that bag? Right at the end of the wagon? I'm going to sit on the back seat and lean against that bag and watch that kid. All he has to do is blink wrong after that. . . .

Allan Garwith, thinking:

Got to get control of myself. Can Cicely tell anything? No. How could she? I bought that pistol, packed it in the bag. But she took my word for it when I said we ought to have it on a trip like this. I only wish she'd quit hanging on me every minute, looking at me like a sick dog. Oh, I'm going to ditch her. It's going to be so long, Cicely. . . .

Find myself somebody like that Mrs. Moore standing over there. She could stop your nerves from singing, all right.

But the money. I should have mailed it to Cheyenne right away. How long does

it take first-class mail to get to Cheyenne? Why didn't I send it airmail?

And what if the package breaks open?

Don't think about that. Tomorrow, I'll walk up to the general delivery window and it'll be mine, safe and sound. Then I'll ditch. They'll never get me after that.

That guy loading bags into the wagon, I don't like him. What is it? I don't know. Imagination. The brain spinning. I've got to think clearly, every second.

Margaret Moore, thinking:

Lazy clouds in a blue sky. Hear the robins singing? A sensual feeling this morning. Why?

Ah, yes, John Benson. I feel how he looks at me, and he knows it. Good, we understand each other.

Yes, and now Miss Kennicot sees that look John Benson is giving me, that I am giving him. Miss Kennicot, I can tell, has also got a feeling about John Benson this morning. She is, I can see, suddenly in love with him, the way Shelley suddenly loved his birds and flowers. A Romantic love, true blue.

And look how she is flashing a glance at me—absolutely hating me. Oh, this is going to be a trip. . . .

Vera Kennicot, thinking:

That awful woman! Just one look at her and you know what she is. Oh, why, why did she have to be along?

Pay no attention to her. Look at John Benson. Oh, Johnny! Tonight, when we stop on our journey, I will, like dear Emily Dickinson, inscribe a wonderful secret poem to you. It will be of clouds scudding across the blue sky—that is such a pretty, original way of putting it. It will reveal the softness, the warmth of the heart of Vera Kennicot.

Oh, but that woman, looking at him like that again! That terrible, brazen thing! Why did she have to come anyway? I despise her. . . .

John Benson, thinking:

A long time since I've been into something like this. It'll come back. But no mistakes in the meantime. Look at Harry Wells. His eyes, the way he moves. Alert, in tremendous shape, and with, I'm damn sure, blood that runs as cold as a mountain stream.

And check Allan Garwith. He looks scared. We know from the state registration that he bought a pistol. But that doesn't really prove anything. So—has he got the money? Or has Wells got it? Are they working together? Is that the reason they're traveling this way? Maybe the kid did pick it up and Wells knows he's got it, by now. But who knows?

Main thing, look calm. Wait and be ready. And concentrate on something

He whispered, close to her ear, "Don't fight it. I'll make it right for you. I've got the money."

THE LONG RIDE (continued)

else, to help keep the pressure down. Margaret Moore? Yes, she's certainly easy enough to concentrate on. And is that how Maggie would like you to learn how to live again?

But Maggie is gone. Have to face it alone. No other way.

So go ahead, enjoy that look Mrs. Moore is giving you. Who is she, really? Ray Hannah hasn't got much on her, and so I've still got to worry about where she fits into this picture. But still enjoy the fine warmth she is giving you.

Do that. And help this bloody killer load these bags and smile into his murdering eyes while you do it. That's the way. Easy, calmly. . . .

Cicely Garwith, thinking:

I hold his hand tightly. I must be a good wife. I know he needs my help because he is disturbed. There is something deep inside him that makes him unhappy. I must find it and bring it out, so that he will no longer be afraid.

Is he afraid? But he won't confide in me. This hurts, because I want to be a living, breathing part of my husband.

Why is he afraid? Losing his arm in that car accident he told me about? Did that hurt his soul, too? I don't know enough about those things. I'm not smart enough, and I hate myself because I'm not.

But I'm going to try. Together we can do anything in this world. . . .

Katherine Landry, thinking:

Now isn't this a wonderful group of people! That nice Mr. Wells so good at loading suitcases like that, and doing it just like Frank used to do, God rest him.

Oh, and that Mr. Benson. Working right along with Mr. Wells, smiling and cheery.

And there's Mrs. Moore, such a pleasant dear. So quiet. I'll bet she's just self-conscious.

And Miss Kennicot, so outgoing, just bursting with health and vim, and so smart, knowing all those nice sayings.

And that sweet, darling couple, the Garwiths. Look at that girl holding that boy's hand that way. Both of them so much in love with one another you can see it clear over here.

Oh, I'm so lucky to have such wonderful people with me. I just know this trip is going to be ever so much fun. . . .

The luggage has been packed into the station wagon. The riders have selected their seats. Mrs. Landry is seated behind the steering wheel, starting the engine. Beside her, in the front seat, is Miss Kennicot. Behind them, in the next seat, are three people: Allan and Cicely Garwith, and Margaret Moore. Behind them, on the last seat, are John Benson and Harry Wells. John Benson has noticed that flickering muscle at the side of Allan Garwith's mouth. To his left, behind Al-

lan Garwith, Harry Wells sits erectly, one arm resting against the top of the bag which contains a leather-framed tag strapped to the handle, announcing: "This belongs to Allan Garwith."

The station wagon moves out and rolls very slowly down the quiet residential avenue. Mrs. Moore lights a cigarette, then John Benson also lights one. Miss Kennicot laughs for no apparent reason.

Allan Garwith disattaches his hand from his wife's and says to John Benson, in a harsh whisper, "Does she figure on getting to Cheyenne tonight? Isn't that what she said?"

John Benson nods. "That's the plan."

The station wagon creeps onto Lodge Boulevard and starts west, toward the outskirts of town. Allan Garwith turns his head impatiently forward. Cicely smiles at him worshipfully and reaches for his hand again. He quickly moves it out of her reach.

As the city limits are approached, the flat brown prairie fields stretch ahead of them. The land is almost treeless. Mirages glimmer ahead on the blacktop. The telephone poles and wires running down either side of the highway give a sharp look of perspective.

Mrs. Landry drives inchingly past the white sign marking the outer edge of Loma City. "All right!" she says brightly. "Here we go!"

"Away and away!" yells Miss Kennicot.

"Let's," says Mrs. Landry joyfully, "everybody sing. California here we come . . . !" She suddenly floors the gas pedal.

The station wagon lifts its nose and leaps down the highway. Mrs. Landry removes one hand from the steering wheel and waves it in time to her singing, now joined by Miss Kennicot. The speedometer needle moves to seventy.

Allan Garwith pales, staring straight ahead at an old truck lumbering ahead of them. In the distance, there is the dark form of an approaching car.

Everybody now!" Mrs. Landry is shouting, waving her free hand, as Miss Kennicot, singing lustily, turns toward the front again. Miss Kennicot realizes the mounting speed. Her voice cracks. She laughs more loudly than before, then starts singing again, grabbing the front edge of her seat.

Harry Wells blinks once, then sits motionless. An eyebrow arches faintly above Margaret Moore's eye, as she watches the speedometer move up to eighty. John Benson rubs his chin, staring down the highway at the truck they are coming upon, the car they are meeting.

Mrs. Landry suddenly one-hands a slight turn on the steering wheel. Miss Kennicot yells. "California, here we come . . ." She emphasizes the word as though hit in the back with ice water just

as Mrs. Landry shoots around the ancient truck, snapping back in her own lane inches ahead of smashing head-on into the approaching car, whose angry horn can be heard fading swiftly behind them. Then they are sailing down the highway, the speedometer needle quivering just under ninety.

Now don't be bashful!" Mrs. Landry shouts, while Miss Kennicot goes into a steady giggling, trying to unloosen her fingers from the seat. "Everybody now!" Mrs. Landry calls. "California, here we come . . ."

The Wyoming state line behind them, John Benson checked his watch as they whipped over the last miles approaching Cheyenne. It was 4:20. They would be in Cheyenne by 4:30, and Mrs. Landry, who had gaily waved away offers to relieve her at the wheel, had managed to average an even seventy miles an hour the entire distance covered.

John shifted in his seat, looking out at the changing countryside. They had swept swiftly over the flat plains, slowing only to observe the speed limits of the small prairie towns spread far apart through the corn and wheat country, stopping only to gas the car and buy sandwiches and coffee.

Now the rolling, grazing hills had begun, as they moved onto the eastern slope of the Rockies. The air was cooler. The sun seemed less glaring as bluish dark shadows lengthened along the weathered faces of the buttes.

During the past seven hours, Mrs. Landry and Miss Kennicot had led a series of endeavors intended to entertain the occupants of the hurtling station wagon. First had been songs.

Then Miss Kennicot had led in games. They had played twenty questions from the edge of the Loess Plains through the Sand Hills to the Bad Land buttes. In this, Allan Garwith had participated but once. After two hundred miles, finally immune, John thought, to Mrs. Landry's rampaging speed, he had admitted to the others that he was thinking of a subject. When the twenty questions had been exhausted, failing to reveal the answer, he had announced in a tight, bitter voice that he was thinking of an arthritic bang-tailed Mexican monkey vaccinated against yellow jaundice.

Everyone but Harry Wells had laughed. After that, Allan Garwith had fallen into an oblique silence, staring grimly out of his window.

They had also played games which involved seeing how many words could be constructed out of the letters in Constantinople (won by Miss Kennicot), who could name all the capitals of the United States (again won by Miss Kennicot), and a limited version of charades.

Finally, at the ceasing of the games,

Miss Kennicot had dropped her head back and fallen soundly asleep, her mouth dropping open. During this period, John Benson talked to Margaret Moore about the countryside. Cicely Garwith nestled her head against the side of her silent, withdrawn husband. Harry Wells remained equally silent, sitting very straight on his portion of the rear seat. Mrs. Landry seemed not even faintly weary from the drive.

As they approached Cheyenne, there was a faint stirring. Miss Kennicot awakened, startled that she had fallen asleep; she began rearranging her hair, laughing. John Benson carefully noted that Allan Garwith seemed to tense again, straightening in his seat, forcing his wife's head away from him by shifting his shoulder almost rudely. *He's nervous, all right*, John Benson thought.

Harry Wells, John noted, also stiffened, his eyes staring steadily at the back of Allan Garwith's head. John said to him: "You say you're going to look around the San Francisco area for a job. Sergeant?" He examined the quick swing of head, the wary look going into his eyes.

"Yeah. They don't retire sergeants on general's pay, you know."

"I guess not. You like it out there?"

"I like it out there."

"Were you ever stationed around San Francisco?"

"Close as I got was Camp Roberts, down the coast. But I was through San Francisco when I went out to Japan."

The facts were right. And that was what was going to be tough about this, John thought. Harry Wells was simply playing himself.

"Ever been in Cheyenne?" he then asked Wells.

"Through it on a train, but that's all."

They were inside the city limits. The town was small, old, and undistinguished-looking, despite the grandeur of the surrounding countryside.

"It doesn't look like I've missed anything," Wells said, and turned his head away. John gave up the conversation.

In a moment, Mrs. Landry was driving the station wagon to the center of the business section. As she parked, John watched that muscle beside Allan Garwith's mouth working again.

Mrs. Landry said, "Well, I'm just so surprised! I thought Cheyenne was a much bigger city. I don't even see any cowboys around."

Miss Kennicot, fully awake now, said, "Appearances are very deceitful"—Le Sage, of course. I looked up Cheyenne in our historical section at the museum just two days ago. On the last printed census we had, it had a population of 31,935. It is, of course, the capital of Wyoming. And it's a center for sheep and cattle. So there ought to be some cowboys around

somewhere in the vicinity. Isn't that terribly interesting?"

"Listen," Allan Garwith said, "where are we going to stay in this town?"

"Now just a minute," Miss Kennicot said, digging into her large white purse. "I took the trouble of asking the AAA to send me a copy of their accommodations catalogue."

"How about that hotel over there?" Allan Garwith said.

The hotel he indicated was visible over the tops of the low business buildings. A sign across its top read: Hotel Plateau.

"Let's see," Miss Kennicot said, running her finger down the list of hotels. "Now my friend, Alice Gregson, told me about a darling motel in Laramie, where the rates are unbelievably low. But of course, Laramie is something like another sixty miles away." She frowned studiously, as she searched the listings. "Here it is—Hotel Plateau. Oh, but heavens! Look at those rates!"

Garwith twisted in his seat, angrily. "I'm getting tired of riding."

"Well, but those rates are *very* strong."

Miss Kennicot said, "That place in Laramie is down at least three or four dollars below this one."

"Well," Mrs. Landry said brightly. "I'm just feeling fit as could be. If Laramie's only another sixty miles or so, maybe we could just shoot on and stay in that nice motel there."

John Benson was certain that Allan Garwith's face had paled. Harry Wells, he noticed, continued to watch Garwith carefully.

"Whatever everybody else wants to do," Cicely Garwith said politely, "that's what Allan and I want to do."

Garwith turned his head, looking at her with angry eyes.

"Mrs. Moore?" Mrs. Landry asked.

"Whatever you like, Mrs. Landry."

"Mr. Benson?"

"If we go on to Laramie, we've cut that much off the journey. I wouldn't mind going on." He watched Allan Garwith intently.

Garwith suddenly bent forward, hugging his one arm to his middle. He made a short, gasping sound, then started moaning. Cicely put her arms around him, fright going into her eyes.

"Oh, goodness!" Mrs. Landry said. "What's the matter?"

Garwith shook his head. "A sudden pain . . ."

Mrs. Moore moved out of her seat swiftly, saying to Cicely, "Let him stretch out, Mrs. Garwith."

In a moment, Allan Garwith was lying along the second seat, Cicely hovering worriedly above him. Mrs. Moore put her hand on his forehead.

"I'll just bet it's appendicitis!" Miss Kennicot yelled.

"I'll ask somebody where the closest hospital is," John Benson said, and started to open a door.

"Just a minute," Allan Garwith said. "It's easing up."

John Benson paused, looking at him. He looked at Harry Wells, too, whose eyes had narrowed faintly as he studied Garwith.

"It's going away," Allan Garwith managed to say.

"I just think that poor boy ought to get into a bed and get some rest," Mrs. Landry said.

"Maybe," Cicely Garwith said, "worriedly, 'we should just go to the nearest place.' She blinked. 'Quickly.'"

Mrs. Landry nodded definitely and drove directly to the large, new Hotel Plateau.

The lobby was light, cheerful, and air-conditioned. Checking in was far smoother than John Benson had expected. Miss Kennicot's worries about the rates seemed to dissolve when she and Mrs. Landry decided to take a room together. Mrs. Moore preferred a room of her own, as did Harry Wells.

They were all assigned to the fourth floor. John followed the bellboy into his room, noting that the Garwiths were two doors down, Harry Wells four. Mrs. Landry, Miss Kennicot, and Mrs. Moore were on the opposite side of the hall.

After the bellboy had gone, John waited beside the door of the small, well-arranged room. After a few moments, he heard a door down the hall being opened, then closed. He walked to the phone and asked for the manager.

In a moment, a nasal-sounding voice said, "Mr. Brander speaking."

"This is John Benson. Room 408. The plumbing seems to be in a bit of trouble up here."

"The plumbing? Well, is it a worn washer? I can send up our maintenance man to see—"

"I don't want your maintenance man, Mr. Brander. I want you to come up to my room, personally."

"Well, but I—"

"Now," John said, and hung up. His room faced the street bordering the front of the hotel. He looked out a window to see Harry Wells step to the curb and stand there, unmoving. He picked up the telephone again. He gave a number to the PBX operator and, in a moment, a crisp male voice said, "Harnet's Florist Shop. Mr. Harnet speaking."

"Mr. Harnet, this is John Benson. I stopped in Loma City for a few days on my way West. I ran into a friend, Don Hackert. He said he was an old acquaintance of yours. When I told him I'd be going through Cheyenne, he asked me to give you his regards."

"Well, that's very nice. How is Don?"

"Very good. He says he hopes to get over this way sometime this fall and do some hunting. Jackson Hole was all he could talk about."

"We'll be glad to see him. Where are you staying, Mr. Benson?"

"The Hotel Plateau."

"That's very nice. Couldn't you drop over this evening? Dinner?"

"Thanks, Mr. Harnet. I'm afraid not. Some day I'd like to try my luck at Jackson Hole myself. Good-by."

"Thanks for calling, Mr. Benson."

He hung up and noted that Harry Wells was still standing at the curb below, motionless. A small park was across the street from the hotel. There was a fountain in the center and green benches along the diagonal walks. Beyond were old but neat frame houses.

He thought of telephoning the boys in Chicago, but he gave that up quickly. One thing he was certain of: Garwith had faked his attack. And that meant that he'd wanted to stop in Cheyenne for a definite reason. Whether or not this hotel had anything to do with it was the problem. If it did, then he could not allow himself to telephone his sons, because they might innocently give something away that could be picked up on the switchboard. For the same reason he had not done so with the call to Harnet, he did not want to go to a public booth—with a telephone in his room, it might look too suspicious.

There was a tap at his door. He opened it to Margaret Moore.

"Well," he said. "Hello."

"Nice room, John?"

"Very nice, Margaret. Come in?" He looked down the hall and saw a small man in a white linen suit step out of the elevator.

Margaret Moore said, "I simply wanted to induce you to invite me downstairs for a cup of coffee. That could lead to dinner. I'm not particularly backward, if you haven't guessed."

He smiled. "I've always hated hack-wad people. Sure. I'd like to."

The man in the white suit arrived. He had a look of disbelieving hurt in his eyes. "Mr. Benson. I'm Mr. Brander, the manager of the Plateau. I find this very distressing."

John said to Mrs. Moore. "I'm having a little trouble with the plumbing."

"Really?" Mrs. Moore said.

"What," Mr. Brander said, "could possibly be wrong with the plumbing? We simply don't hire out our rooms in a state of disrepair!"

"I'll show you in a moment," John said. Then to Mrs. Moore: "Could you wait in your room for me, Margaret? I'll pick you up just as soon as we get this straightened out."

"All right," Mrs. Moore said, looking

at Mr. Brander curiously. She recrossed the hall, and John shut the door.

"Now," Mr. Brander called from the bathroom in his hurt voice. "What is it here that's gone wrong?"

"Mr. Brander," John said, "come back, will you?"

Mr. Brander came back and stared at John haughtily.

John opened one of his bags and removed a card from the lining. He handed it to Mr. Brander. Mr. Brander blinked. "F.B.I.?"

"That's right," John said, and replaced the card in the bag.

"Well," Mr. Brander said, nervously. "We wouldn't want the plumbing defective for anyone, Mr. Benson. Especially for the F.B.I."

"The plumbing's fine, Mr. Brander. Sit down, won't you? I simply wanted to talk to you for a moment."

"Oh," Mr. Brander said. He suddenly sat down. "Oh, I see. My goodness! What's gone wrong, Mr. Benson?"

"How long have you been managing this hotel, Mr. Brander?"

"Twenty-two years."

"This looks like a new hotel."

"We moved in here five years ago. Before that we were two blocks down. But it was always the Hotel Plateau. I just hope nothing's gone wrong to destroy the reputation."

John examined him closely, then smiled. "I'm sure it hasn't. All I want is your co-operation."

"By golly, you'll get that, Mr. Benson."

"Fine. Now, your switchboard operator—do you recommend her character, Mr. Brander?"

"I'd put my life on it."

"Your desk clerks?"

"I've known them all my life."

"The rest of your employees?"

"There isn't anyone in this hotel who has less than ten years of service. All except Albert Thompson's son—Alhert works the desk nights. He's sixteen and only works for us summers. What is it all about, Mr. Benson?"

"Just a routine check, Mr. Brander. This is, of course, a private conversation. And I'd like you, between now and the time we leave tomorrow morning, to tell me anything that goes on that might seem unusual concerning any of the people I'm riding with. If you discover anything, and you're positive you can trust your switchboard operator, call me when I'm in my room. Your PBX operator doesn't work around the clock?"

"No, sir. Albert takes over both the desk and board after 8:00. But you certainly can trust everybody in this hotel, Mr. Benson."

"I'm sure that I can, and thank you very much."

"Yes, sir," Mr. Brander replied. He

stopped at the door. "I, of course, don't know what you're going after, Mr. Benson. But I'll tell you I'm relieved to find out there isn't anything wrong with the Hotel Plateau's plumbing." He left.

John stepped to the window and looked out on a dimming Cheyenne. Harry Wells was still standing below, a cigarette between his lips. John looked across the street at the park. A blue Chevrolet stopped on the opposite side of the block. A man in a light gray suit got out and strolled into the park. He sat down on a bench and opened a newspaper.

All right, John thought. *That's taken care of.*

He stepped into the hall and walked to Margaret Moore's door. Until tomorrow morning, it would be up to either Allan Garwith or Harry Wells, or both, to do something. Until then, all he had to do was wait, keep calm, and be ready to act if he had to. Right now he could afford to concentrate on Margaret Moore. And that, he thought, knocking lightly on her door, was not going to be difficult.

Harry Wells finished his cigarette, then looked up at the fourth floor. He would like to kick that kid's door down and throttle him just like he had that kid in the motel back in Loma City. But he couldn't do it. He rubbed a cheek angrily. He had to keep track of that Garwith kid every minute.

There was a small, dull ache in the back of his head. He always got it when he couldn't figure out what to do next.

He looked up the broad steps at the hotel, frowning. He got his wallet from his hip pocket and removed a ten-dollar bill from its contents.

He walked into the lobby and stopped at the desk.

The clerk was tall, with a weak, stolid face. Wells said to him: "How would you like to make ten bucks?"

The clerk's eyes narrowed slightly. There was a faint twitching of his nose. "How?" he asked.

"This is something between me and one of the people I'm riding with. That kid who's got one arm. Name's Garwith. He borrowed some money from me." His nerves jumped a little when he said that. "He borrowed five hundred bucks. I don't want him running out on me with the dough. It's worth ten bucks to me to see he doesn't. I'd like to get some sleep tonight. So you call my room if that kid with one arm comes down."

Now, the clerk was finally nodding. "Yes, I think I can handle that. I thought at first—"

"I know what you thought at first. How about it?"

"Of course," the clerk said, putting his hand on the bill.

"And don't tell anybody about this. I don't want to get people upset, including

that kid's wife thinking maybe I don't trust him. Follow?"

"Perfectly." The clerk tucked the bill into the breast pocket of his suit.

In his room, Harry Wells realized he hadn't eaten. But he was tired, and he didn't want to go down again. He might bump into that Kennicot woman. He couldn't take that tonight.

He put his suitcase on the bed and opened it. Everything in the bag was precisely placed, including his gun and a small pressing iron. Harry Wells was prepared for a complete showdown inspection at any second. He removed the iron and carefully placed it on top of the night stand, ready for the early-morning pressing.

Then he took his wallet, Zippo lighter, keys, and change from his pockets. He took off his suit, shirt, and underwear, and hung the suit carefully in the closet.

He carried his shirt and underwear into the bath and filled the washbasin with lukewarm water, to let the clothing soak. Then he went back to the bed, got out a clean T shirt and shorts from the suitcase, and placed them neatly on top of the bureau.

In the Garwiths' room, Cicely said, "I'd just better have them send something up for us to eat, Allan. What shall I order?"

He lay flat on his back on the bed. He was thinking about Margaret Moore. Maybe, he thought, it was because when he'd faked the attack in the station wagon she'd come over and put her cool hand on his forehead.

"How about a New York?" he said. "About six inches thick. A baked potato and sour cream. French-fried onions. And a roquefort salad."

He turned his head and watched her carefully. She was wearing her best nightgown under a flowery housecoat. She had put her hair up in tight curls and removed her make-up. Marilyn Monroe, he thought.

"Well . . ." She got her purse from the writing table and took out the small pink wallet where she carried the money.

"Oh, God," he said. He put his arm over his eyes and lay there, wholly disgusted. "Order me a hamburger." He thought of the money, packed in that box, resting now either in a train car or in the Cheyenne post office. His nerves jumped, and he knew he would have to keep his mind off that."

He heard her pick up the telephone. In a moment she was saying, "A very thick steak, medium-rare—a New York cut, please. French-fried onions. A large baked potato with sour cream. A tossed green salad with roquefort. And coffee. Yes, please. And one tuna sandwich."

He took his arm from his eyes, as she hung up. "One tuna sandwich?"

"Allan, it's just that I'm not hungry."

"You get a kick out of that, don't you? I mean, you really enjoy the idea of sitting over in the corner nibbling on a tuna sandwich while I gorge myself on a steak. What's the fun in it?"

She shook her head, holding her tears back. "A tuna sandwich is truly all I want right now."

"All right," he said, covering his eyes with his arm again.

In a moment he could hear voices in the hall. Mrs. Landry, he realized. And Miss Kennicot. Loose from an asylum. He shut his eyes beneath his forearm. He was thinking of Margaret Moore again. Free and easy, that one, he was certain. Would she take a proposition, with some money back of it? Yeah, he thought that she would.

Minutes later, the food had been delivered. He sat on the edge of the bed beside his tray. Cicely carefully cut his steak into small portions. He began eating without a word. Cicely sat in a chair, munching on her tuna sandwich as though it were one of the world's rarest delicacies.

When he was half-finished, Cicely asked anxiously, "Is it all right, Allan?"

"Remind me," he said, "never to order a steak in this hotel again."

"Oh, Allan. I was hoping—"

"Don't hope." Tears were in her eyes again. He felt better. The steak was really delicious.

When he'd finished, he pushed the tray away and lay back on the bed. The food had relaxed him. He found himself thinking of Margaret Moore again.

There had been some vague familiarity about her. Suddenly he knew what it was. It was the memory of New Orleans. And Charissa. . . .

He was suddenly in that shrimp-smelling bar again, drinking beer to fortify himself against the pressing heat. He'd lost count of the number of beers he'd drunk. He only knew that he was running out of living money saved from the packing-house job in Loma City. Charissa, plump, smiling, a mysterious look of pleasure in her dark eyes, had walked by his table. He'd said, more to himself than with an intention to stop her, "What a truly beautiful movement."

She'd stopped, a thin dress displaying her ripe body well. She had a broad, copper-tinted face, and quick, appraising eyes. He'd thought she was going to spit at him. Instead she'd smiled. "You are a naughty little boy," she'd said.

She had accepted his offer of a drink. Three hours later, he stumbled into the small, untidy house outside of the city, where she'd driven him in a rattling 1949 Ford sedan. He was not sober for five days. In that time, he was virtually consumed by Charissa. He'd come back to

reality the sixth day. She told him: "Now, little boy, you have been fed well, no?" Laughter, low and full. "All right. Now is the time for you to do something else than to sleep and eat."

He remembered only vaguely what the two men who had come to the shack looked like. But he'd remembered the talk very clearly. They were planning to run a cache of dope into the country. It had to be smuggled up from Mexico. It now waited for them in a small Gulf Coast town down there. All they had to do was sail across the Gulf in a boat owned by one of the men and pick it up. It would take three of them. His cut would be eight thousand dollars. They would go in two weeks.

When the men had gone, Charissa had said, "But we have nothing until you earn your eight thousand dollars. No food. No whisky. Not even beer. You must do something now, ah, little."

Something little turned out to be a service station on the edge of New Orleans. Charissa had explained how simple the job would be. She had given him a pistol—cleaned, oiled, and loaded.

Late that night, Charissa parked beside the pumps of the station. He asked for a map of the city and followed the young, blond attendant inside. He pointed the gun at the youth and demanded the money in the register.

He'd never forgotten how the youth had stared at him, then had shaken his head. He'd been amazed and yelled for the boy to give him the money. But the boy simply stood there with a stupid, stubborn look on his face, slowly shaking his head.

"Shoot him then!" Charissa called, a wild edge in her voice.

He'd suddenly turned and run to the car, unable to pull the trigger. Charissa drove off with an angry screech of tires, into the country, her mouth a tight, white line. When she stopped, she looked at the way the gun was shaking from the tremor of his hand. "Ah, little boy—I did not think you would do that."

He'd staggered to the edge of the road and been sick. When he made his way back to the car, he'd tripped and shot himself in the left arm.

He bled heavily on the way back to the shack. When he next awoke, in pain and fright, Charissa was standing right beside his bed with a large, funereal-looking Negro woman.

"What does she think she's doing?" he said, seeing the flash of the knife in the woman's hand.

A glass was pushed close to his chattering teeth. "Drink, little boy," a voice said. "Keep drinking."

He had. But it hadn't stopped the realization of the nightmare that followed. When it was over, when both the

THE LONG RIDE (continued)

tall Negro woman and his arm were gone, in the painful, dreary, nerve-racking days following, he knew he'd lost more than an arm. He'd lost something inside himself that he was never going to get back.

Finally Charissa said, a dark look in her eyes, "You are getting stronger, little boy. We have held up the trip to Mexico for you. Now my friends are getting impatient. Let's see just how strong you have gotten."

He'd finally said, desperately, "No use." All he could do was hear the drops splattering on the galvanized metal that formed the shower's floor off the bedroom. They hit and splattered in an infuriating regularity.

She'd smiled sadly and got a bottle of whisky from the cupboard.

"I'll be all right again," he said, a pleading note in his voice.

"Sure, little baby. Have some of this to help it along."

He'd gotten drunk lying in bed, listening to that dripping in the shower that Charissa could or would not stop. He had passed out. When he awoke, he realized he was being moved to a car by the two men he was supposed to accompany to Mexico. The last he remembered was Charissa's face close to his, those bright, white teeth, gleaming. Her voice was soft, polite: "You are good for nothing, eh, my little baby?"

He'd awakened on the edge of a swamp, muddy, face bloody and sore, arm-stump hurting because he'd been rolled down a bank.

He'd stumbled, staggered, crept into town, to the Salvation Army. They gave him food, a bed. Slowly he'd got some decent strength back. They loaned him a bus ticket to Loma City. He went back to discover that his mother had died while he was gone. He'd lived on the money from a small insurance policy she'd had. When that ran out, he'd married Cicely, who had idolized him when he was a football hero in high school.

Now they were together in a room in Cheyenne. And he was thinking of that money again, how it had better be in that post office when he went to get it in the morning. Then ditch, only maybe not before he'd made a try with Margaret Moore, just because she reminded him of Charissa—her memory still left a curious knot of desire within him.

He suddenly thought of Mrs. Landry's talking about plans for leaving in the morning. He had not, he realized, paid close attention to that. Tensing, he asked Cicely, "When did they say we're leaving in the morning?"

"Eight o'clock."

He swore softly. The post office, he thought, would not be open before nine.

"What is the matter, dear?"

"Why is that damn faucet dripping in

the bathroom?" He would, he knew, have to stall some way.

"I don't hear any dripping, dear."

"Well, check it!"

Cicely hurried to the bathroom. "It really isn't dripping."

"You say," he snapped bitterly. "Why don't you turn the lights out?"

Later, perspiration on her upper lip, her teeth tight together, she lay with her eyes closed. So long as he had suddenly loved her this way, then nothing else mattered to her. She turned to him, kissing his cheek tenderly. But he was already fast asleep.

When the elevator had brought up the boy with dinner for the Garwiths, John Benson and Margaret Moore rode down to the lobby. Mr. Brander, standing beside his night clerk behind the desk, had motioned to John.

"Will you wait for me at the door?" John asked Margaret Moore.

At the desk, Mr. Brander bent forward, clearly excited. "Mr. Benson, you asked me to phone you about anything unusual. Well, you didn't answer just now, so—"

"What is it, Mr. Brander?"

"Albert here," Mr. Brander said, voice quivering, "just told me that one of your party, Mr. Wells, stopped at the desk earlier and gave him ten dollars to report if and when that young fellow with one arm left his room and came down here. Now what do you think of that?"

John nodded slowly. "That's very good to know, Mr. Brander."

"What are we going to do now?" Mr. Brander asked.

"If the boy with one arm goes out of his room, you telephone Mr. Wells, just as he asked. When I come back, and if that has happened, let me know."

"That's all?"

"The boy who delivered the food to the Garwiths' room—he was coming up just as we were going down. Who is he?"

"That's Albert's boy. Albert, right here."

"All right—fine." He knew, now, a good deal more about this. But he was certain that it would be quite a trick to smuggle a hundred thousand in small currency underneath a few silver warming covers on a food tray, even if Garwith had an accomplice located in this hotel, which John was certain he did not. "Thank you both very much. You've been very helpful."

He returned to Margaret Moore. They walked out into the cooling twilight.

"I guess I overdid my complaint," he said. "I've got Mr. Brander worried."

"Somehow," she said, "that doesn't fit into my impression of you at all, your calling a manager of a hotel to complain about something."

He looked at her quickly, then grinned. "I have quite a temper." They crossed

the street and started through the park. "Hungry?" he asked.

"Famished."

The man in the light gray suit who had driven up in the blue Chevrolet was sitting on a bench, newspaper folded on his lap. He looked at them idly, as they passed by.

"All we need is a good restaurant," John said. "Maybe—" He stopped. "If you want a good restaurant, ask a native. Excuse me a moment, Margaret."

He walked back alone to the man who was sitting on the bench. Out of hearing of Margaret Moore, he said, "Harnet called you?"

"That's right, Benson?"

"Yes."

"Good. I'm Dornig."

"You got here fast. Harnet's really a florist?"

"Yes. He's a good cover. Anything new on your end?"

"I just found out Wells bribed the desk clerk to tell him if Garwith left his room. We know now that either Garwith's got the money and Wells is waiting for a chance to get it back, or they're in this together, but Wells doesn't trust him. I swing to the first."

"I'll relay it back to Loma City, in case you don't get a chance."

"Have you got the back of the hotel covered?"

"Yes. We're just watching. We don't want to foul you up. When do you leave?"

"Eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Next stop?"

"Mrs. Landry drives like she's on fire. We'll make Salt Lake, at least. They're set there?"

"Yes. But maybe it'll take all the way to the Coast before anything breaks."

"It's possible. But keep a close watch here. I think Garwith faked a stomach attack to stop us. Where's a good restaurant, by the way?"

"Two blocks straight ahead. Good-looking woman. Is she the Moore woman we don't have much background on?"

"That's right. Thanks, Dornig."

John walked back to Margaret Moore. "They're pretty talky in Cheyenne. He said there's a good place a couple of blocks away."

"Let's merely run then."

The restaurant was cool, dim, with round leather booths. John asked, "Drink?"

"Beer. I thought about a cold beer all the way across Nebraska."

"I know what you mean. Steak?"

"Please, God. The thickest possible. We split this, by the way, since I trapped you into it."

"I'm willing to be trapped like this any day, any time."

He studied her face after he'd ordered, noting the fine lines of time at the cor-

ners of her eyes and mouth that did nothing to destroy her beauty, only gave it a durability, a depth that he had seldom seen in a woman. Not even in Maggie, he thought guiltily.

She met his stare directly. "Now tell me about yourself, John Benson. You told Mrs. Landry you were from Lafayette. I've been through Indiana in the fall. Very lovely. I was there with my husband." An eyebrow flickered. "We had a very pleasant and agreeable parting." She smiled. "I'm very fond of him."

"I'd rather hear about you right now, I think," he said. "Like about the man you married. Maybe I'll understand you better if you tell me about a man you were fond enough of to marry, then divorce amiably, and still feel fond of. What kind of man is this?"

"Or," she said, "what kind of woman is this? He was sixty-four when I met him, with a mustache and impeccable manners. I'd gone along all my life, skidding off from the marriage entanglement at the last minute. This was different."

"Where did you meet him? What did he do?"

"He was an English professor at Iowa State. I met him at a party in Chicago. I was a buyer for a large department store. I was tired of the job. He was a widower and tired of living alone. He had great dignity, a fine mind. So—it just happened. I went back to live in an old, very wonderful white house with him. But after the newness wore off, he retreated to his desk, reading and studying and working over his students' papers. After two years, we gave it up. The parting was agreeable. I went to New York."

He nodded, seeing her in better perspective now. But he still did not know if she might be involved with Wells, or with Garwith, or both.

"Now you," she said. "Edwin and I were in Lafayette twice. He had a friend on the Purdue faculty. Does it hurt to talk of that? I mean, because of your wife? I won't press if it does."

"No," he said. And he realized that with Margaret Moore, it was all right to talk about it for the first time, ever since Maggie had been killed in that accident in Washington. Whatever she was, she had a strong way of relaxing a man. "I'd still be in Lafayette if—" He shrugged. "It was a good life. Nice town, nice family, nice business." It was easy, he found, to mix the lie with the truth. It hadn't been Lafayette, and he hadn't been in business. But it had been a good life. . . .

"You loved your wife very deeply, didn't you, John?"

"Yes," he said.

She suddenly smiled. "Did you have a nice house in Lafayette?"

"Yes." They had owned a nice house, he thought. In the quiet Anacostia neigh-

borhood, far out from downtown Washington. He'd been glad to give up field work and settle into the routine of the Washington office. The quiet of the home, evenings. Now and then, a sitter for the boys and dinner at the Wharf. Perhaps a drink at the old-fashioned Willard bar. Sundays, driving through the golden Virginia countryside, stopping wherever it suited them to stop. Maggie had owned a child's eagerness to enjoy every minute. He lit a cigarette and tasted his beer. "Lafayette," he said, "is really a very pretty town."

"Did you live near the campus?"

He was back in the present. "We lived in the Hills and Dales District in West Lafayette. Do you remember that?"

"Yes," she said. "Beautiful homes."

"We were able to get an older home on Forest Hill Drive. I had my business on the east side, on Kosuth."

He thought her eyes flickered faintly, but it was only, he thought, his imagination, because he was now trying very hard to be careful.

"Advertising," she said. "Do you like that?"

"I thought I wanted to be an engineer—I grew up in a little town near Lafayette and was around Purdue. But after I enlisted in the Army, they sent me to Indiana U., at Bloomington, to study engineering for a while. I was really no good at it. After the war, I switched to advertising. Yes, I like it."

The steaks arrived. "My God," Margaret Moore breathed. "They look beautiful!"

He relaxed again, not knowing how much he had to worry about her, but simply glad to be with her.

Suddenly he heard a familiar sound. He looked up and saw, coming in, Miss Kennicot followed by a beaming Mrs. Landry. The sound was Miss Kennicot, laughing.

"There you are!" she shouted, as the other diners looked up. "Now wasn't that naughty of you to run off and not even tell us where you were going! My goodness, steaks! Aren't we being reckless! They told us this was the best restaurant in town. And I just knew we'd find you two naughty children here when we couldn't find you at the hotel. Aren't you two ashamed of yourselves, running off from us?"

When everyone had gotten back to his respective room, John returned to the lobby of the Hotel Plateau. He checked with the desk clerk, who had nothing new to report, then reported to Ray Hannah in Loma City from a public booth in the lobby, certain he would not be observed now. Ray Hannah said, "Thanks for the report. I've got a little more on Margaret Moore now, by the way. She was married to an English professor at Iowa State.

Lasted a couple of years and dissolved about eleven months ago. Before that, she was buyer for a store in Chicago. That's all I've got yet."

"All right, Ray," John said, relieved to find that much was working out as he had thought it would. "I don't think I'll be in touch with you from here on. I think I've got to play it closer from now on."

"Okay, pal. Good luck."

At 8:00 the next morning, Mrs. Landry, Miss Kennicot, Margaret Moore, Harry Wells, and John Benson had assembled at the station wagon in front of the hotel. By 8:10, Harry Wells and John Benson had packed the luggage. The Garwiths had not yet appeared. John Benson said casually to Mrs. Landry, "Want me to check them?"

"Yeah," Harry Wells said in a rasping voice. "Check them."

"Mr. Benson—I mean, John," Miss Kennicot said quite loudly. "I'll just go along, too!" Nervous laughter, and then: "Anyway, 'A merry companion is as good as a wagon,' Lyly, of course. And I shall try to be merry!"

"All right, Miss Kennicot," John said. "We'll go up together."

Miss Kennicot strode with him up the steps of the hotel, saying, "And no more of that Miss Kennicot business. Vera. After all, we are boon companions on this adventure of ours. 'Distinct as the hillows, yet one as the sea.'—J. Montgomery. Perhaps there's more truth in that than meets the eye."

"I wouldn't wonder, Vera," John said, as they boarded the elevator. "You show a wonderful ability to find a quotation for every occasion."

"Oh, John!" Miss Kennicot breathed. She reached out and squeezed his left bicep tightly. Her eyes were frozen on him. "John, John," she said. He was relieved when they got to the fourth floor.

There, he knocked on the Garwiths' door. Cicely, eyes red-rimmed, opened it.

"We were a little worried. Mrs. Garwith," John said.

"I know we're late. But Allan isn't feeling well again." Allan Garwith lay on the bed, dressed, quite motionless, eyes closed. "I'm so worried." Cicely said. "Allan, won't you let me call a doctor, please?"

"I don't want a doctor," he said, eyes closed. "I just need to lie here awhile. It's the damn altitude."

"Maybe," John said, "that might be the best idea. We're not trying to break speed records on this trip, I'm sure."

"Why, of course not!" Miss Kennicot said. "You know how the dear Bard put it: 'He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes.' Now, doesn't that make you feel better?"

"Yeah," Allan Garwith said, and put his forearm over his eyes.

THE LONG RIDE (continued)

They returned to the elevator. On the way down, John realized that Miss Kennicot was staring at him again.

"John, I—" She started snapping the clasp on her purse. She laughed and her hand shot out, whacking him in the arm. "Isn't this fun though?"

At five minutes before 9:00, Allan Garwith stood up in his room and picked up the telephone. He said to the operator, "Let's have somebody come up and get the bag." He dropped the telephone and said to Cicely, "Wait for the bellboy. I've got to get some air."

When he came out of the lobby downstairs, he looked at the group standing around the station wagon. He concentrated on Margaret Moore. She was wearing a fresh white dress that showed her body perfectly. If he got the money now, which he had better do, then he was going to hang on with this ride a little while longer. One try for her. He had to have that. . . .

"Are you feeling all right now, Mr. Garwith?" Mrs. Landry called.

"I've got to take a little walk," he said. "I'll be all right then. I don't want to hold you up. If you want to go on without us, I guess we can manage." He was looking at Mrs. Landry.

Quickly, Mrs. Landry said, "Why, that's ridiculous. You just go get yourself some of this nice Wyoming air. When we get out on that Great Divide, why, I can just make up all kinds of time!"

Allan Garwith walked on, through the park, passing a man sitting on one of the benches. Outside the park, he turned toward the center of downtown. He had all he could do to restrain himself from breaking into a run.

He stopped an elderly woman and asked for directions to the post office. Then he moved on quickly. When he got inside the post office, he instinctively paused to look out a window.

His heart seemed to stop for a long moment, then it started pumping wildly. Harry Wells was moving swiftly toward the building. His tropical suit was pressed perfectly. His freshly shined shoes glistened in the sun.

Suddenly, Allan Garwith blinked. Something clicked. He thought of that moment when he'd watched those two men stride down the alley toward the bank. One of them had worn a well-pressed tropical suit. His highly polished shoes had flashed in the sun.

"My God," Allan Garwith whispered.

John Benson, after Allan Garwith had crossed the street toward the park, had said to Mrs. Landry, "If it's all right, I think I'll look around town a little bit. I need to get some cigarettes first, then some exercise."

"Why, of course, Mr. Benson," Mrs. Landry had said, cheerfully.

He'd noted Allan Garwith's general direction. He went swiftly into the hotel and out the rear exit. He glanced at a man sitting in a blue Chevrolet on the back street; he was certain it was the local office's man, but there wasn't time to check.

He circled the block and walked swiftly back in the same direction Allan Garwith had taken. He saw Garwith cross the street a half block beyond, moving deeper downtown. He stopped. In a few moments, Harry Wells strode across the same intersection, behind Garwith. John moved forward, following both.

He was a half block behind Harry Wells, when he saw Allan Garwith go into the post office. Then he heard a loud cry from behind.

He turned and saw, anger pulsing in his temples, Miss Kennicot bearing down on him, laughing and gasping.

Inside the post office, Allan Garwith, throat dry, went directly to the general delivery window. He asked for a package bearing his name, trying to whip his brain into action. He turned nervously, looking at the doorway. He could not see Harry Wells.

The clerk returned with the package. "Here we are."

Garwith grabbed the package. Harry Wells was standing at the doorway now, looking at him with icy blue-gray eyes. Garwith moved to a mailing window and placed the package on the counter. "Give me that heavy pencil."

The clerk blinked, looking at him, then handed him a thick pencil. Garwith crossed out the stamps and address, turned the package over, and wrote: "Raymond Jones."

Next stop, he thought wildly, would probably be in Utah. Salt Lake, maybe. But he couldn't be sure, not the way that grandmother drove. He would have to send it beyond that. He wrote: "% General Delivery, Reno, Nevada." And shoved the package at the clerk.

The clerk examined the address, then turned the package over, looking at the way Garwith had lined out the previous address and canceled stamps. "It won't go like this, of course. It should be rewrapped, and—"

"Send it! Airmail!"

"Well—" The clerk finally pulled several strips of wide brown paper tape from a roller and pasted them over the old stamps and address. "That ought to take care of it."

Garwith had gotten out his wallet. There were no bills in it. He suddenly remembered how, before they'd left Loma City, Cicely had asked for all of his currency, so that she could count the money and make sure they spent it correctly. That stupid bitch, he thought. He got his change from his pocket, hand trembling.

"How much airmail?" he asked the clerk. He turned and looked at Harry Wells, who now was moving from the doorway toward him.

The clerk quoted the cost of airmail postage. Garwith shook his head weakly. "Make it regular."

It took all but three pennies to buy the postage. Swiftly, the clerk stamped the package and snapped it into a large canvas bag.

Allan Garwith turned from the window as Harry Wells reached him. . . .

Miss Kennicot fitted her hands around John Benson's arm like a wrestler about to try for the first fall. She grinned wickedly and said, "Why, imagine, John! I guess we both had the very same idea, didn't we, coming down here! John, John, John."

He forced himself to smile at her, his eyes flickering to look toward the post office. Harry Wells, he saw, had disappeared inside.

Miss Kennicot loosened her fingers for a fraction of a moment, then dug in even harder, laughing loudly.

Allan Garwith knew he was visibly shaking, but he stood his ground as Harry Wells stared at him. Wells said, "Needed a couple of stamps. I thought you were sick, Garwith." He looked inside the postal window, but the bag which contained the package was now being carried toward a rear loading dock.

"That's right," Allan Garwith said. "But I had a package to mail—something Cicely's mother sent here to Cheyenne. I just remembered it this morning. I decided to mail it on to San Francisco and save packing it in the station wagon. As a matter of fact, I don't feel so good, at that."

"Yeah," Wells said, staring at Garwith. "Well, how about it?"

Garwith felt his heart jump again. "How about it?"

"How about letting me by so I can buy those stamps!"

His head bobbed. "Sure. Sure!"

When he got outside, his knees almost buckled. He couldn't be certain that Wells was the one who'd robbed that bank. But it was a possibility, and that possibility had thrown everything awry. He may have been in trouble before, but it was nothing to what he was into if Harry Wells really were the man he now thought he could be.

It was 4:00 that afternoon before the station wagon rolled out of Cheyenne.

When Allan Garwith returned to the hotel, Cicely had insisted again that he see a doctor. This time he didn't argue. The desk clerk recommended a clinic. With everyone in the station wagon, Mrs. Landry drove there. A doctor diagnosed Garwith's trouble as a simple case of nerves. He prescribed tranquilizers and

sleeping pills. When Garwith came out of the doctor's office, he explained abruptly to Cicely that it was the altitude. There was a long wait until the prescriptions were filled at a drugstore. After that, Garwith asked if Mrs. Landry could drive back to the park across from the hotel where he could get water for his pills, more air, and a little rest.

In the park, as the others waited, he took two tranquilizers at the drinking fountain. Then he walked onto the grass and lay down.

He waited for the pills to go to work and damned the fact that he'd had only enough money to send that package on by regular mail. That Landry woman really might beat the postal service this time. But that wouldn't happen if he stalled long enough.

He would like, he thought, simply to junk the station wagon altogether, buy Cicely a one-way ticket back to Loma City on the bus, and tell her to stay with her parents until he sent for her. Then he'd take all the rest of the money they had and use it for a train ride for himself to Reno. There was just enough, he thought, to do that.

But if he did, and if Wells really was the one who'd lifted that money, then he would be putting the finger on himself. So far, Wells didn't have any more on him than he had on Wells. But breaking loose that way would be like a red light blinking in front of Wells' eyes. And the thought of the man on his back from that point on, searching for him, coming out of nowhere some day, some minute, was too much to bear. Wells had seen him pick up and mail a package, but that was all, so far. . . .

But what, he thought, was he going to do when he got to Reno? How would he handle it then, even if he slowed this up enough so that the money would absolutely be there by the time they arrived?

I don't know, he thought, realizing that the pills were suddenly going to work. In a moment, he dozed. He awakened when Cicely put her hand comfortingly on his forehead. He lay there until 3:45, really not caring about anything. Finally, he stood up and looked at the station wagon.

Harry Wells was standing beside that wagon, as though he hadn't moved, staring straight at him. Garwith walked indifferently back to the fountain and took two of the sleeping pills. He said to Cicely, "Let's roll it, what do you say? I'm sick of this town."

After John Benson had followed Allan Garwith back to the station wagon that morning, he'd known that he should have counted on Miss Kennicot even more accurately than he had. But there was, he knew, nothing he could do about that situation, now.

When they'd driven to the clinic, he

was able to walk to a store and telephone Dornig. He instructed Dornig to check the post office for anything bearing Garwith's name. When Allan Garwith had stretched out on the grass in the park, he'd made a second call to Dornig from the public booth in the lobby of the hotel.

Dornig reported: "It was a package. Garwith picked it up at the general delivery window, then remailed it. It was gone by the time we got on it. But it had to be shipped out on a westbound train. Nothing had gone east in that time. It was first class, the clerk remembers that much. He said Garwith re-addressed it. The clerk said he put paper tape over the old stamps and address. But he doesn't remember the name it was mailed to or where."

"But it's sure going west?"

"Yes. I'll alert all the points on your route. If he figures to pick that package up while he's on this ride of yours, and if he's sent it to himself under his own name again, maybe we can nail it. But they'll have to contact you before they fool with it. If they find it."

"If," John said, "Wells was right behind him. Maybe they're in it together. But maybe Garwith's trying to keep it out of Wells' hands. Maybe that's why he mailed it again." He paused. "If the package is located, maybe we can put a dummy in its place and save the money no matter what happens. But I don't want just that kid and the money—I want Wells, too."

"It's a large postal service," Dornig said. "But if we find it, you'll know it when you check in, wherever that is. Good hunting."

At 4:00 P.M., as Allan Garwith leaned back and fell asleep, the station wagon rolled past the city limits of Cheyenne. Once again, Mrs. Landry floored the gas pedal. The station wagon's nose lifted. Everyone was pushed back into his seat. Then Mrs. Landry was whipping the car down the highway at a little less than eighty-five miles an hour.

"Would it bother your husband if we all sang again, dear?" Mrs. Landry called to Cicely.

"I'm sure it wouldn't," Cicely said. "I think he's sleeping very soundly."

"All right," Mrs. Landry said happily. "What'll we sing this time?"

"Why don't we just warm up with *Friends* again?" Miss Kennicot shouted.

Allan Garwith, John Benson noticed, had begun to snore softly. When Mrs. Landry reached the Great Divide, she really moved that station wagon.

The singing gradually died as Mrs. Landry took Granite Canon, Laramie, Medicine Bow, and Rawlins like a skier running down a hard-packed snow slope. After covering the basin, she began talking of dinner.

"This friend of mine I mentioned," Miss Kennicot said, "said there's a perfectly wonderful little roadhouse to eat at in Green River, just as cheap as anything, and awfully good food."

It was dark when the station wagon stopped outside the Green River roadhouse. Everyone climbed out except Allan Garwith.

He awoke a few minutes later. He looked out at the roadhouse and saw them at a booth by a window. He realized that the station wagon was clearly visible from that window. He shrugged and shifted his position, and in a few moments was snoring softly again.

As Mrs. Landry drove out of Green River, into the mountains that preceded Salt Lake, Miss Kennicot kept up an endless flow of quotations, songs, and anecdotes about her Robin experiences. Finally, her head fell back. Her mouth dropped open. She began snoring softly in harmony with Allan Garwith.

Darkness had finally slowed Mrs. Landry. As the car took the curves looping into the mountains, John Benson said to Margaret Moore, "Do you think you'll like San Francisco?"

"I'm sure of it. Fog. Hills. The water all around. It's my kind of place, I think."

"Any place you liked," he said, realizing how much he had come to admire her, "would become your kind of place, Margaret."

They were in Utah now, curving through the night along the mountain highway. He enjoyed the closeness of Margaret Moore, sitting just ahead of him. He held off all thoughts about what might happen in Salt Lake City if Garwith, with Wells behind him, went for that money. He forced himself to stop thinking of that and to think only about the pleasure of Margaret Moore sitting just ahead of him. . . .

The lights of Salt Lake were first visible by the white glow in the night sky; before the sharp descent from the high mountain road to the low flat of the land beside the lake, the lights themselves were visible, spread in a large silver-dotted cluster.

The others began to stir, as they rolled down the grade toward the city. In a moment, Miss Kennicot started laughing once again.

After they came into the city, it was obvious there were no motel vacancies at that hour.

"And the one thing is," Miss Kennicot said worriedly, "when everyone's filled up this way, and you're desperate, why, even if you finally do find something, then they can just charge anything they want to. Highway robbery, in other words."

Allan Garwith awakened and said, "Where are we?"

Cicely said, "Salt Lake, Allan."

THE LONG RIDE (continued)

"Well, where are we going to check in?"

"The motels are filled," Harry Wells said, flatly. "Maybe we ought to just keep right on going."

Garwith switched around, looking at him. Then he turned to the front again. "I think it's time for a break. I mean, we're in Salt Lake. That's not dragging our feet, is it?"

"It isn't," John said. "But I still don't see any vacancies."

"Maybe," Cicely said, "we can just go on and then—"

"What are you talking about?" Garwith said, angrily.

"Well, I just don't know what we should do," Mrs. Landry said.

"I know one thing," Miss Kennicot said. "I just wouldn't want to find some awful motel that was the last thing anybody wanted to rent and then find out they've skyrocketed their rates just because they know they can take advantage of us at this time of morning."

"I have an idea," Margaret Moore said. "It's going to be daylight in a little while. When we leave Salt Lake, we'll be crossing the desert. Why don't we wait until people start checking out of the motels? Then we can check in, rest until this evening, and start driving when it's cool—say, at midnight."

Allan Garwith said quickly, "That's the most intelligent thing I've heard all year."

They had coffee and waited in an all-night restaurant. When they returned to the car, the red sun was creeping over the mountains they'd left behind, clearing the last webs of darkness; soon the city was splashed in a shimmering morning light. They found, then, a motel with neat, inexpensive stucco cabins and clean showers that had just been vacated by a large party of tourists.

Inside his cabin, John pulled the drapes of the front window, leaving a slight opening. He looked at the other units. Margaret Moore's was beside his own. The one shared by Mrs. Landry and Miss Kennicot was next to it. Across the small court was Harry Wells' cabin and the one used by the Garwiths. John Benson waited, watching.

Ten minutes to 9:00: Harry Wells stepped out of his cabin. He stared at the Garwiths' cabin for a moment, then went around the corner of his own cabin and strode down the sidewalk, heading in the direction of downtown.

Seconds later, the Garwiths' door opened. Allan Garwith came out quickly and ran to the corner of Wells' cabin. He stopped there and looked after the retreating man. When Wells was far down the block, he moved off in the same direction, hurrying with brisk, nervous strides.

John opened the door of his own cabin and walked to the public telephone booth

beside the manager's unit. He called the local F.B.I. office. A man named Sands came on: "Benson? Yes. Glad to hear from you."

"Wells and Garwith both just left on foot from where we're staying, the Rest-Well Motel. They're going toward Main. Have somebody pick them up and watch them, only don't, for God's sake, let them know it."

"Hold on." There was a pause. "Okay. It's done."

"Good. Did that package show up here?"

"No. But we've got someone on both trains right now, checking. We may pick it up by Reno."

"How about the post office here? Have you got it covered?"

"Can do, very quickly."

"And at least one man on this motel, all the time we're here. I think Wells and Garwith will be back. I've got a hunch about what's going on. I'll check with you again in a few minutes."

He returned to his cabin and waited. In ten minutes, neither Wells nor Garwith had returned. He walked back to the telephone booth and called Sands.

Sands said, "They just showed up at the post office."

"That's where I thought they were heading."

"Wells asked for a package addressed to Allan Garwith. When they told him there wasn't one, he left. Three minutes later, Garwith came in and asked if anyone had checked for a package in his name. They told him yes and described Wells. Then he took off."

John nodded. "That gives us the picture."

"Garwith's got the money, but he sent it somewhere else. Wells isn't hooked up with him. He just wants to get the money. Now Garwith knows who Wells is and what he wants."

"That should be it." John looked out of the booth and saw Wells coming down the street. "Thanks. Sands. Wells is coming back."

He hung up and moved back quickly to his cabin. As he did, he thought he saw one of the drapes move behind the front window of Margaret Moore's cabin.

Wells appeared and stepped into his cabin. Minutes later, sneaking in from the back, Allan Garwith turned the corner of his cabin and hurried inside.

Then it was very silent.

At early evening, Allan Garwith sat staring with hard eyes at a gently sleeping Cicely. That morning, after he'd returned from the post office when he'd absolutely proven who Harry Wells really was, he had tried to go back to sleep. That, of course, hadn't worked. He'd begun tossing in the bed angrily and at noon had finally awakened Cicely, who

had come awake neither when he'd left nor when he'd returned. She'd gotten up, put out the sandwiches she'd bought for him in Green River, and then asked if there was anything else she could do.

"Yeah," he'd said. "Go back to bed."

She had gone to sleep, and he'd stalked back and forth in the cabin, eaten a sandwich, and had periodically gotten out, and looked at, the pills. He kept remembering the pleasant way he'd stopped caring when he'd taken them in Cheyenne. But now, having verified who Wells was, he knew that he could not afford to go out again.

He suddenly walked to the bathroom and flushed them away. On the way out, he stopped and yanked viciously at the handle of a water tap. He'd noticed a faint drip there. He waited. A new drop fell, with a soft, barely detectable sound, upon the porcelain of the sink.

He went out of the bathroom, shut the door, and sat down. He was certain he could still hear the faintest dripping. He sucked in his breath, trying to keep it out of his ears.

He still remembered that same sound, years ago. . . .

He'd been twelve and they'd lived on that crummy Loma City street, just off the river. Allan Garwith had hated that period of his life—mostly because of his father.

His father had been a large, blond man, half Swede and half English, with huge shoulders and large, muscular arms, who had seemed to enjoy living in that Italian neighborhood. The best thing he remembered about his father's looks was a crooked front tooth that protruded slightly from an otherwise even line of large white teeth. That crooked tooth gave him a mean look that had always frightened Allan.

His father drove a gravel truck for a city quarry. When he came home evenings, always with beer on his breath, he would, within an hour, find something for which to punish Allan. He had never forgotten that particular evening when his father had come in, eyes glazed, wide mouth slack and mean-looking.

Allan's mother, a large, dark, handsome Irish woman, had appeared from the small kitchen. Allan had been sitting on the sofa, playing with a gyroscope he'd gotten the day before. His father had said to him, "What do you think you're doing?"

His mother said, "Roy, now don't start on him again. It teaches him science. They told me so at the dime store when I bought it."

Allan Garwith had looked at his father apprehensively, waiting for his mother to make it all right, as she always had.

His father said sardonically, "He likes to play with toys just like some infant."

Do you know what Frank Panzarri told me down at the Eagles' about thirty minutes ago?"

"Why would it make any difference what Frank Panzarri told you at the Eagles'? I've got dinner ready."

"Frank Panzarri told me they were teaching the kids boxing lessons at school today. He told me they were teaching all the kids, his kid, and this kid here. And he said this little mother's boy wouldn't fight."

Very quickly, Allan Garwith concentrated on his gyroscope. He looped a heavy string between his thumb and little finger, got the gyroscope spinning, and then put it on the string.

"Why should they be teaching little boys to fight at school?" his mother asked. "Don't they do enough of that in the streets anyway?"

"Not this mother's boy," his father said. He stepped to him and knocked the gyroscope clear across the room. "Boy, you're going to learn something and you're going to learn it now."

He stared at his father, blinking slowly. It was true that he'd refused to put on the oversized boxing gloves at gym class that afternoon. He'd been afraid to. But this was even worse. He could feel himself trembling very badly.

His father grabbed his shirt and snugged him to his feet.

"Put up your hands, boy," his father whispered. He could not move. "All right," his father said, and slapped him hard across the cheek.

"Boy—!" his mother had called.

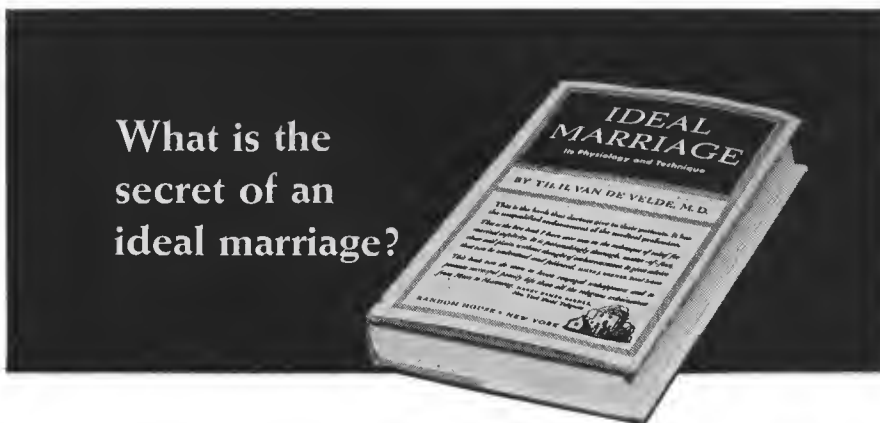
After that, the slaps came harder and harder, until, though he wasn't seriously hurt, he fell down. Then, because he knew his mother was struggling with his father, he ran. He ran into the bathroom and squatted down beneath the sink, trying to make himself very small, trembling uncontrollably.

He could hear the sound of his mother and father struggling in the other room. Then he heard the heavy, menacing footsteps of his father coming toward the bathroom. He saw the work shoes appear, and he shut his eyes. Then he heard his mother coming, grabbing his father's arm again. He held his breath, shivering, listening to the struggling again as his mother somehow pulled his father out of the bathroom.

Finally, he heard a rapid swearing from his father, the slam of a door. For a few minutes, it was absolutely silent. In those minutes, he realized that a tap above him was leaking, the drops rhythmically striking the sink, as he huddled there, shaking, waiting for his father to appear once more.

Instead, his mother came in and pulled him to his feet. Silently she went back to the kitchen and sat down wearily at the

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THE LONG RIDE (continued)

small table. He followed and looked at her for a while. Then he went back to the living room and picked up his gyroscope. It wouldn't work anymore.

At last he opened the front door and peered out. He could not see his father on the two flights of steps that ran to the lower level of the ancient apartment. He ran down and went outside and ducked into a doorway, where he waited, looking. He could not see his father anywhere.

Finally he went around the block, shoving his hands in his pockets, swaggering and whistling, ready to run any second.

Coming up the back side of the block, he discovered his father. He was in an alley, struggling with a woman Allan Garwith had often seen around the neighborhood, a woman who wore a lot of powder and lipstick. She did not seem angry, as his mother had been. She started to laugh. Allan ran all the way back to his apartment.

There, he told his mother, who was sitting exactly as he'd left her, precisely what he'd seen in that alley.

She suddenly brought a hand hard across his mouth.

He'd been too stunned to move for several seconds. During his recital, he'd felt a fine feeling of discovery, of having come onto something that would make his mother love him more than ever. He was barely able to turn, blindly, and stumble to bed.

His father had been killed in a truck accident a week later. He had gone to the funeral and had hated him lying dead in the casket. His mother had grieved for his father a long time, which he'd also hated. When he'd got back from New Orleans and found she was dead, all those years later, he simply had not cared. . . .

Now, in the motel cabin in Salt Lake City, Allan Garwith stood up and strode into the bathroom and shoved at that faucet. He could not stop the dripping. He walked angrily back into the room. Cicely was sitting up in bed.

"What's the matter, Allan?"

He paced, silent, grim.

He tried to get his mind off Wells. He thought of Margaret Moore. He thought of how he'd watched her walk to her cabin early this morning. It started a pounding excitement deep in his middle. He stopped pacing and looked at Cicely.

He stepped over to her and put his mouth on hers, hard and brutally.

Minutes later, he swore angrily in frustration.

"Allan," she said. "I'm sure it's just—"

"Shut up!" He had kept hearing that steady dripping.

"Allan—" she began again.

"Stop!" he shouted.

Dressed, he left the cabin, shutting the door against the awful sound of that dripping. He saw the lights in

Harry Wells' cabin go out. He knew Wells was checking on him. *Check!* he thought wildly. He stood, trembling with a chill, feeling stripped of all courage.

Then he looked in the direction of Margaret Moore's cabin and saw the glow of a cigarette. She was standing, he realized, in the shadows, alone. . . .

She saw his door open and shut. Then he was a dim outline in front of it. She had tired of the inside of her cabin and had come out, to look at a silver moon just showing over the tops of the mountains. She felt no anxiety when she saw him walk toward her.

When he was directly in front of her, she looked curiously at him.

"Nice night," he said softly.

"Yes," she said. "It is."

He said nothing for a few moments. Then suddenly his hand was on her and he was forcing her backward, along the wall, to the back of the cabin. She didn't call for help because she was too surprised by the attack.

"Don't be foolish," she gasped finally, as he pressed her against the back wall of the cabin with his one arm. "I can—"

His hand went over her mouth. His body pinned her to the wall. She struggled hard, but he held her locked.

He whispered, close to her ear, "Don't fight it. I'll make it right for you. Give you anything. I've got the money—"

She twisted so hard that he lost his command over her. She ran back toward the front of the cabin, hearing his footsteps behind her. She angled suddenly to John Benson's door. She rapped on it sharply. The door opened, and Allan Garwith ducked back, out of sight. She stepped inside swiftly, looking at the surprised eyes of John Benson.

He saw immediately the way her dress was torn at the neck. There was an alive, tense look in her eyes. She was in extreme fear, he knew, and yet she was, at that moment, one of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen. He closed the door and said, "Are you all right?"

She nodded. She was, he saw, getting control of herself. "May I sit down?"

"Of course." He gave her a cigarette and held a match for her. She put her hand against his while he did. He could feel the trembling.

"That's better," she said. "Thank you."

He sat down on the edge of his bed, looking at her eyes. "What happened?"

She took a breath. "Our young groom, Allan Garwith, just tried to rape me."

He was silent and motionless for a moment. Then the anger came. "How did it happen?"

She told him, briefly, succinctly.

"I see," he said flatly. And then, when he'd finally controlled the anger, he said, "I'd better call the police."

"No, I'd like to think he just got car-

ried away. I wouldn't want his wife to be hurt by this."

He nodded finally. "You didn't see this coming? I mean—"

"Not rape. Certain things, yes. They puzzled me. The boy was just married, after all." She looked at him directly. "There've been a lot of things that have puzzled me about this trip."

"Yes?" Now he was being careful.

"You, for instance."

He shook his head, trying to look puzzled, knowing that he'd shown too much of himself to Margaret Moore. "I don't think I follow."

"That complaint of yours in Cheyenne, bringing the manager into it. That didn't fit. Then the way you've been watching people—Allan Garwith and Harry Wells, especially."

"I didn't realize that." And he was thinking—if she had detected it, had Garwith? Had Wells?

"Maybe," she said. "it's my imagination. But in Cheyenne, when Allan Garwith went for that walk, Harry Wells disappeared. So did you."

"So did Miss Kennicott," he said.

"Yes," Margaret Moore said. "I think she's a pretty good bloodhound. Anyway, Allan Garwith's been acting peculiar all through this trip. Now this tonight. Maybe he's simply a psycho. But I think he's into something. When we checked in here, this morning, I couldn't sleep. I was awake when he left his cabin. Did you know he left this morning?"

"No," he lied. "I didn't."

"He did—after Harry Wells left. Same thing as in Cheyenne, only in reverse. Then what?"

"I don't know."

"You left your cabin and made a telephone call. Two of them. I watched you. It isn't because I'm so very damn snoopy. It's just that I sense something strange around here."

"I have an old Army buddy who lives in this town. He wasn't in the first time I called. He was the second."

"I'm sure it's none of my business," she said. "but I don't, for example, really see you on this kind of ride—unless you had a more important reason than simply traveling."

"Be specific," he said. "Please."

"All right. You say you had your advertising agency on Kosuth in Lafayette. You pronounced it Kosuth with the hard O. The natives pronounce it Kahsuth, with the accent on the last syllable."

He smiled at her again, hating himself for the blunder. But he motioned a hand and said, "Not really good evidence, Margaret. We called Lafayette Laughavette. Maggie and I had a few things like that—a kind of rustic humor. But I'm glad to hear that you have such a good imagination."

"What Allan Garwith did a little while ago wasn't imagination. Nor was what he told me."

"What did he tell you?"

"That he could give me anything I wanted. That he had the money."

Very carefully, he lit another cigarette. That, he thought, absolutely sealed it as far as Garwith was concerned.

She said, "I got the impression the Garwiths are making this trip on the proverbial shoestring."

"Yes," he said. He shook his head. "But if he tried what he did with you, I imagine he'd say almost anything, wouldn't he?"

"Yes," she said, slowly, "I guess that he would."

"I wouldn't try to read things into this that aren't there, Margaret. One thing's certain. Garwith did attack you. You can't just ignore it."

"Yes," she said, "I can. Maybe there's something wrong between him and the girl. I don't know. I'll respect the possibility. He may regret the whole thing very deeply right now."

"All right," he said finally. He was almost certain that she was clear. But if she were somehow connected with this, then this might be a last-ditch effort to find out who he was. If she were connected with Wells, for example, this would have been a good attempt to do that. The story she'd told about Garwith might or might not be true. He thought it was. But he couldn't be sure, and so he had to keep on playing the game. "I want you to be safe, however."

"Right now," she said, "I feel very safe with you."

"In this cabin?"

"Yes."

He suddenly bent forward and kissed her. Her response was very sudden, almost explosive. . . .

The hands on his travel clock announced that it was 11:00. She stood in front of a mirror.

"You look truly beautiful," he said.

She turned to him. "I feel truly beautiful." She came over to him and he kissed her again. Her lips were warm, soft. "I'd better hurry," she whispered. "I can't leave here just as the caravan is gathering outside."

"Will you be all right?"

"If there's any more trouble, I'll call. You could hear that, couldn't you?"

"Yes."

"The best thing about this," she said softly, "is that I'll see you again in an hour. But don't feel obligated, John. There're no strings."

She left swiftly.

Miss Kennicot had been awake for nearly three hours. Packed, ready to go, with a little more than an hour to kill. Miss Kennicot got out the poem

she'd secretly written to John Benson after she'd returned from her tour of downtown Salt Lake City.

When she had finished reading, tears formed in her eyes. She folded the paper carefully, then thrust it lovingly down the front of her dress. She turned out the lights and stood breathing hard for a moment, then opened the door, to sniff in the deep nectar of nature's summer night.

As she did, she saw the door of John Benson's cabin open. She saw Margaret Moore hurry back to her own cabin in the moonlight. Miss Kennicot stepped back, doubling as though punched in the stomach. She shut the door and spun, making a low, strangling sound. Finally, she pulled the poem from her dress and ripped it viciously into small bits.

Mrs. Landry stumbled out of bed and snapped on the light switch. "My dear, what's the matter?" She blinked, trying to come awake completely. "My goodness, I heard the strangest noise—as though somebody had got stabbed or something. . . ."

Allan Garwith had not stopped shaking since Margaret Moore had got away from him. Now Cicely was saying, "Did the air make you feel better, Allan?"

"Please," he whispered. "shut up."

She began to cry, hunched in bed.

What had come over him anyway, he thought, trying that with the Moore woman? He must have been out of his mind. The only thing good about it was that she hadn't started screaming.

He'd absolutely expected to see Benson come charging out of there. Well, maybe she hadn't told him. Because maybe she hadn't minded, after all. Maybe she'd really gone for it, including that promise about the money.

He felt a little better then. Okay, he thought, thinking of Harry Wells. I can handle you, friend. Reno—that's where it's going to count. Only that package has got to be there by the time I get there. And I've got to shake you, buddy.

He was thoughtful for a moment; then he walked into the bathroom and took a new razor blade from its holder. Cicely was still crying when he came back through the room and stepped outside. Once again, the lights in Wells' cabin went out. The stupid bastard, Garwith thought.

He suddenly dodged around the corner, away from Wells' cabin. He heard Wells' door flying open behind him. He went over a short fence, into an alley, until he reached a closed appliance shop. He cut back along its wall and stopped, waiting silent and motionless, until Harry Wells passed him, running down the alley.

Then he returned to the front of the motel where Mrs. Landry's car was parked. He got the hood up quickly, partially sliced the fuel line with the razor

blade, then closed the hood and hurried back to his cabin. When he shut the door behind him, Cicely looked at him with tear-filled eyes.

A few moments later, there was a knock on the door. Garwith opened it, to face a hard-eyed Harry Wells. Wells' forehead was wet with perspiration. "Ran out of cigarettes," he said. "Wonder if I could borrow a couple?"

Garwith smiled at him tightly. "Take the whole pack."

"I didn't disturb you, did I?"

"No," Garwith said. "You didn't."

"Thanks," Wells said flatly and walked back to his cabin. Garwith shut the door and turned around, looking at Cicely. "Come here," he said, grinning.

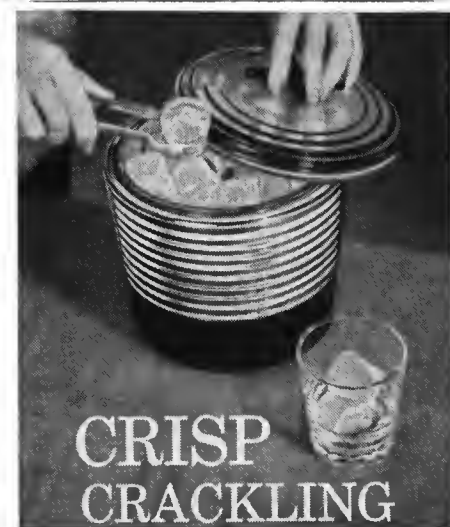
"Oh, Allan!" Cicely said. She got out of bed and ran to him.

He took her in his arms, smiling. *Reno*, he thought. *Then I start again, without this broad.*

"Allan," Cicely said, holding to him like a child. "All I want is to know you love me. You do love me, don't you?"

"Cicely," he said, "you know it. But listen. How about letting me carry all the money? Just so I don't forget what it feels like."

Before they vacated the cabin at midnight, while Cicely was turned the other



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THE LONG RIDE (continued)

way, he was able to take the gun from the bag and fit it under his belt beneath his jacket. . . .

The station wagon rolled away from the motel a few minutes after midnight. It raced past the Great Salt Lake, as the water reflected the moon and a train lumbered slowly across the lake over dark pilings. Traffic was thin. Cool air had relieved the blinding heat of the day. The station wagon sailed smoothly over the salt-flats highway.

The car began to lose power when they were nearing the far, western edge of the desert.

In frustration, Mrs. Landry tromped on the accelerator. The car jumped ahead, faltered, then finally rolled to a stop.

"Darn thing," Mrs. Landry said.

"Well, what's the matter with it?" Miss Kennicot said angrily, speaking for the first time since they had left Salt Lake City. "Aren't we ever going to get this trip over with?"

Mrs. Landry looked at her in surprise. John Benson said quickly, "Why don't you try it again, Mrs. Landry?"

Mrs. Landry did and shook her head.

"Well," Allan Garwith said. "it isn't the gas. You got a full tank when we were in Salt Lake."

"I'll take a look under the hood," Harry Wells said. "How about that flash in the compartment?" Miss Kennicot gave him the flashlight with one angry movement. Harry Wells climbed out and opened the hood. Allan Garwith followed, then John Benson.

Wells shook his head. "I don't know. How about you, Benson?"

"I'm afraid I don't know much about cars, Sergeant."

"Garwith?" Wells said.

"I wouldn't know."

"Maybe a vapor lock," Wells said, doubtfully. "But the car's not overheated. Somebody'll have to get help."

"There's a town about ten miles ahead," John Benson said.

"Well," Allan Garwith said quickly, "you fellows relax. I'll hitch a ride and send somebody back." He smiled engagingly.

"I'll do it, Garwith," Wells said. "You'd better stay with your wife."

"Why don't I do it?" John said. "The sergeant's right, Garwith. You'd better stay with your wife—this is lonely territory. And I think a good man like you staying here, Sergeant, is a good idea, too."

"All right," Wells said swiftly. "You go on, Benson."

Allan Garwith opened his mouth, as though preparing to protest, then closed it and climbed into the station wagon, slamming the door behind him.

The fifth car going in their direction stopped. Fifteen minutes later, John got

out at an all-night service station and garage on the edge of a small town. A lanky youth in white coveralls explained that the tow truck was on another call, that it should be back in twenty minutes. John stepped into the public telephone booth and called Reno. A man named Ryan came on with a rasping voice, after the call had been switched to his home.

"Benson? Good. Where are you?"

"Little town ahead of Toana Range. The station wagon fluked out ten miles back. I hitched a ride to get a tow truck. I think Garwith jimmied the car one way or another."

"I got the report from Salt Lake. The man on the motel there said he had the hood up on the car before you left."

"You'd better have the police alerted in both directions, just in case that station wagon can be fixed while I'm gone, and Garwith or Wells tries something."

"All right. But I think Garwith just wants to get to Reno. We located the package—it's in the Reno post office right now. We're sure it's the one. He sent it to a phony name, Raymond Jones. Either it's phony or he's got an accomplice by that name. I doubt that, because he hasn't had enough time to set a partner up."

John blinked once. "How about the money?"

"We didn't want to touch the package until you checked with us."

"Have it opened, very carefully. I'll call back in ten minutes."

"Right."

He hung up and stepped out. The tow truck had not arrived. In ten minutes, John called Reno again. Ryan said: "Money's there—all of it. The boys were careful opening it. We've got Garwith now, the minute he asks for it."

"But not Wells."

"We can wrap up the package again, with phony money inside."

"Yes, and maybe tip off either Garwith or Wells." He was silent. "There's only one way to do it. Let Garwith get the package with the real money in it. Let Wells make his move. Once Wells gets his hands on that money, we've got him. There's supposed to be identification on general delivery material, isn't there?"

"Supposed to be. They don't always do it. Depends on the clerk, on whether or not he thinks he knows the customer. Did they check him in Cheyenne?"

"Maybe I should have asked, but I didn't. I don't think they did. I don't think he knows the rule. If he does, maybe he's got some false identification ready. Or maybe he has a friend involved in this. I don't think so. No matter what it is, I want him to get that package. If someone else asks for it, let them have it and tail them. But I don't figure that any more than you do. I think Garwith will

ask for it. When he does, have them give it to him. Make sure they rewrap it very carefully."

He closed his eyes, visualizing the post office in Reno. He'd been there several times during his college days. It was beside the Truckee River, on Virginia Street. The Riverside Hotel was directly across the street.

"Cover the post office," he said. "Put a man in the lobby of the Riverside. Have him ready with a gun for me—I'm going unarmed right now. I'll be wearing the blue suit I've got on, a striped yellow-and-blue tie. If I need help, I'll signal. Otherwise, leave it alone. If Garwith picks up the package and goes out, I'm going to wait until Wells goes for it. Have a man behind me. Maybe he'll mail it again. If he doesn't, and Wells hasn't made his try by the time we leave Reno, better put a car behind us. But nobody makes a move until I signal. All right?"

"All right, Benson. Good luck."

The tow truck had returned when John stepped outside. Minutes later, he was riding in the cab with a short, swarthy man. At the car, the mechanic lifted the hood and examined the engine. Finally he said, "I think it's a shot fuel line. Better tow you in."

The station wagon was hitched to the truck and brought in to the all-night station. The fuel line was replaced. The mechanic examined the old one. "Looks like it was cut." He shrugged. "Anyway, it's ready to go."

When they were once more whipping down the highway, Mrs. Landry said gaily, "Now that wasn't so bad, was it, everybody?"

There was a murmur of agreement by everyone but Miss Kennicot, who remained stonily silent all the way into Sparks, Nevada, just ahead of Reno. There she said, "I don't see why we don't just keep going right on through Reno. What's so much about a dirty little town just full of gambling and heaven knows what other kind of filth!"

There was a moment of silence in the car. Then Mrs. Landry said, "Are you feeling all right, Vera?"

"I'm feeling perfectly fine," Miss Kennicot said. "I'm simply offering my opinion on this absolutely sinful state we're traveling through. Six more hours and we could be in San Francisco. I'm just very tired of this trip, if anybody cares to know how I feel."

Allan Garwith said: "Maybe we're just going to stop in that sinful town, regardless of how you feel."

"Allan—" Cicely began.

"Now you listen to me for a moment, young man!" Miss Kennicot said, switching around to glare at Allan Garwith. "I have every right to—"

"I mean," Garwith said, his face flushed with anger, "since when is one person running this show, I wonder?"

Miss Kennicot's face twitched visibly. She wrenched around, facing the front again, her face a deep pink. "It couldn't absolutely make a particle of difference to me one way or another!" She clamped her mouth shut and sat rigidly, staring straight ahead, as Mrs. Landry, completely befuddled now, drove into Reno.

Downtown, the sign above Virginia Street announced, "THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD." In the bright, warm sunlight, the casinos lined on either side of the street looked lifeless without the contrast of darkness to intensify the flash and glitter of their signs. But the sidewalks were busy with people hurrying from one casino to another.

"Well," Mrs. Landry said worriedly, "I'm just willing to do what everybody else wants to do."

"We're going to stop," Allan Garwith announced decisively.

"Well, but, Allan," Cicely said. "If nobody else wants—"

"Why," John said carefully, "don't we stop for a little while? Say, for an hour or so. Then keep on going."

"That sounds just right!" Mrs. Landry said, relieved to hear a positive suggestion from someone.

"Yeah," Garwith said.

"Only first," Mrs. Landry said, "I'll have to find someplace to park—it's so crowded on this street."

"I think I saw a parking-lot sign back a couple of blocks. Mrs. Landry," Margaret Moore said. "On the other side of the tracks."

"All righty," Mrs. Landry said.

A few minutes later, she rolled the station wagon into a self-park lot two blocks off the main section of downtown Reno. John Benson bought an hour's time at the small entrance booth manned by a disinterested attendant. When the car stopped, Allan Garwith was the first out. He waited impatiently while Cicely climbed out, then took her arm and hurried off, toward Virginia Street.

Harry Wells remained in the car for a few moments, opening and closing his suitcase swiftly. Then he got out and strode off in the same direction the Garwiths had gone. Margaret Moore came up to John, smiling. "Any particular plans, sir?"

"I'm afraid so, Margaret. I'd like to take you downtown, but I've got a small errand first. I'm sorry."

She looked at him, eyes flickering. "All right, John."

He moved off quickly, listening to Mrs. Landry trying to urge Miss Kennicot from the car. "No, I will not!" Miss Kennicot was saying loudly. "I will simply not set foot in this dirty town!"

Allan Garwith strode quickly ahead with Cicely. Wells was pacing rapidly behind them. John felt his stomach tighten. He knew that Wells had taken a gun from his suitcase. And he was certain, when they had had the car repaired, that he'd detected the shape of a small gun beneath Allan Garwith's jacket. It was all going to explode, and very quickly. . . .

A short distance from Virginia Street, Allan Garwith said to Cicely, "Go try your luck somewhere. Here's a buck."

She looked at him in surprise. "By myself, Allan?"

"I want an hour by myself. Is that too much to ask? I'll see you back at the car. Now go, go!"

She took the dollar and walked on quickly, tears in her eyes. When she had turned the corner, he looked back in the direction of the parking lot. He'd known Wells was behind him when they'd left the lot. He could not see him now. He's stupid, he thought. Right to the post office. Only he won't get it.

He walked on to Virginia Street and stopped the first person he met. "Which way to the post office?"

"Straight down the street."

Harry Wells walked away from the general delivery window in the post office, stepped outside, and walked around the corner of the building. There he stopped and looked back. Garwith was not in sight. He stepped behind a tree and stood there, waiting, motionless, silent, habitually patient even against his frustration and anger.

Across the street, John Benson moved from the casino of the Riverside Hotel into the lobby. He stopped at the glass doors which looked out on Virginia Street and the post office. A man in a gray suit stepped up beside him casually and said, in a rasping voice, "Benson?"

"Right."

"Ryan."

"In person?"

"I wouldn't sit in an office at a time like this. Here."

The gun was slipped to John swiftly. He tucked it under his belt and rebutted his jacket.

"Wells went in about two minutes ago," Ryan said. "He came out and walked around the building. He's standing behind a tree down the block. I've got a man in the telephone booth to your left. We're hooked to the post office. Wells asked for the package in Garwith's name. He was told it wasn't there. If Garwith asks, he'll get it."

John looked past Ryan. A man in a blue suit sat in one of the telephone booths. John looked back across the street at the post office. "No sign of Garwith yet?"

"No. You decided not to cover him over here?"

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THE LONG RIDE (continued)

"I didn't want to take the chance on spooking him now. If he gets cold feet and tries to disappear without picking up the money, that'll surprise me." He looked toward the Truckee River as a figure appeared on the bridge. "Here he comes, now."

Garwith walked slowly. A large woman came toward him from the opposite direction, a small child tugging against her hand. At the bridge, the child got away and bumped into Allan Garwith. Garwith crouched, his hand flying to his middle. The child ran on, his mother calling after him. Garwith quickly straightened and moved on.

Ryan let out a soft whistle. "Something goes wrong, he'll blow sky high."

"He's armed," John said flatly.

"We can grab him the instant he puts his hands on that package. No sweat."

"Then we lose Harry Wells. No thanks."

They watched silently as Garwith walked up to the doors of the post office. He disappeared inside. They looked at the man in the booth to their left. The man pressed the receiver closer to his ear. Then he looked at them and nodded.

"He's got the package," Ryan said.

In a moment, Allan Garwith walked out of the post office, carrying the package. He moved at a careful, even pace, back toward the bridge that led to the main part of the casino-clustered street.

"Here comes Wells," Ryan said.

Harry Wells appeared from behind the tree down the block and walked toward the bridge with a brisk, military stride. Garwith had crossed the bridge and was even with the lobby entrance of the Mapes Hotel.

"All right," John said to Ryan. "Stay behind me."

He stepped out into the bright sunshine. At that moment, Garwith spun, looked back at Harry Wells, then ducked into the Mapes lobby.

Allan Garwith had been certain Harry Wells would be behind him when he came out of the post office with that package in his hand. And though he was pitched to a point of near-explosion, he'd thought very clearly. In crowds, he could lose Harry Wells; Virginia Street was crowded. When he'd lost Wells, he would do the last thing Wells would expect him to do—return to the station wagon. He would tell them that Wells had sent on the message that he was staying in Reno and had instructed him to check his bag into a bus station in San Francisco to be picked up later.

But when he'd turned around and seen Wells, his thinking jumbled. He'd turned and darted into the Mapes' lobby. He had seen that look in Wells' eyes, as Wells came after him across that bridge. That look had turned him to jelly.

Garwith moved through the Mapes casino, at almost a trot. At the glass doors at the far end, he looked back. Wells was coming in, bumping into a couple just leaving for the lobby.

Garwith slammed through the doors into the sunshine again. He set off at a swift athletic run, to his right. Midway down the block, he crossed the street. He turned left at the corner at the end of the block. When he'd reached the end of that block, he looked back again. Wells was coming down the street from the opposite corner. Garwith moved down the street and then quickly crossed it.

At mid-block he turned into a short T-shaped pedestrian avenue. The back entrance to the Hotel Golden was to his right, the rear entrances to Harrah's Club, the Nevada Club, and Harold's Club were lined along his left. He hesitated, then plunged into the rear of the Nevada Club.

The club was packed with people, lined elbow to elbow at hundreds of gleaming slot machines. He shoved his way through, holding the package with his one arm, using it as a wedge. Nobody stopped gambling. Across the casino, he looked back. Harry Wells was halfway through the crowd.

Garwith stumbled out to the sun-splashed Virginia Street and swung into Harold's Club. A narrow escalator was running upward. He ran up the steps to the second floor. Wells was just coming in below.

Garwith looked down the escalator. Wells stood below, looking hesitant and furious, then stepped toward the escalator. Garwith moved to the one moving down, at the opposite side of the room.

He went down the steps quickly. Wells wrenched around, seeing him, and came down the steps against the upward motion. Garwith ran for the hack entrance, a wild fright almost blinding him. . . .

John Benson came out of the Nevada Club just as Allan Garwith, then Harry Wells, moved into Harold's Club. He was followed by Ryan. He stopped outside the entrance and saw Harry Wells coming back down the escalator. He backed a step and said to Ryan, "Stay out here and cover the front."

"Right," Ryan said.

John looked inside Harold's Club again, as Wells started after Garwith, running toward the back exit. He went after them.

Garwith and Wells headed out along the upper leg of the pedestrian avenue. John pushed his way outside, as they disappeared around the corner to the left.

When he'd reached the corner, he saw Garwith, with Wells fast behind, sprinting toward the railroad tracks. In the distance, a train whistle sounded.

Breath burning his chest, he followed.

Garwith was now crossing the tracks, running swiftly back in the direction of the station wagon. Behind him, Wells stumbled once, then regained his footing. John was in the open now, exposed to both of them. But Wells had not looked back once. If he'd suspected John or anyone else on his trail, he'd forgotten it in this dogged chase.

They were moving toward Virginia Street, along the tracks. In a moment, John thought, he would be crossing the street, where he could signal Ryan.

But as he reached the street, a train came rolling toward the station. John hesitated, then ran on as the train blocked him from Ryan's view. He realized that he had failed to tell Ryan where the station wagon was parked. If Garwith were leading them there, he was in it all alone.

As Garwith reached the edge of the parking lot, Harry Wells came up fast behind him.

Garwith suddenly disappeared among the cars of the silent lot. The attendant across the car rows was now reading a paperback mystery. Mrs. Landry's station wagon was parked at the end of the row where Garwith had disappeared. Waiting around it were Mrs. Landry, Margaret Moore, Cicely; inside was Miss Kennicot, her mouth a firm, haughty line.

John pulled the gun from his belt, slowing as Harry Wells' hand came out of his jacket with his gun. Wells plunged ahead.

Garwith leaped out between cars halfway down the row, the package replaced by his gun. He came in sideways on Wells, and the gun slammed into the side of Wells' head. Wells sprawled to the ground, head spurting blood.

John lifted his gun and said, "Hold it, Garwith!"

Garwith spun, seeing John for the first time. Behind him came Cicely, running from the station wagon.

"Drop the gun, Garwith!" John snapped.

Cicely was just behind Garwith now. Behind her came Margaret Moore and Mrs. Landry. They were all in the line of fire. "Allan—" Cicely said.

Garwith stepped back with unbelievable speed and grabbed Cicely with his one arm, holding the gun in front of her stomach, pointing it at John. She froze. Garwith, behind her, nodded, eyes blazing. "Cop, Benson? It figures. Well, drop the gun yourself!"

"I mean it, Garwith—I'll start shooting."

"You'll start shooting her then!"

John stared at the look in the youth's eyes. He would murder, he knew. Anybody and everybody, including his own bride. There was nothing else to do. He dropped his gun.

"Kick it this way," Garwith snapped. John did. The gun skittered over the concrete and stopped just in front of the sprawled Wells. Slowly, one of Wells' hands moved toward it. Garwith stepped around Cicely and kicked Wells at the base of the skull. Wells gave a short, pained gasp.

"Pick up those guns, Cicely," Garwith said, releasing her.

Looking bewildered and frightened, Cicely picked up both Wells' and John Benson's guns.

"Put them in my jacket pocket," Garwith said. "Then get that package between the cars. Hurry up!"

Cicely was stunned but obedient.

Margaret Moore and Mrs. Landry had come up now. Allan Garwith said to them. "Back to the car. Don't make any noise. Just do what I tell you. Benson—walk around me, back toward the wagon!"

Margaret Moore looked at the crumpled Wells, then at Garwith. She took Mrs. Landry's arm and started back. John followed, then paused to look back. Garwith was pointing his gun at Harry Wells. Cicely gasped. "Allan, you can't—"

"I won't," he breathed. "But only because I don't want to wake up everybody around here." His mouth whitened, then he kicked Wells' head again. "Let's go."

At the station wagon, he said, "Inside. Hurry up. Cicely, get behind the wheel."

Miss Kennicot turned around, frowning. She had obviously, John realized, missed everything that had just happened. "What is going on here anyway?" she demanded.

"Get out of that seat and move back," Garwith said harshly.

"What in the world are you doing with that gun in your hand?" she said archly.

"I'm telling you, you stupid woman! Get out of that seat and move back!"

She suddenly fell out of the open door

and plunged into a back seat, starting a low, continuous moaning.

John Benson got into the seat where Garwith and Cicely had ridden during the trip. Margaret Moore resumed her old seat. Mrs. Landry sat in back with Miss Kennicot. Garwith got in front beside Cicely, put the two extra guns in the glove compartment, and held his own gun in his lap, facing everyone. "All right," he said to Cicely. "Drive!"

John glanced back to where Wells lay, as Cicely drove the car through the exit, past the attendant deeply immersed in his book. He thought he saw Wells move, but he wasn't sure. He brought his attention back to Garwith. He tried to think of some way he could jump him. But Garwith, leaning back against the door, looking straight at him, said, "I'll use this gun on the first one who wiggles a finger wrong. Do you hear me?" There was nothing, John Benson realized, that he could do. . . .

As the station wagon rolled out the exit, Harry Wells pushed himself up laboriously. He stood weaving, watching the wagon turn left. He shook his head desperately. He could not think of anything to do but try to keep going. He staggered from car to car in the silent lot until he saw a key in the ignition of a 1957 Pontiac.

Seconds later, having wiped some of the blood away with his handkerchief, he drove toward the exit. He checked the gasoline gauge. There was three-quarters of a tank of gas. As he rolled through the exit, the attendant did not look up.

Wells turned left, taking the same street he'd seen the station wagon use. He pressed the accelerator down. In minutes, he was on the motel-lined street that led out of town, west.

Traffic was light. When he reached the last scattering of motels, he looked at the flat highway ahead. To the left were purple plateaus. Straight ahead, the Si-

erra Nevada Mountains loomed darkly. He speeded up. He easily passed a log truck with an empty flatbed. The needle of the speedometer quivered at ninety.

He came up hard on the station wagon, just as it started up the narrow road that would climb around the edge of sheer rock to the top of the mountain and Donner Pass. All right, he told himself, seeing no other cars on the drive. One thing to do. Bump that wagon over. It'll roll down to that rattlesnake brush, and only I'll know where the money is. I'll come back, pick it up, and not one of them will be alive to worry about it.

As the two cars moved up the winding grade, he swore savagely and floored the accelerator, slamming his front bumper into the station wagon. Tires screeched. The wagon careened wildly. *Hang on, suckers*, Harry Wells thought.

John Benson turned from looking at the following Harry Wells, feeling the station wagon swerve sickeningly after Wells had hit it for the third time. They were high enough now that, if they went over, none of them was going to live.

Now, Miss Kennicot was virtually howling. Garwith sat, gun in hand, visibly shaking. Cicely, obviously so confused that she could not think, was simply pressing up that mountain-side on her husband's command like a colt being whipped. John's own mouth had gone dry. He looked at Margaret Moore. Her mouth was set in a tense line, but she was under control, he knew. Mrs. Landry was merely hanging on, blinking, obviously trying to get it straight about what was happening.

The station wagon was jarred again.

"Faster!" Allan Garwith yelled at his wife. "Faster!"

John licked his lips. Cicely had already increased her speed and lost some of her driving control because of it. She took a tight turn, barely skimming along

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THE LONG RIDE (continued)

the edge of the road. The drop was long now. John visualized the rest of the road ahead. It went up sharply, then curved in a hook at the top. Donner Pass was a narrow bridge between two mountain peaks. The drop-away on either side of its low concrete sides was immense.

Wells brought the Pontiac up again, getting his bumper between the wagon and the inside of the road. He turned out slightly. There was a grinding of metal. The rear bumper of the station wagon tore loose at one side and the car jumped back toward the edge.

"He's trying to get inside!" John shouted.

Cicely bore down on the gas pedal in a wild surge of speed that sent them ahead of the Pontiac.

Suddenly Margaret Moore reached and put her hand on Garwith's wrist. Swearing, he shook her free. But she said, "Allan, listen to me—"

"Touch me again, and I'll—"

"Allan, listen. We've got too much together to throw it away like this, don't you see that?"

John Benson stared at her, wondering if she had been involved with Garwith all along.

Garwith was shaking his head, eyes wild-looking.

"Allan, please," Margaret Moore pleaded. "Remember when we were together in Salt Lake? Outside in the dark? When you told me how you felt about me? Don't you remember, Allan?"

John suddenly understood. He looked at Allan Garwith, as the station wagon whipped wildly up the grade, gradually increasing the space between it and the Pontiac. He saw in Garwith's expression the look of a frightened child, desperately waiting for someone to tell him it was going to be all right. He looked at the wild-driving Cicely. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. Margaret Moore's voice was warm, urging: "Allan, we can have everything together, don't you see?"

From the back of the car came Miss Kennicot's howling voice: "You dirty thing! You'd do anything, wouldn't you? You—"

"Allan," Margaret Moore begged as they neared the top, "please. Together, just you and me. Just like you wanted."

As they whipped, skidding, around the last curve at the summit, Cicely took her foot from the accelerator, a weary, defeated look crossing her tear-stained face.

"Cicely," John said, leaning forward, "that bank robbery in Loma City just before we left—your husband got the money when it was left in the lot behind your apartment. Harry Wells was one of the men who held up the bank. He knows your husband got the money. I'm an F.B.I. agent, and—"

"Shut up!" Garwith screamed and swung the pistol at John. The barrel grazed a fraction of an inch away from his head, as he threw himself back, out of the way.

They were losing speed. Garwith yelled insanely at Cicely, "What are you doing? Move it, move it!"

"You never," Cicely said in a dead-flat voice, "loved me."

The station wagon rolled onto the bridge that spanned the peaks and came to a stop. Wells' car swept around the curve behind them. Garwith stared disbelievingly at his wife, mouth working.

John drove forward and hit his wrist with the side of his hand, sending the gun flying to the floor. He hooked a left fist hard into Garwith's middle and then chopped the side of his hand down against his neck as he doubled.

He grabbed Garwith's gun and slammed himself back, pointing the gun toward the rear. Wells' car approached the short, narrow bridge. John fired six times. The front right tire of the Pontiac exploded. The Pontiac swerved, smashed over the concrete wall, and sailed end over end into the clear sun-warm air. It struck the rocks far below with an explosive impact.

Slowly, Cicely snapped off the ignition of the station wagon and sat there, dull-eyed. Allan Garwith moaned and shoved himself up. He looked at the gun in John's hand. Suddenly he knocked open a door and leaped out of the car. His feet chopped at the bridge in a wild, panicked run.

John pushed out of the wagon after him and fired over his head.

Garwith spun, then threw himself sideways, in absolute fright, crashing against the bridge's railing. Instinctively, because it was in his way, he started to scramble over it.

"Garwith!" John shouted.

Allan Garwith seemed suddenly to realize, as he poised at the edge of the railing, where he was. He clawed wildly at the air with his one hand. He screamed. Then he went over.

He hit the rocks approximately a dozen feet from where the stolen Pontiac had disintegrated.

Mrs. Landry drove up the ramp to the entrance of the terminal building of San Francisco International Airport with Miss Kennicot. The shot-out rear window had been replaced, but the back bumper still hung awry and rattled loudly. Miss Kennicot reached in the back and grabbed her bag and the thin, sweat-stained volume of Shelley poems, and fairly tumbled out of the car.

"Well, it just seems awful, dear," Mrs. Landry said. "Why, you've really only got here. Now you're flying right back home to Loma City."

"Good-by!" Miss Kennicot snapped, looking at Mrs. Landry darkly. She ran toward the terminal, clutching her bag and book of poems.

"My goodness!" Mrs. Landry said, and drove back to San Francisco. At the Greyhound station, she parked and hurried inside. Standing in the lobby were John Benson, Margaret Moore, and Cicely Garwith. Cicely turned, seeing her coming, and smiled wanly. Two bags were at her feet. There was a bus ticket for Loma City in her hand.

"I'm so glad you could make it, Mrs. Landry," she said.

"I'll carry your bags out," John Benson said.

"We'll all go out and see you off!" Mrs. Landry said positively.

At the loading platform, Cicely shook hands with everyone. "Good-by."

Mrs. Landry kissed her on the cheek. Margaret Moore smiled at her. "You find something good for yourself this time, won't you?"

Cicely nodded. "I will, thank you."

She boarded the bus. Minutes later, it disappeared in traffic.

"The poor child," Mrs. Landry said. "She deserves better than she's gotten so far. I just hope she finds somebody real nice now."

"I think that she will," Margaret Moore replied.

When they returned to the lobby, Mrs. Landry shook hands with both John Benson and Margaret Moore. John Benson said, "You be sure to say hello to your daughter and her family for us, won't you?"

"Of course, I will! And I'll always think of what an exciting time we all had together! Wasn't that something? Well, I've got to run now. Don't forget—keep in touch!"

They watched her hurry to the sidewalk, get into the station wagon, and drive off, bumper rattling. Margaret Moore turned to John Benson. She held out her hand. "Good luck, John. It was very nice."

He took her hand, looking at her eyes. He could feel the past slipping away. "Just like that? 'Good luck, it was very nice?'"

She shrugged, an eyebrow flickering. "I told you. No strings."

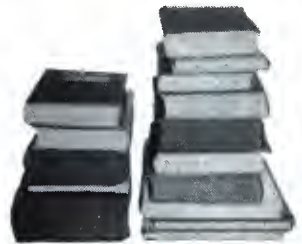
"Maybe," he said, "I wouldn't mind a few strings."

She blinked once, then her smile warmed, her eyes turned radiant.

"How about dinner somewhere?" he said. "A thick steak? I don't think we'll be interrupted this time. Or maybe you'd just like to wander around the city first?"

"A steak sounds beautiful," she said, her eyes bright. "And I think, John Benson, that I'm suddenly tired of wandering." THE END

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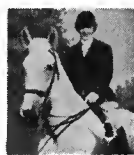
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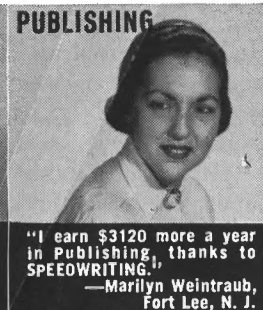
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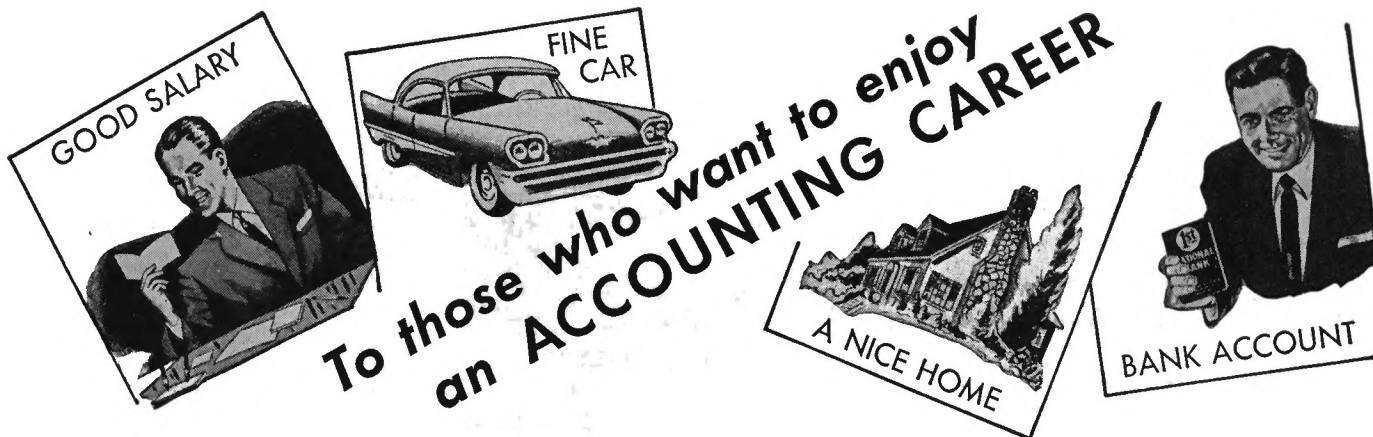
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